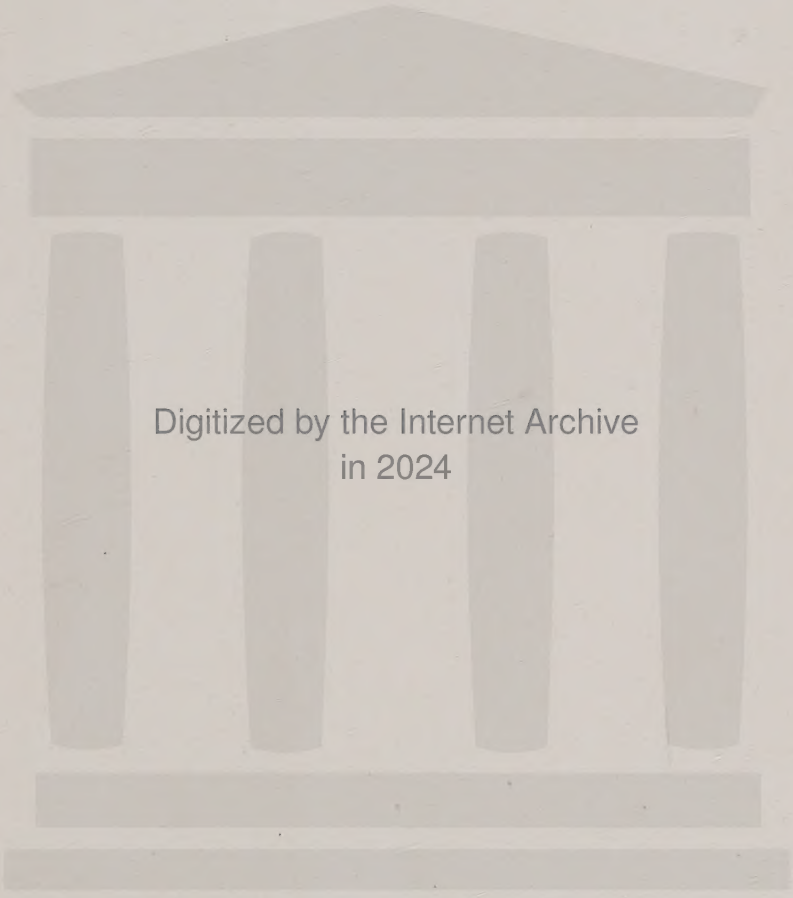
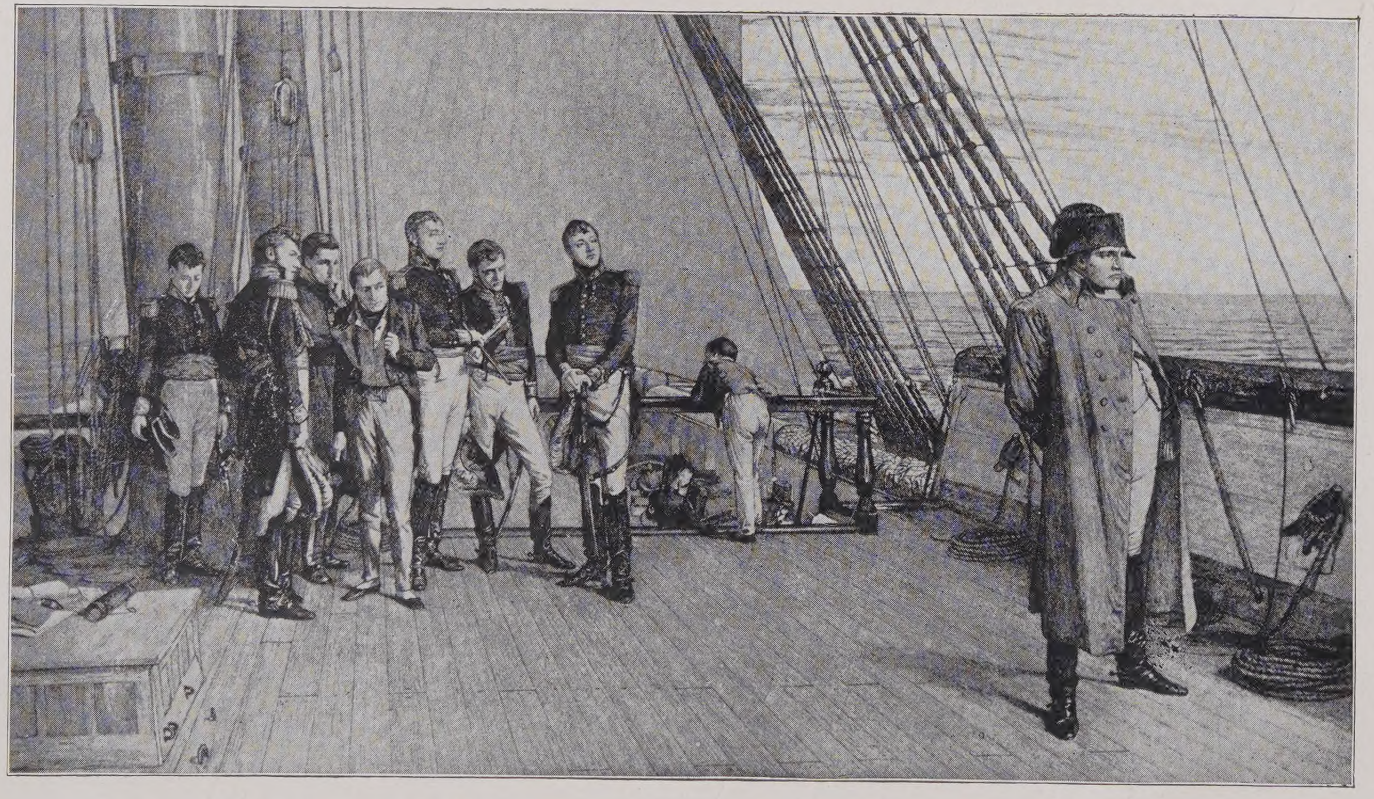
Cor. 1962

SCHOLARS PROGRAM

The Ralph Engel Collection
bequeathed by
Ralph Engel, Professor of English
Scholars Program
1969 - 1975


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/masterpiecesofwo0006unse_n8o7



NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO ST. HELENA

From a Painting by W. Q. Orchardson

The World's Great Masterpieces

History, Biography, Science, Philosophy, Poetry, The Drama, Travel, Adventure, Fiction, etc.

A RECORD OF THE GREAT THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID AND THOUGHT AND DONE FROM THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY.

Editor-in-Chief, HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M., PH.D., L.H.D. *Associate Editors*, FRANK R. STOCKTON, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, CAROLINE TICKNOR. *Introduction by* JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, Librarian of Congress.

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

NEW YORK CHICAGO

Copyright, 1898
By Harry Thurston Peck

Copyright, 1901
By Harry Thurston Peck

Contents.

VOLUME IV.

	LIVED	PAGE
PHILLIPS BROOKS	1835–1893	1647
O Little Town of Bethlehem. Abraham Lincoln.		
ALICE BROWN	185–	1662
Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon. A Benedictine Garden.		
JOHN BROWN	1810–1882	1671
Our Dogs. The Death of Thackeray.		
CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE	1834–1867	1688
A Mormon Romance. Mr. Pepper. Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville.		
THOMAS BROWNE	1605–1682	1696
Religio Medici.		
WILLIAM BROWNE	1591–1643	1707
An Epistle on parting. Song of the Syrens. Night.		
HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL	1820–1872	1709
Words for the "Hallelujah Chorus." Coming. From the Bay Fight.		
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING	1806–1861	1712
He giveth his Beloved Sleep. Romance of the Swan's Nest. Sonnets from the Portuguese. A False Step. A Child's Thought of God. Cheerfulness taught by Reason. Mother and Poet. The Lady's "Yes." The Dead Pan.		
ROBERT BROWNING	1812–1889	1733
Any Wife to any Husband. Hervé Riel. Love among the Ruins. The Lost Leader. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. A Toccata of Galuppi's. The Boy and the Angel.		
GIORDANO BRUNO	1548–1600	1756
The Philosophy of the Universe. Of Immensity. Life well lost. Parnassus within. Compensation. Life for Song. Canticle of the Shining Ones.		

	LIVED	PAGE
JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE	1645–1696	1761
Of Fashion.		
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	1794–1878	1765
The Death of the Flowers.	To a Waterfowl.	
Forest Hymn.	The Battle-field.	
Thanatopsis.	To the Past.	
JAMES BRYCE	1838–	1776
Why Great Men are not chosen Presidents.		
The Ascent of Ararat.		
ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN	1841–	1791
The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.	Langley Lane.	
The Green Gnome.		
FRANCIS TREVELYAN BUCKLAND	1826–1880	1800
A Hunt in a Horsepond.	Monkey-training.	
A Horse-flesh Dinner.	Darwinism.	
HENRY BUCKLE	1821–1862	1805
The Mythical Origin of History.		
COMTE DE BUFFON	1707–1788	1811
The First Day of the First Man.	The Humming-bird.	
EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON	1803–1873	1816
The Dream of Arbaces.	The Battle of Barnet.	
There is no Death.		
JOHN THACKRAY BUNCE	1828–	1858
The Stupid Rakshas.		
Eros and Psyche in Eastern Lands.		
OLIVER BELL BUNCE	1828–1890	1879
Natural Justice.		
HENRY CUYLER BUNNER	1855–1896	1881
The Love-letters of Smith.	The Old Flag.	
Candor.		
JOHN BUNYAN	1628–1688	1892
The Fight with Apollyon.		
Vanity Fair.		
Giant Despair.		
The Dealings of Diabolus with My Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience.		
The Prisoners from Mansoul appear before Prince Emmanuel.		
The Doubters.		
GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER	1748–1794	1917
Lenore.	The Wives of Weinsberg.	

	LIVED	PAGE
EDMUND BURKE	1729–1797	1926
From the Speech on "Conciliation with America."		
From the Speech of "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts."		
From the Speech on "The French Revolution."		
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT	1849–	1948
The Tide on the Moaning Bar.		
FRANCES BURNEY	1752–1840	1977
The Vauxhall Party. Diary of Madame D'Arblay.		
A Man of the Town.		
ROBERT BURNS	1759–1796	1995
Tam o' Shanter. Is there for Honest Poverty.		
The Cotter's Saturday Night. To a Mouse.		
John Anderson, my Jo. To a Mountain Daisy.		
Man was made to mourn. The Banks o' Doon.		
JOHN BURROUGHS	1837–	2013
An Old Orchard.		
SIR RICHARD BURTON	1821–1890	2020
The African Rain-maker. A Journey in Disguise.		
ROBERT BURTON	1577–1640	2030
All Men subject to Melancholy. An Abstract of Melancholy.		
HORACE BUSHNELL	1802–1876	2034
Characteristics of Christ. The Founders. Religious Music.		
JOSEPH BUTLER	1692–1752	2044
The Government of God a Scheme incomprehensible.		
SAMUEL BUTLER	1612–1680	2048
Hudibras described. An Antiquary.		
WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER	1825–	2064
Nothing to wear. The Forms of Domesticus.		
The Prince tells the Princess of his Ruin.		
EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER	1842–1893	2073
Fight of the "Constitution" and "Guerrière."		
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON	1788–1824	2086
The Isles of Greece. The Destruction of Sennacherib.		
The Dying Gladiator. Prometheus.		
To Rome. A Summing-up.		
Venice. On this Day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year.		
The Battle of Waterloo. Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.		
Mazeppa's Ride. From "The Devil's Drive."		
The Irish Avatàr. The Prisoner of Chillon.		
The Dream.		
She walks in Beauty.		

	LIVED	PAGE
GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE	1844–	2125
"Posson Jone'."		
CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR	100–44 B. C.	2143
Cæsar worsted by the Gauls at Geryovia.		
Final Defeat of Vercingetorix.		
Of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Gauls and Germans.		
The Two Lieutenants.		
THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE	1853–	2158
Passing the Love of Women. Blind Passion and Pain.		
The Voice in the Night.		

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

Claudius, Matthias, a German poet; born at Reinfield, in Holstein, August 15, 1740; died in Hamburg, January 21, 1815. He studied at Jena, and afterward at Wandsbeck, near Altona, where, under the name of Asmus, he published a weekly periodical called "Der Wandsbecker Bote." He belongs to the romantic school of German literature. He formed a strong attachment for the town of Wandsbeck, and refused to accept any appointment which required him to settle elsewhere. He gave to the world, through "Der Wandsbecker Bote," a large number of prose essays and poems, written in very pure and simple German. His style appealed strongly to the popular taste, and some of his poems have become genuine folk songs. In some of them is a vein of broad humor approaching burlesque, while others are full of solemn sentiment and quiet meditation. His later works are graver, through the influence, perhaps, of Klopstock, of whom he was a great admirer. He became a strict pietist, and allowed only the soberest side of his character to show in his work. Instead of stirring the German heart with a "Rheinweinlied," as had been his earlier wont, he translated the works of Saint Martin and Fenélon for their thought and discipline. He was appointed Comptroller of the bank of Altona in 1778. He published a collection of his works under the title "Asmus Omnia Sua Secum Portans, oder Sämmtliche Werke des Wandsbecker Boten." His biography has been written by Herbst.

Philosophy at Jena.

(From "Der Wandsbecker Bote;" translated by W. Fleming Stevenson.)

I have been at the University, and studied: well, I did n't study, but I was at the University, and I know all about it. I was acquainted with some students, and they were the whole University to me. The students sat together on benches, as if they were at church; and by the window there was a stool, and there sat the professor, and delivered about this thing and the other all kinds of addresses, and they called that teaching. He

that sat on the stool when I was there was a master, and wore a great, frizzed wig, and the students said his learning was even greater and frizzier than his wig, and that privately he was as great a freethinker as ever a one in England or France. He could demonstrate as quickly as lightning. When he undertook a subject he just began, and before you could look round it was demonstrated, for example, that a student is a student, and not a rhinoceros. For he would say, a student is either a student or a rhinoceros; but a student can't be a rhinoceros, or else a rhinoceros must be a student; but the rhinoceros is no student, therefore a student is a student. You may think that was intelligible of itself; but one of us knew better; for he said that "a student is not a rhinoceros but a student" is a first principle of philosophy. Then he came upon learning and the learned, whereupon he let himself loose against the unlearned. Whether God is, and what He is, philosophy alone teaches, he said; and without philosophy you can have no thoughts of God. Now, no one can say with any truth that I 'm a philosopher; but I never go through a wood that I don't fall to thinking who made the trees grow. Then he spoke of hills and valleys, and sun and moon, as if he had helped to make them. I used to think of the hyssop on the wall, but, to tell the truth, it never came into my head that our master was as wise as Solomon. It strikes me that he who knows what is right, must, must — if I only saw such an one I would know him, and I could sketch him, with his clear, bright, quiet eye and his calm, large consciousness. Such an one must not give himself airs, least of all despise and scold others. Oh, self-conceit is a poisonous thing; grass and flowers cannot grow in its neighborhood.

Immutability of Nature.

Some famous learned men have sought out a new plan of nature. Species, they say, are only resting-points and steps where Nature rests and collects herself, in order to go on farther, and always from the lower to the higher and more developed, so that an oyster ends in a crocodile, and a gnat in a serpent, and from the most developed of the lower animals come at last men and angels. This is put forward cleverly enough; only that the first and chief argument is it is not true. So little does Nature advance from one species to another that she never alters the

same species or makes it more perfect. The autumn spider spun its web among the Romans in the same wonderful mathematical form, with peripheries, radii, and centre, and already Ælian remarks that it does its work without Euclid. He relates, moreover, that it sits in ambush in the centre of its web, as we see it sit after more than a thousand years.

Christiana.

A star rose in the sky,
And flung mild radiance down,
And softly shone, and high —
Softly and sweetly down.

I knew the very spot
Of sky that held its light;
Each sundown had I sought,
And found it every night.

The star is sunk and gone;
I search the sky in vain:
The other stars come, one by one,
But it comes never again.

Rhine Wine.

With laurel wreathe the glass's vintage mellow,
And drink it gayly dry!
Through farthest Europe, know, my worthy fellow,
For such in vain ye 'll try.

Nor Hungary nor Poland e'er could boast it;
And as for Gallia's vine,
Saint Veit the Ritter, if he choose, may toast it, —
We Germans love the Rhine.

Our fatherland we thank for such a blessing,
And many more beside;
And many more, though little show possessing,
Well worth our love and pride.

Not everywhere the vine bedecks our border,
As well the mountains show,
That harbor in their bosoms foul disorder;
Not worth their room below.

Thuringia's hills, for instance, are aspiring
To rear a juice like wine;
But that is all; nor mirth nor song inspiring,
It breathes not of the vine.

And other hills, with buried treasures glowing,
For wine are far too cold;
Though iron ores and cobalt there are growing,
And 'chance some paltry gold.

The Rhine, — the Rhine, — there grow the gay plantations!
Oh, hallowed be the Rhine!
Upon his banks are brewed the rich potations
Of this consoling wine.

Drink to the Rhine! and every coming morrow
Be mirth and music thine!
And when we meet a child of care and sorrow,
We 'll send him to the Rhine.

Winter.

A song to be sung behind the stove.

Old Winter is the man for me —
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady;
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath he:
Come snow, come blow, he's ready!

If ever man was well, 't is he;
He keeps no fire in his chamber,
And yet from cold and cough is free
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,
Nor needs he first to warm him;
Toothache and rheumatis' he 'll scorn,
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,
He asks, "What mean these noises?"
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm things
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud;
When the bright hearth is snapping;
When children round the chimney crowd,
All shivering and clapping; —

When stone and bone with frost do break,
And pond and lake are cracking, —
Then you may see his old sides shake,
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the North Pole, upon the strand,
He has an icy tower ;
Likewise in lovely Switzerland
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down — now here — now there —
His regiments manœuvre ;
When he goes by, we stand and stare,
And cannot choose but shiver.

The Hen.

A famous hen 's my story's theme,
Which ne'er was known to tire;
Of laying eggs, but then she 'd scream
So loud o'er every egg, 't would seem
The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
A wiser bird and older,
Could bear 't no more, so off did stalk
Right to the hen and told her :
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend,
Adds nothing to the matter ;
It surely helps the egg no whit ;
Then lay your egg and done with it!
I pray you, madam, as a friend,
Cease that superfluous clatter!
You know not how 't goes through my head."
"Humph! very likely!" madam said,
Then proudly putting forth a leg:
"Uneducated barnyard fowl!
You know no more than any owl,
The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days.
I 'll tell you why I do it ;
First, you perceive, I lay the egg,
And then — review it."

HENRY CLAY.

CLAY, HENRY, an American orator and statesman; born in Hanover County, Va., April 12, 1777; died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852. He was the son of a Baptist preacher of limited means, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty removed to Kentucky, where he commenced the practice of his profession with brilliant success. In 1804 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1806 he was appointed United States Senator, to fill a vacancy, and was chosen Senator for a full term. In 1811 he was elected a member of Congress, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, although one of the youngest members of that body. He was an earnest advocate of the impending war with Great Britain; and in 1814 was sent to Europe as one of the Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace. Upon his return to the United States he was three times re-elected to Congress, and was each term chosen as Speaker. He was one of the most earnest advocates of the "Missouri Compromise" of 1821, in consequence of which the Territory of Missouri was admitted into the Union as a State, with a proviso that slavery in the Territories should be prohibited north of latitude 36° 40′. When Mr. Adams was chosen President he appointed Mr. Clay Secretary of State. In 1831, and several times subsequently, Mr. Clay was elected United States Senator, and in 1832 was the candidate for the Presidency of what was popularly known as the "Anti-Jackson" party; but he received only sixty-nine electoral votes, the remaining two hundred and nineteen being cast for Jackson. Mr. Clay was the author and chief promoter of the "Compromise Tariff" of 1832–33. In 1836, though the recognized leader of the "Whig" party, he declined to be a candidate for the Presidency; and in 1840 he gave his support to Mr. Harrison, who was elected. In 1844 he was nominated by the Whig party, but received only one hundred and five electoral votes, Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate, receiving one hundred and seventy. In 1848 he was again elected to the United States Senate, and took a prominent part in the debates which grew out of the anti-slavery agitation of the time. He was mainly instrumental in procuring the passage of the "Compromise Bill" of 1850, the effect of which was to postpone for some years the armed struggle between the North and the South. Henry Clay published no book, and his literary reputation rests wholly upon his speeches.

The Emancipation of the South American States.

(From Speech in the House of Representatives, March 24, 1818.)

In the establishment of South America, the United States have the deepest interest. I have no hesitation in asserting my firm belief that there is no question in the foreign policy of this country which has ever arisen, or which I can conceive as ever occurring, in the decision of which we have had or can have so much at stake. This interest concerns our politics, our commerce, our navigation. There cannot be a doubt that Spanish America, once independent — whatever may be the form of the governments established in its several parts — these governments will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They would obey the laws of the system of the New World, of which they compose a part, in contradistinction to that of Europe. . . .

The independence of Spanish America, then, is an interest of primary consideration. Next to that, and highly important in itself, is the consideration of the nature of their governments. That is a question, however, for themselves. They will, no doubt, adopt those kinds of government which are best suited to their condition, best calculated for their happiness. Anxious as I am that they should be free governments, we have no right to prescribe for them. They are, and ought to be, the sole judges for themselves. I am strongly inclined to believe that they will — in most if not in all parts of their country — establish free governments. We are their great example. Of us they constantly speak as of brothers, having a similar origin. They adopt our principles, copy our institutions, and, in many instances, employ the very language and sentiments of our Revolutionary papers.

But it is sometimes said that they are too ignorant and too superstitious to admit of the existence of free government. This charge of ignorance is often urged by persons themselves actually ignorant of the real condition of that people. I deny the alleged fact of ignorance; I deny the inference from the fact — if it were true — that they want capacity for free government; and I refuse assent to the further conclusion — if the fact were true, and the inference just — that we are to be indifferent to their fate. . . . Gentlemen will egregiously err if they form their opinions of the present moral condition of Spanish America from

what it was under the debasing system of Spain. The eight years' revolution has already produced a powerful effect. Education has been attended to, and genius developed. . . .

The fact is not therefore true, that the imputed ignorance exists. But if it do, I repeat, I dispute the inference. It is the doctrine of thrones that man is too ignorant to govern himself. Then partisans assert his incapacity, in reference to all nations. If they cannot command universal assent to the proposition, it is then demanded as to particular nations: and our pride and our presumption too often make converts to us. I contend that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence himself to suppose that He has created things incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man; and for proof I refer to the aborigines of our own land. Were I to speculate in hypotheses unfavorable to human liberty, my speculations should be founded rather upon the vices, refinements, or density of population. Crowded together in compact masses — even if they were philosophers — the contagion of the passions is communicated and caught, and the effect too often, I admit, is the overthrow of liberty. Dispersed over such an immense space as that on which the people of Spanish America are spread, their physical, and I believe also their moral condition, both favor their liberty.

On Nullification.

(From Speech at Cincinnati, August 3, 1830.)

The doctrine of some of the South Carolina politicians is, that it is competent for that State to annul, within its limits, the authority of an Act deliberately passed by the Congress of the United States. They do not appear to have looked much beyond the simple act of Nullification, into the consequences which would ensue, and have not distinctly announced whether one of them might not necessarily be to light up a civil war. They, seem, however, to suppose that the State might, after the act was performed, remain a member of the Union. Now, if one State can, by an act of its separate power, absolve itself from the obligations of a law of Congress, and continue a part of the Union, it could hardly be expected that any other State would render obedience to the same law. Either every other State would follow the nullifying example, or Congress would feel itself constrained, by a sense of equal duty to all parts of

the Union, to repeal altogether the nullified law. Thus the doctrine of South Carolina, although it nominally assumes to act for one State only, in effect would be legislating for the whole Union.

Congress embodies the collective will of the whole Union — and that of South Carolina among its other members. The legislation of Congress is, therefore, founded upon the basis of the representation of all. In the Legislature, or a Convention of South Carolina, the will of the people of that State is alone collected. They alone are represented, and the people of no other State have any voice in their proceedings. To set up for that a claim, by a separate exercise of its power, to legislate, in effect, for the whole Union, is to assert a pretension at war with the fundamental principles of all representative and free governments. It would practically subject the unrepresented people of all other parts of the Union to the arbitrary and despotic power of one State. It would substantially convert them into Colonies, bound by the parental authority of that State. Nor can this enormous pretension derive any support from the consideration that the power to annul is different from the power to originate law. Both powers are, in their nature, legislative; and the mischief which might accrue to the Republic from the annulment of its wholesome laws may be just as great as those which would flow from the origination of bad laws.

On the Abolition of Slavery.

(From Speech in the Senate, February 7, 1839.)

I am no friend of slavery. The Searcher of all hearts knows that every pulsation of mine beats high and strong in the cause of civil liberty. Wherever it is safe and practicable, I desire to see every portion of the human family in the enjoyment of it. But I prefer the liberty of my own country to that of any other people; and the liberty of my own race to that of any other race. The liberty of the descendants of Africa in the United States is incompatible with the safety and liberty of the European descendants. Their slavery forms an exception — an exception resulting from a stern and inexorable necessity — to the general liberty in the United States. We did not originate, nor are we responsible for, this necessity. Their liberty — if it were possible — could only be established by violating the incontestable powers of the States, and subverting the Union. And

beneath the ruins of the Union would be buried, sooner or later, the liberty of both races. . . .

Shall we wantonly run upon the danger and destroy all the glorious anticipations of the high destiny that awaits us? I beseech the Abolitionists themselves solemnly to pause in their mad and fatal course. Amid the infinite variety of objects of humanity and benevolence which invite the employment of their energies, let them select some one more harmless, that does not threaten to deluge our country in blood. I call upon that small portion of the clergy which has lent itself to these wild and ruinous schemes, not to forget the holy nature of the divine mission of the Founder of our religion, and to profit by his peaceful example. I entreat that portion of my countrywomen who have given their countenance to abolition, to remember that they are ever most loved and honored when moving in their own appropriate and delightful sphere; and to reflect that the ink which they shed in subscribing with their fair hands abolition petitions, may prove but the prelude to the shedding of the blood of their brethren. I adjure all the inhabitants of the Free States to rebuke and discountenance, by their opinion and example, measures which must inevitably lead to the most calamitous consequences. And let us all, as countrymen, as friends, and as brothers, cherish, in unfading memory, the motto which bore our ancestors triumphantly through all the trials of the Revolution, as, if adhered to, it will conduct their posterity through all that may, in the dispensations of Providence, be reserved for them.

On Violations of the Fugitive Slave Law.

(From Speech in the Senate, February 19, 1851.)

I avail myself of the occasion [the President's Special Message] to express the high degree of satisfaction which I have felt in seeing the general and faithful execution of this law. It has been executed in Indiana under circumstances really of great embarrassment, doubt, and difficulty. It has been executed in Ohio, in repeated instances — in Cincinnati. It has been executed in the State of Pennsylvania, at the seat of government of the State, and at the great commercial metropolis of the State. It has been executed in the great commercial metropolis of the Union — New York — I believe upon more than one occasion. It has been executed everywhere except in the city of Boston;

and there has been a failure there, upon two occasions, to execute the law.

I confess that when I heard of the first failure, I was most anxious to hear of the case of another arrest of a fugitive slave in Boston, that the experiment might be again made, and that it might be satisfactorily ascertained whether the law could or could not be executed in the city of Boston. Therefore, with profound surprise and regret I heard of the recent occurrence in which the law had been again treated with contempt, and the court-house of the country violated by an invasion of a lawless force. I stated upon a former occasion that the mob consisted chiefly, as is now stated by the President, of blacks. But when I adverted to that fact, I had in my mind those — wherever they may be, in high or low places, in public or private — who instigated, incited, and stimulated to these deeds of enormity these poor, black, deluded mortals. They are the persons who ought to be reached; they are the persons who ought to be brought to condign punishment. And I trust, if there be any incompetency in existing laws to punish those who advised, and stimulated, and instigated these unfortunate blacks to these deeds of lawless enormity, that the defects will be supplied, and the really guilty party who lurks behind, putting forward these miserable wretches, will be brought to justice. I believe — at least I hope — the existing laws will be found competent to reach their case.

From the Lexington "Speech on Retirement to Private Life."[1]

(From "The Speeches of Henry Clay; edited by Calvin Colton.")

It would neither be fitting, nor is it my purpose, to pass judgment on all the acts of my public life; but I hope I shall be excused for one or two observations which the occasion appears to me to authorize.

I never but once changed my opinion on any great measure of national policy, or on any great principle of construction of the national Constitution. In early life, on deliberate consideration, I adopted the principles of interpreting the federal Constitution which have been so ably developed and enforced by Mr. Madison in his memorable report to the Virginia Legislature; and to them, as I understood them, I have constantly adhered. Upon the question coming up in the Senate of the United States

[1] Copyright, 1857, by A. S. Barnes and Company.

to re-charter the first Bank of the United States, thirty years ago, I opposed the re-charter upon convictions which I honestly entertained. The experience of the war which shortly followed, the condition into which the currency of the country was thrown without a bank, and I may now add, later and more disastrous experience, convinced me I was wrong. I publicly stated to my constituents, in a speech in Lexington (that which I made in the House of Representatives of the United States not having been reported), my reasons for that change, and they are preserved in the archives of the country. I appeal to that record, and I am willing to be judged now and hereafter by their validity.

I do not advert to the fact of this solitary instance of change of opinion as implying any personal merit, but because it is a fact. I will however say that I think it very perilous to the utility of any public man to make frequent changes of opinion, or any change, but upon grounds so sufficient and palpable that the public can clearly see and approve them. If we could look through a window into the human breast and there discover the causes which led to changes of opinion, they might be made without hazard. But as it is impossible to penetrate the human heart and distinguish between the sinister and honest motives which prompt it, any public man that changes his opinion, once deliberately formed and promulgated, under other circumstances than those which I have stated, draws around him distrust, impairs the public confidence, and lessens his capacity to serve his country.

I will take this occasion now to say, that I am and have been long satisfied that it would have been wiser and more politic in me to have declined accepting the office of Secretary of State in 1825. Not that my motives were not as sure and as patriotic as ever carried any man into public office. Not that the calumny which was applied to the fact was not as gross and as unfounded as any that was ever propagated. Not that valued friends and highly esteemed opponents did not unite in urging my acceptance of the office. Not that the administration of Mr. Adams will not, I sincerely believe, advantageously compare with any of his predecessors, in economy, purity, prudence, and wisdom. Not that Mr. Adams was himself wanting in any of those high qualifications and upright and patriotic intentions which were suited to the office.

But my error in accepting the office arose out of my under-

rating the power of detraction and the force of ignorance, and abiding with too sure a confidence in the conscious integrity and uprightness of my own motives. Of that ignorance I had a remarkable and laughable example on an occasion which I will relate. I was travelling in 1828 through — I believe it was Spottsylvania County in Virginia, on my return to Washington, in company with some young friends. We halted at night at a tavern, kept by an aged gentleman who, I quickly perceived from the disorder and confusion which reigned, had not the happiness to have a wife. After a hurried and bad supper the old gentleman sat down by me, and without hearing my name, but understanding that I was from Kentucky, remarked that he had four sons in that State, and that he was very sorry they were divided in politics, two being for Adams and two for Jackson; he wished they were all for Jackson. "Why?" I asked him. "Because," he said, "that fellow Clay, and Adams, had cheated Jackson out of the Presidency." — "Have you ever seen any evidence, my old friend," said I, "of that?" — "No," he replied, "none," and he wanted to see none. "But," I observed, looking him directly and steadily in the face, "suppose Mr. Clay were to come here and assure you upon his honor that it was all a vile calumny, and not a word of truth in it, would you believe him?" — "No," replied the old gentleman, promptly and emphatically. I said to him in conclusion, "Will you be good enough to show me to bed?" and bade him good-night. The next morning, having in the interval learned my name, he came to me full of apologies; but I at once put him at his ease by assuring him that I did not feel in the slightest degree hurt or offended with him. . . .

If to have served my country during a long series of years with fervent zeal and unshaken fidelity, in seasons of peace and war, at home and abroad, in the legislative halls and in an executive department; if to have labored most sedulously to avert the embarrassment and distress which now overspread this Union, and when they came, to have exerted myself anxiously at the extra session, and at this, to devise healing remedies; if to have desired to introduce economy and reform in the general administration, curtail enormous executive power, and amply provide at the same time for the wants of the government and the wants of the people, by a tariff which would give it revenue and then protection; if to have earnestly sought to establish the bright but too rare example of a party in power faithful to its

promises and pledges made when out of power: if these services, exertions, and endeavors justify the accusation of ambition, I must plead guilty to the charge.

I have wished the good opinion of the world; but I defy the most malignant of my enemies to show that I have attempted to gain it by any low or grovelling arts, by any mean or unworthy sacrifices, by the violation of any of the obligations of honor, or by a breach of any of the duties which I owed to my country. . . .

How is this right of the people to abolish an existing government, and to set up a new one, to be practically exercised? Our revolutionary ancestors did not tell us by words, but they proclaimed it by gallant and noble deeds. Who are the people that are to tear up the whole fabric of human society, whenever and as often as caprice or passion may prompt them? When all the arrangements and ordinances of existing organized society are prostrated and subverted, as must be supposed in such a lawless and irregular movement as that in Rhode Island, the established privileges and distinctions between the sexes, between the colors, between the ages, between natives and foreigners, between the sane and the insane, and between the innocent and the guilty convict, all the offspring of positive institutions, are cast down and abolished, and society is thrown into one heterogeneous and unregulated mass. And is it contended that the major part of this Babel congregation is invested with the right to build up at its pleasure a new government? that as often, and whenever, society can be drummed up and thrown into such a shapeless mass, the major part of it may establish another and another new government in endless succession? Why, this would overturn all social organization, make revolutions — the extreme and last resort of an oppressed people — the commonest occurrences of human life, and the standing order of the day. How such a principle would operate in a certain section of this Union, with a peculiar population, you will readily conceive. No community could endure such an intolerable state of things anywhere, and all would sooner or later take refuge from such ceaseless agitation in the calm repose of absolute despotism. . . .

Fellow-citizens of all parties! The present situation of our country is one of unexampled distress and difficulty; but there is no occasion for any despondency. A kind and bountiful Providence has never deserted us; punished us He perhaps has, for our neglect of His blessings and our misdeeds. We have a varied and fertile soil, a genial climate, and free institutions.

Our whole land is covered in profusion with the means of subsistence and the comforts of life. Our gallant ship, it is unfortunately true, lies helpless, tossed on a tempestuous sea amid the conflicting billows of contending parties, without a rudder and without a faithful pilot. But that ship is our country, embodying all our past glory, all our future hopes. Its crew is our whole people, by whatever political denomination they are known. If she goes down, we all go down together. Let us remember the dying words of the gallant and lamented Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." The glorious banner of our country, with its unstained stars and stripes, still proudly floats at its mast-head. With stout hearts and strong arms we can surmount all our difficulties. Let us all, all, rally round that banner, and finally resolve to perpetuate our liberties and regain our lost prosperity.

Whigs! Arouse from the ignoble supineness which encompasses you; awake from the lethargy in which you lie bound; cast from you that unworthy apathy which seems to make you indifferent to the fate of your country. Arouse! awake! shake off the dewdrops that glitter on your garments, and once more march to battle and to victory. You have been disappointed, deceived, betrayed; shamefully deceived and betrayed. But will you therefore also prove false and faithless to your country, or obey the impulses of a just and patriotic indignation? As for Captain Tyler, he is a mere snap, a flash in the pan; pick your Whig flints and try your rifles again.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE ("Mark Twain"), an American humorist and author, born at Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer, and worked at the trade in several cities. In 1855 he became a pilot on the Mississippi, and in 1861 went to Nevada in the capacity of private secretary to his brother, who was then Secretary of that Territory. Here he visited the silver mines, and became editor of the "Enterprise," in Virginia City, where he remained three years. After a voyage to Hawaii, and a lecturing tour in California and Nevada, he went to Europe, visited Egypt and Palestine, and on his return wrote "The Innocents Abroad," a humorous account of his travels. His writings include "The Jumping Frog" (1867); "Roughing It" (1872); "The Gilded Age," a comedy (1874); "Tom Sawyer" (1876); "A Tramp Abroad" (1880); "Prince and Pauper," and "The Stolen White Elephant" (1882); "Life on the Mississippi" (1883); "Huckleberry Finn" (1885); "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" (1889); "Pudd'n Head Wilson" (1894); "Joan of Arc" (1896); "Following the Equator" (1897); etc.

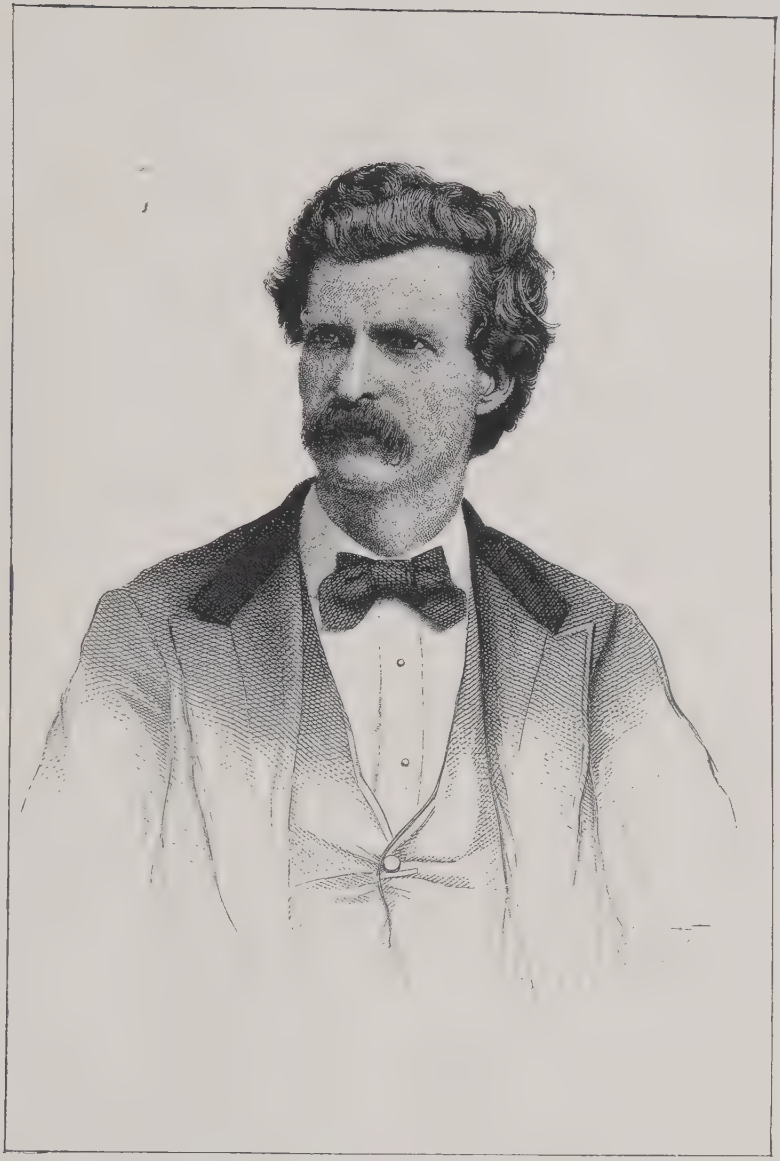
THE JUMPING FROG.[1]

(From "Sketches New and Old.")

THE ORIGINAL STORY IN ENGLISH. THE RE-TRANSLATION, CLAWED BACK FROM THE FRENCH INTO A CIVILIZED LANGUAGE ONCE MORE BY PATIENT AND UNREMUNERATED TOIL.

[EVEN a criminal is entitled to fair play; and certainly when a man who has done no harm has been unjustly treated, he is privileged to do his best to right himself. My attention has just been called to an article some three years old in a French magazine entitled, "Revue des Deux Mondes" (Review of Some Two Worlds), wherein the writer treats of "Les Humoristes Americains" (These Humorists Americans). I am one of these humorists Americans dissected by him, and hence the complaint I am making.

[1] Copyright, 1875, by Samuel L. Clemens. By permission of the American Publishing Co.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

(*MARK TWAIN*)

This gentleman's article is an able one (as articles go, in the French, where they always tangle up everything to that degree that when you start into a sentence you never know whether you are going to come out alive or not). It is a very good article, and the writer says all manner of kind and complimentary things about me — for which I am sure I thank him with all my heart; but then why should he go and spoil all his praise by one unlucky experiment? What I refer to is this: he says my Jumping Frog is a funny story, but still he can't see why it should ever really convulse anyone with laughter — and straightway proceeds to translate it into French in order to prove to his nation that there is nothing so very extravagantly funny about it. Just there is where my complaint originates. He has not translated it at all; he has simply mixed it all up; it is no more like the Jumping Frog when he gets through with it than I am like a meridian of longitude. In order that even the unlettered may know my injury and give me their compassion, I have been at infinite pains and trouble to re-translate this French version back into English; and to tell the truth I have well nigh worn myself out at it, having scarcely rested from my work during five days and nights. I cannot speak the French language, but I can translate very well, though not fast, I being self-educated. I ask the reader to run his eye over the original English version of the Jumping Frog, and then read my re-translation from the French, and kindly take notice how the Frenchman has riddled the grammar. I think it is the worst I ever saw; and yet the French are called a polished nation. If I had a boy that put sentences together as they do, I would polish him to some purpose. Without further introduction, the Jumping Frog, as I originally wrote it, was as follows — (after it will be found my re-translation from the French):]

THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS [1] COUNTY.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would

[1] Pronounced Cal-e-*va*-ras.

remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley — *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le — well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49 — or maybe it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he could n't he 'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him* — any way just so 's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for

a chance; there could n't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller 'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you 'd find him flush or you 'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he 'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he 'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he 'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to — to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him* — he 'd bet on *any* thing — the dangest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considable better — thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy — and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she 'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I 'll risk two-and-a-half she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she 'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you 'd think he war n't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and look for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money

was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'-castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and had n't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that did n't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and did n't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that had n't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius — I know it, because, he had n't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he had n't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all of them kind of things, till you could n't rest, and you could n't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut — see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start,

and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep him in practice so constant, that he 'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything — and I believe him. Why, I 've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker 'n you could wink he 'd spring straight up and snake a fly off 'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he had n't no idea he 'd been doin' any more 'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — come acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you 've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't — it 's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm — so 't is. Well, what 's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley, says, easy and careless, "he 's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge — he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that 's any better 'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you 've had

experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right — that's all right — if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and sat down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him along side of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One — two — three — *git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, and Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it war n't no use — he could n't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he could n't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he did n't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder — so — at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "*I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better 'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for — I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him — he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weight five pounds!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And —"

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and he got up to see what was wanted. And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that did n't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and — "

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.]

[Translation of the above from the French.]

The Frog Jumping of the County of Calaveras.

It there was one time here an individual known under the name of Jim Smiley: it was in the winter of '49, possibly well at the spring of '50, I no me recollect not exactly. This which me makes to believe that it was the one or the other, it is that I shall remember that the grand flume is not achieved when he arrives at the camp for the first time, but of all sides he was the man the most fond of to bet which one have seen, betting upon all that which is presented, when he could find an adversary; and when he not of it could not, he passed to the side opposed. All that which convenienced to the other, to him convenienced also; seeing that he had a bet, Smiley was satisfied. And he had a chance! a chance even worthless: nearly always he gained. It must to say that he was always near to himself expose, but no one could mention the least thing without that this gaillard offered to bet the bottom, no matter what, and to take the side that one him would, as I you it said all at the hour (tout a l'heure). If it there was of races, you him find rich or ruined at the end; if it there is a combat of dogs, he bring his bet; he himself laid always for a combat of cats, for a combat of cocks; — by-blue! if you have see two birds upon a fence, he you should have offered of to bet which of those birds shall fly the first; and if there is *meeting* at the camp (*meeting* au camp) he comes to bet regularly for the cure Walker, which he judged to be the best

predicator of the neighborhood (predicateur des environs) and which he was in effect, and a brave man. He would encounter a bug of wood in the road, whom he will bet upon the time which he shall take to go where she would go — and if you him have take at the word, he will follow the bug as far as Mexique, without himself caring to go so far; neither of the time which he there lost. One time the woman of the cure Walker is very sick during long time, it seemed that one not her saved not; but one morning the cure arrives, and Smiley him demanded how she goes, and he said that she is well better, grace to the infinite misery (lui demande comment elle va, et il dit qu'elle est bien mieux, grace a l'infinie misericorde) so much better that with the benediction of the Providence she herself of it would pull out (elle s'en tirerait); and behold without there thinking Smiley responds: "Well, I gage two-and-half that she will die all of same."

This Smiley had an animal which the boys called the nag of the quarter of hour, but solely for pleasantry, you comprehend, because, well understand, she was more fast as that! [Now why that exclamation? — M. T.] And it was custom of to gain of the silver with this beast, notwithstanding she was poussive, cornarde, always taken of asthma, of colics or of consumption, or something of approaching. One him would give two or three hundred yards at the departure, then one him passed without pain; but never at the last she not fail of herself echauffer, of herself exasperate, and she arrives herself escartant, se defendant, her legs greles in the air before the obstacles, sometimes them elevating and making with this more of dust than any horse, more of noise above with his eternumens and reniflemens — crac! she arrives then always first by one head, as just as one can it measure. And he had a small bull dog (boule dogue!) who, to him see, no value, not a cent; one would believe that to bet against him it was to steal, so much he was ordinary; but as soon as the game made, she becomes another dog. Her jaw inferior commence to project like a deck of before, his teeth themselves discover brilliant like some furnaces, and a dog could him tackle (le taquiner), him excite, him murder (le mordre), him throw two or three times over his shoulder, Andre Jackson — this was the name of the dog — Andre Jackson takes that tranquilly, as if he not himself was never expecting other thing, and when the bets were doubled and redoubled against him, he you seize the other dog just at the articulation

of the leg of behind, and he not leave it more, not that he it masticate, you conceive, but he himself there shall be holding during until that one throws the sponge in the air, must he wait a year. Smiley gained always with this beast-la; unhappily they have finished by elevating a dog who no had not of feet of behind, because one them had sawed; and when things were at the point that he would, and that he came to himself throw upon his morsel favorite, the poor dog comprehended in an instant that he himself was deceived in him, and that the other dog him had. You no have never see person having the air more penaud and more discouraged; he not made no effort to gain the combat, and was rudely shucked.

Eh bien! this Smiley nourished some terriers a rats, and some cocks of combat, and some cats, and all sorts of things; and with his rage of betting one no had more of repose. He trapped one day a frog and him imported with him (et l'emporta chez lui) saying that he pretended to make his education. You me believe if you will, but during three months he not has nothing done but to him apprehend to jump (apprehendre a sauter) in a court retired of her mansion (de sa maison). And I you respond that he have succeeded. He him gives a small blow by behind, and the instant after you shall see the frog turn in the air like a grease-biscuit, make one summersault, sometimes two, when she was well started, and re-fall upon his feet like a cat. He him had accomplished in the art of to gobble the flies (gober des mouches), and him there exercised continually — so well that a fly the most far that she appeared was a fly lost. Smiley had custom to say that all which lacked to a frog it was the education, but with the education she could do nearly all — and I him believe. Tenez, I him have seen pose Daniel Webster there upon this plank — Daniel Webster was the name of the frog — and to him sing, "Some flies, Daniel, some flies!" — in the flash of the eye Daniel had bounded and seized a fly here upon the counter, then jumped anew at the earth, where he rested truly to himself scratch the head with his behind-foot, as if he no had not the least idea of his superiority. Never you not have seen frog as modest, as natural, sweet as she was. And when he himself agitated to jump purely and simply upon plain earth, she does more ground in one jump than any beast of his species than you can know. To jump plain — this was his strong. When he himself agitated for that, Smiley multiplied the bets upon her as long as there to him remained a red. It

must to know, Smiley was monstrously proud of his frog, and he of it was right, for some men who were travelled, who had all seen, said that they to him would be injurious to him compare to another frog. Smiley guarded Daniel in a little box latticed which he carried bytimes to the village for some bet.

One day an individual stranger at the camp him arrested with his box and him said: —

"What is this that you have then shut up there within?"

Smiley said, with an air indifferent: —

"There could be a paroquet, or a syringe (ou un serin), but this no is nothing of such, it not is but a frog."

The individual it took, it regarded with care, it turned from one side and from the other, then he said: —

"Tiens! in effect! — At what is she good?"

"My God!" respond Smiley, always with an air disengaged, "she is good for one thing, to my notice, (a mon avis), she can batter in jumping (elle peut batter en sautant) all frogs of the county of Calaveras."

The individual re-took the box, it examined of new longly, and it rendered to Smiley in saying with an air deliberate: —

"Eh bien! I no saw not that that frog had nothing of better than each frog." (Je ne vois pas que cette grenouille ait rien de mieux qu'aucune grenouille). [If that is n't grammar gone to seed, then I count myself no judge.— M. T.]

"Possible that you not it saw not," said Smiley, "possible that you — you comprehend frogs; possible that you not you there comprehend nothing; possible that you had of the experience, and possible that you not be but an amateur. Of all manner (De toute maniere), I better forty dollars that she batter in jumping no matter which frog of the county of Calaveras."

The individual reflected a second, and said like sad: —

"I not am but a stranger here, I no have not a frog: but if I of it had one, I would embrace the bet."

"Strong well!" respond Smiley; "nothing of more facility. If you will hold my box a minute, I go you to search a frog (j'irai vous chercher)."

Behold, then, the individual, who guards the box, who puts his forty dollars upon those of Smiley, and who attends (et qui attend). He attended enough longtimes, reflecting all solely. And figure you that he takes Daniel, him opens the mouth by force and with a tea-spoon him fills with shot of the hunt, even

him fills just to the chin, then he him puts by the earth. Smiley during these times was at slopping in a swamp. Finally he trapped (attrape) a frog, him carried to that individual, and said: —

"Now if you be ready, put him all against Daniel, with their before-feet upon the same line, and I give the signal" — then he added: "One, two, three, — advance!"

Him and the individual touched their frogs by behind, and the frog new put to jump smartly, but Daniel himself lifted ponderously, exalted the shoulders thus, like a Frenchman — to what good? he not could budge, he is planted solid like a church, he not advance no more than if one him had at the anchor.

Smiley was surprised and disgusted, but he not himself doubted not of the turn being intended (mais il ne se doutait pas du tour, bien entendu). The individual empocketed the silver, himself with it went, and of it himself in going is it that he no gives not a jerk of thumb over the shoulder — like that — at the poor Daniel, in saying with his air deliberate — (L'individu empoche l'argent, s'en va et en s'en allant est ce qu'il ne donne pas un coup de pouce pardessus l'epaule, comme ce, au pauvre Daniel, endisant de son air delibere): —

"Eh bien! *I no see not that that frog has nothing of better than another.*"

Smiley himself scratched longtimes the head, the eyes fixed upon Daniel, until that which at last he said: —

"I me demand how the devil it makes itself that this beast has refused. Is it that she had something? One would believe that she is stuffed."

He grasped Daniel by the skin of the neck, him lifted and said: —

"The wolf me bite if he no weigh not five pounds."

He him reversed and the unhappy belched two handfuls of shot (et le malhereus, etc). — When Smiley recognized how it was, he was like mad. He deposited his frog by the earth and ran after that individual, but he not him caught never.

[Such is the Jumping Frog, to the distorted French eye. I claim that I never put together such an odious mixture of bad grammar and delirium tremens in my life. And what has a poor foreigner like me done, to be abused and misrepresented like this? When I say, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that

frog that 's any better 'n any other frog," is it kind, is it just, for this Frenchman to try to make it appear that I said: "Eh bien! I no saw that that frog had nothing of better than each frog." I have no heart to write more. I never felt so about anything before.]

Jonah's Voyage in the Whale.

(From "Patience," a Poem of the Fourteenth Century.)

As a mote in at a minster door, so mighty were its jaws,
Jonah enters by the gills, through slime and gore;
he reeled in through a gullet, that seemed to him a road,
tumbling about, aye head over heels,
till he staggers to a place as broad as a hall;
then he fixes his feet there and gropes all about,
and stands up in its belly, that stank as the devil;
in sorry plight there, 'mid grease that savored as he
his bower was arrayed, who would fain risk no ill.
Then he lurks there and seeks in each nook of the nave
the best sheltered spot, yet nowhere he finds
rest or recovery, but filthy mire
wherever he goes; but God is ever dear;
and he tarried at length and called to the Prince. . . .
Then he reached a nook and held himself there,
where no foul filth encumbered him about.
He sat there as safe, save for darkness alone,
as in the boat's stern, where he had slept ere.

Thus, in the beast's bowel, he abides there alive,
three days and three nights, thinking aye on the Lord,
His might and His mercy and His measure eke;
now he knows Him in woe, who could not in weal.
And onward rolls the whale through deep wild-seas,
through many rough regions, in stubborn will;
for, though that mote in its maw was small,
that monster grew sickish at heart, I trow,
and worried the wight. And Jonah aye heard
the huge flood as it lashed the whale's back and its sides.

Anonymous.

MRS. CLIFFORD.

Clifford, Mrs. Lucy, an English novelist, daughter of John Lane, formerly of Barbadoes, S. W. I. She married, in 1875, Prof. William Kingdon Clifford, who died in 1879, leaving her with two children. Her principal publications are: "The Dingy House at Kensington" (1881); "Very Short Stories and Anyhow Stories" (1882); "Mrs. Keith's Crime" (1885); "Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman" (1891); "The Last Touches" (1892); "Aunt Anne" (1892); "A Wild Proxy" (1893); "A Flash of Summer" (1894); "Mere Stories" (1896).

A Modern Correspondence.

(From "Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman.")

I.

SHE. — ON THE DULNESS OF GOODNESS.

It is a long time since we met — long, that is, as we have been in the habit of measuring time lately — nearly a month. Two months and meeting every day, often twice a day, but never missing once; then a little pause, a flagging, a going-to-town, and two days apart — days that were hard to bear for both of us; then a week, and now a fortnight. At first your letters compensated me; now they do not. Are they colder? I do not know. Not in words, perhaps, but they do not send a rush of joy through me as they did a little while since. They seem to come from your intellect, your good nature, that would not like me to feel neglected, your affectionate disposition, not from your heart. Are you beginning to turn restive, to think things over, to wonder how it was we found the past so sweet that we were content to spend whole days by the river-side, talking the driftless, dreamy talk of happiness, or silently watching the river as it went on, seeking, perhaps, the place which a little later our feet would know — but not together?

I remember your telling me once — was it with dim foreboding of a future that now, perhaps, draws near? — that women took things more seriously than men. They are the foolish

women. I am going to be wise — to remember as long as you remember, and forget as soon. I think I am doing so already — if you are. Why should man, who is strong, always get the best of it, and be forgiven so much; and woman, who is weak, get the worst and be forgiven so little? Why should you go and laugh and be merry, and I stay waiting and listening? But this shall not be, for I am not the woman to sit and weep while the world is wide and the days are long, and there are many to — to love me? I do not know: to come and make a sweet pretence of love; and who shall say how much or how little heart will be in it? It is delightful to be a woman — yes, even in spite of all things; but to be a weak woman, and good with the goodness invented for her by men who will have none of it themselves: no thank you. It is a sad mistake to take things seriously, especially for women (which sounds like a quotation from Byron, and is almost), but it is a mistake that shall not be mine. Let us keep to the surface of all things, to the to-day in which we live, forgetting the yesterdays, not dreaming of to-morrows. The froth of the waves, the green meadows, and the happy folk walking across them laughing; the whole world as it faces the sky: beneath are only the deep waters, the black earth, the people sorrowing in their houses, the dead sleeping in their graves. What have we who would laugh in common with these? Nothing.

Dear, your letters have grown too critical, too intellectually admiring. You said in one of them last week that you reverenced me for my goodness. I do not want reverence; it goes to passion's funeral. And I do not want to be good either, for that means a person knowing all her own possibilities and limits. It is only of the base and mean things that one should know one's self utterly incapable; for the rest it is better to give one's nature its fling, and let it make a walk for itself, good or bad, as its strength goes.

Good! Oh, but I am glad to be far from that goal. No woman who is absolutely and entirely good, in the ordinary sense of the word, gets a man's most fervent, passionate love, the love beside which all other feelings pale. A wear-and-tear affection, perhaps, tideless and dull, may be her portion, but it is not for good women that men have fought battles, given their lives, and staked their souls. To be good, to know beforehand that, under any given circumstances, one would do the right thing, would stalk along the higher path of moral rectitude, for-

ever remembering and caring above all things for one's own superiority, while the rest of the world might suffer what it would; it appalls me to think of it. Besides, how deadly dull to herself must the good woman be, how limited her imagination, how sober her horizon; she knows her own future so well there is little wonder that she grows dowdy, living it. To feel that there is no unexpectedness in her nature, nothing over which to hold a rein, to know that no moment can come when, forgetting all else, she will give herself up to the whirlwind that may overtake her in a dozen forms, and then, if need be, pay the price without flinching and without tears. For tears and repentance and reformations are all the accompaniments of goodness that once in its weakness is overcome. How I loathe them and the expiation with which some women would bleach their souls. Did you ever stop to think what expiation means? Probably some monkish-minded ancestor who was addicted to scourging himself, putting his ghostly finger across one's brain, and so waving his torturing lash down through the age. Give me, then, the strength to raise my head and say, "Yes, it was I, and I will pay the price cheerfully, for the joy of remembering will sustain me to the end, and repentance I have none."

I wonder if husbands are so often unfaithful because their wives are good? I think so. They cannot stand the dreary monotonies and certainties. They give them affection and reverence — and go to the women who are less good, and love them. I wonder if the wholly good men are the best loved? Not they. They, too, like the good women, are treated to the even way of dull affection. The bravest men, the strongest, the most capable to do great deeds when the chance comes, and of waiting for the chances as best they can: they are the best loved. It is, in fact, the mystery that lies in people as in fate that is the fascination — the wondering, the toss-up whether it will be good or bad to us or to others. For this makes life keen living and love a desperate joy. It is so with the whole of humanity. Say what we will for goodness — and in the abstract it is the soul's desire of most of us — the world would be a dull place to live in if all the wickedness were stamped out; too dull to satisfy mortal men and women. We may owe our solid happiness to the good, but we owe life's color and variety and excitement to the wicked: never let us underrate them. Are you shocked, *cher ami?* But in these latter days we have taken to writing sermons to each other.

Mine, at least, has the advantage of being genuine. If it does not please you I cannot help it. I would not have you even always pleased, for it would bore me sadly. You asked me once (do you remember, the long grass was dipping in the river, and I watched it while you spoke), "if I would always be the same?" I answered, Yes — untruthfully enough, but I could not help it. Would I have you always the same? I ask myself, as I sit here; and the answer comes to my lips quickly, Not I. Hot and cold, a stir to one's pulse, a chill to one's heart, a formal word that makes one's lips close as though ice had frozen them, a whisper that sets one's blood tingling with sudden joy. All this is life and love, not vegetation and affection.

Don't think I do not long after good things. Oh, my dear, do we not all long after them, and so sanctify our souls, that are not able to do more? It is so easy to sit at the base of a tower and wish we stood on the top; it is another thing to climb it little step by little step. If one could be hauled up in some strange, dangerous fashion it would be worth doing, though one risked one's neck by the way. So if by a few great deeds one could reach the heights, who that has any fire in his soul would not do them, though they crushed the life out of him for a time — nay, though he died by the way? But the unvarying goodness of daily life, one day as like another as one step is like another; and the getting to the top of one's moral plateau at last — for what? For some abstract praise, some measured admiration, while those one loved best felt most one's far-offness from themselves. It would be like the chilly tower-top, standing there alone, the wind sweeping past, the world below going merrily by unheeding. Is it worth it? No. Preach no more of goodness to me; and as for reverence, keep it for the saints.

You have provoked all this from me with your dreary, unsatisfying letter, and your half-finished sentence, "And in the future" — Why did you stop? Did you fear to go on? Well, and in the future? Do you think any woman will love you as I have loved you; will forget you as completely as I will forget if I choose; will scorn you as well if it comes to it; will be as constant or as fickle, as passionate or as cold? It may be; but I think not, for my strange heart is given to the Fates to wring with what agony they will, or to fill to the brim with joy, and out of either I can give lavishly.

Do you understand me? I doubt it. I stand here by the gate of many things, wondering if the latch shall be left up — or down forever. For when the summer day is done the twilight comes, sweet enough for the dawdlers who would sit and dream alone, but not for me with the wild blood dancing through my veins. Draw down the blinds, say I, and bring the flaring lights; the guests of the day may go, but the guests of the night will come — ready to begin what perhaps you are ready to end. In the beginning are life and promise and love; but in the end? In the end one lies down to die — and forget. Good-bye.

II.

HE. — AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

My Dearest Girl, — You know I never comprehend your letters; but perhaps that is one reason why I like them. I never altogether comprehend you, which is also perhaps the reason why I love you, for I do, upon my soul I do, in spite of the nonsense you talk about affection and vegetation and wickedness, and the rest of it. I sometimes feel as if you had taken me for some one else when I read your letters — some one you had set up and thought to be me. It 's odd, but I used to have the same sort of feeling in the summer, when you seemed to see from one direction and I from another. I don't want you to make that kind of mistake, dearest; it would be a bad lookout for me if you did. Now, let us speak plainly, have things out, and be done with it; then it will be plain sailing, and we shall both be better for it — better, anyhow, than if we went on with fine words and vague phrases for a twelvemonth.

If my letters have been cold lately, or seemed so, it has not been that I have not cared for you, or don't, as much as during all those jolly days by the river, when we were too lazy to talk even about ourselves. But you know one can't be always at high pressure; besides, I am getting on, and though one may still be able to talk nonsense occasionally, and in the country, yet after the turn of five-and-thirty a man is n't so ready to go on with it when he is once more back in town, among people, and planning his life, as I am. This does n't make me less sincere, mind; I like you better than any one else, I expect, but I am a good deal taken up with other matters. I am anxious about Carpeth. K—— is certain that I have a good chance

of getting in, and I seriously contemplate standing. Of course, as you already know, I don't care a straw about politics, and should never attempt to talk; still, getting into Parliament is a respectable sort of thing to try for — unless you are a Radical; gives you influence in the county, and so on. Then I am bothered about those beggars and their farms. I remember telling you that they wanted their rents lowered, rather unfairly, I think. Then my mother is always at me to settle down — before she dies, she says, having a fancy that that won't be long, though I hope with all my heart it will; and she wants me to marry my cousin Nell. I like Nell well enough, and no doubt we should jog along comfortably together, but I am much fonder of you, though if you throw me over I dare say I shall try my chance with Nell. So you see there 's been some excuse for pre-occupation in my letters.

In spite of what you say I do reverence you for your goodness. Look what a brick you were to your brother and his wife last year, and I know if you marry me that you will make me, as you would any man you loved, a good and true wife. Be the sensible girl I have always thought you, and write and say it is all right, and I will tell the mater at once, and let us get married as soon as Carpeth is settled. Don't think I have ceased to care for you because I don't write you sentimental letters, or see you twice a day, as I did at Wargrave, where there was nothing to do but to loaf round and hang about the river till dinner-time.

While I think of it, what I meant by "and in the future," was just in effect what I have said here, only somehow I could not get it to the tip of my pen then as I do now. Of course we went on at a rapid rate this summer, but you see we were thrown a good deal on each other, and there 's always something enticing in the river, and the willow-weed, and the towing-path, and all the rest of it. I am really awfully fond of you, too, and when a man is alone with a woman he likes, and nothing particular besides on his mind, he would be a duffer if he did n't run on a bit. Still, I am not a very romantic sort; when I was two-and-twenty I had rather a quencher with that girl I told you of once; she cut up rough after playing the fool with me to the top of my bent, and that has done its work. Besides, talk as you will about affection, it 's the best thing to get married on; blazing passion fizzles out pretty soon and leaves precious little behind. It says a good deal for the

strength and genuineness of my feeling for you that, after the speed of last summer, I can still in the cool of the autumn declare, as I do, that I am sincerely fond of you.

Of course I know that if I am matter-of-fact you are the reverse, but if you won't be angry at my saying so, I think that comes of the life you lead. Living with a brother and sister-in-law, and no settled place in the house or home of your own, shutting yourself up with books, or stealing off to some quiet spot to read them, and going out all night when you are in town, and being told, no matter where you are, by half a dozen fellows that they are in love with you; that can't be a healthy sort of life for any woman. You will lead a far better and more natural one if you settle down with me, as I hope you will.

Now, write me a long letter and tell me all that is in your heart and mind about this. Let me know just what you think, for I could never for the life of me quite make out what you were driving at when we were together. But, above all, tell me that you love me, as you did in the summer when you put your head down on my arm and yet would never say the plain, honest "Yes" I tried to extract from you. Then I will somehow make time to run down on Saturday and stay till Monday, as I long to do. Good-night, my dear one. — Ever yours.

P. S. — Let me hear by return if you can, for I have a good deal of anxiety one way and another, and shall be glad to get this off my mind.

III.

SHE. — SOME VIEWS ON MARRIAGE.

Get it off your mind by all means. I would not marry you for the world. Marry your cousin Nell, with whom you will jog along well enough; go in for Carpeth; raise or lower your tenants' rents, and settle down to your uneventful life without me. It would drive me mad. There is enough of nothing in your heart or soul to satisfy me. I like you; I have loved you — perhaps I do still; but marry you — no; for I should surely run away, and before a year was over, if it were only to hide in a dim corner with amused eyes to watch your perplexity. I see how good you are, manly and straightforward — all that and more; but to settle down with you — to know the end of my

days almost as well as the beginning; to live through the long, dull, respectable years with you — no, thank you. You must marry your cousin Nell; and I, if I marry at all, will marry a man whose future is not unrolled, like yours, before my eyes — some one who has it in him to leave the world richer than he found it, who will teach it, or beautify it, or make it in some way better because he has been. For men who do this are the masters of the world, and men like you, rich or fairly rich, good, plodding, and painstaking, are their servants. They enjoy your acres, which you keep trim for them; your houses, the doors of which open wide to receive them; and they pay you wages in the shape of benefits you get from their genius. Yes, you will marry your cousin Nell, go into Parliament, helping your country with vote or presence — for that is how, as you indicate, your political capacity will be bounded; you will enjoy your easy-going life, and die when your turn comes. You will do no work that others could not do equally well, and never fret or fire your soul with more than a little anxiety, a little fatigue or vexation; and even these will calm down or be forgotten with your first spoonful of soup at dinner — your dull, well-mannered dinner of five courses, with the salad and the savory left out. Oh, my dear, whom I loved through all the long, still days of this past summer, what a revelation your letters have been to me. I should go mad if I married you. No; if I marry at all, it must be some one who works — works truly, not for himself and for his own position or respectability's sake, but for the work's sake and the world's sake; a man who is part of the great machinery that models the future ages; not a mere idler by its wheels, hanging about, amusing himself for his day, dying when his turn comes, and leaving no trace behind. There are crowds of these, well enough in their way, with their cheery voices and pleasant faces; let other women marry them. The world would be a terrible place if it were made up entirely of the minority towards which my soul leans. There would be all to work, but none to work for; all to give, and none to receive. Yes, the world is well for the like of you, for the majority that takes life easily, battling a little for itself and its own, leaving the workers to build up the world; but it is to these last that my heart goes out. A soldier who has fought for his own land, and so helped its people; a thinker who, unseen himself, has swayed vast numbers; a law-giver who has devised the codes by which coming races

may guide themselves; a traveller who makes the first lonely track into the unknown land, and then comes back to direct the road-makers how to work on towards the great city that, but for him, would have been unsuspected — any one of these holds in his hand the seed of immortality.

But it is not only the leaders who have it. The poet who writes, and the singer who sings, the words the soldiers hear as they march by; the beggar who sits starving in his garret, all the while creating that for which the whole world will rejoice, though he dies or goes into the crowd not knowing, letting others get the reward of his work; the martyr who keeps his lips shut and will not cry out lest others should lose heart; all these, too — these are the masters who prove that greatness is a thing that must be put outside one's self to live. With one of these there would be life with its promises and possibilities, a chance to help, though it were only by serving the worker as his servant. Bitter grief, keen disappointment, throbbing pain might come; what then? It is for their alternatives one makes, and what chance of them would there be along your monotonous way? And with all my longings and ambitions, and all that they would mean, would the pleasant friendships that some men give their wives, that you in fact offer me, suffice? And the realities of your life, would they satisfy me? Not quite. I should go away. I remember being told of a woman who said she would rather have the one true passionate devotion of the worst man that ever lived, than all the affection and respect and regard — but these only — that the best could give. I did not understand her then. I do now. For the first has in him the fire that may any day leap upward; but the other has only an even light by which one would see to everlastingly measure and excuse him. Beside the first one might walk through hell unheeding its flames; beside the last heaven itself would be monotonous. This is what I meant in scoffing at goodness; what I mean now in turning, almost with a shudder, from the idea of being your wife, even though I still have some lingering love for you. The boundaries of goodness are known well enough, but in the bare possibilities of their being broken down there is a strange, uncertain vista that fascinates me. It is the unknown quantities, the mysteries, that set one thinking and make one eager. Is not the world itself round, so that we see but a little way ahead? How then can you expect me to accept my portion of it so flattened and

laid out before me that I can almost see the whiteness of my own tombstone at the other end? No, let us end it all. Go to your life; leave me to mine.

Marriage between us is not possible. A service might be read over us, one roof might cover us, one name identify us; but this would not be marriage — only a binding together by a ceremony made for those not strong enough to stand by each other without it, which, in the eyes of the outer world, would make us man and wife, yet in our own hearts leave us miles apart. The most dreamy of relationships might be marriage rather than this; nay, I can imagine it existing between two people who meet but half a dozen times in their lives, who never touch hands, who but dimly remember each other's faces, and yet whose hearts and souls steal out in the silence towards each other and meet in some strange fashion not known to ordinary men and women — an aching, almost passionate love, that has nothing physical in it, and that seeks no human symbol for expression save that which puts itself forth in their work. Even this would satisfy me better than what you offer me, in which there would be the ever longing for more than you could even comprehend. And yet it would not satisfy me. I am not idealist enough, nor poet neither. I am a woman, and alive to my finger ends; and, if I am loved at all, would be loved wholly and altogether, as a man who is alive, too, and part of the living world, knows how to love. I want a face that satisfies me to look at, a voice to hear, a hand to grip, a firm and even footstep to listen to unconsciously as an accompaniment to our talk while we go through the streets together. I cannot help caring for these things, for I am human, and have the longings of human womanhood. But there are other longings, too — longings that lift the human ones up, and give them the idealism that is necessary to one's soul's salvation; and these last hang on the first: they are all inseparable.

I have written on, never once considering how it may hurt you. It is better, perhaps, if I do hurt you, for some wounds must be seared in order that they may be healed. Insulting, heartless, cruel, some dolts who saw this letter might call me; but I am none of these. I have spoken out fearlessly all that was in my heart and mind, as you wished me to do. I might have been more gentle, have used words less plain, and so nourished my own vanity on your regrets at losing me. And heartless? no. If I were, I should be content to take ease and

comfort and the world's goods, all of which you would give me for my portion, and concern myself about little else; should be content with the simple affection you offer me instead of pushing it away, because my hungry heart needs more. We had our summer day, dear, and it was good to live through; but now, go to your cousin Nell, contest Carpeth, see to your tenants, and good-bye. Yes, good-bye, dear Englishman; only our own land could have produced you; and in a measure I am proud of you, as I am of all its other goodly products. But for warmth and sunshine one goes to other lands than ours; for love and happiness I, at least, must go to other heart than yours. Better for you that it is so, for I should have tried you sorely.

IV.

HE. — EXPOSTULATING.

I really don't know how to answer your letter, for of course I am going to answer it; it 's odder than ever, more than ever like you, my darling. You are not very polite, are you? But perhaps I am not either, for the matter of that. For the life of me I can't understand you, can't make out what you are driving at, and I am not sure that you know yourself. You say that you love me; then why on earth can't you be content to marry me? I love you, I am very fond of you, though I won't pretend that I can go at the rate you seem to desire; but, as I said in my last letter, passion soon fizzles out. Romance is all very well when you are young, but middle-age is a time that most of us come to, and then what 's to become of it? As for life with me being so dull, we can't be always going in for excitement; but you would get enough of it, I expect, and you could make yourself prominent in lots of ways if you wished to do so. I would do anything in reason to make you happy, or to please you as far as I could. If you want change and movement and new experiences, we might go about a good bit. I remember your saying in the summer-time that you would like to travel. We might go and look up some scenery in Italy or Switzerland, or if you wanted anything more extensive take a run over to America, though I don't expect you would find that very exhilarating, and I never cared for republics myself. Even Paris is spoilt by going in for democracy and that sort of thing.

I think you are vexed with me because I told you frankly

that if you would not have me I should try my luck with Nell. But you can't expect me to keep single because you don't think me lively enough to marry yourself. I am getting on, thirty-six next January, quite time that I settled down; I feel that I ought to do so; besides, if I wait too long no one will have me. Of course it is easy enough to talk as you do, but take my word for it, your feelings are not what is wanted for daily life. They are all very well in the books you have got yourself into the habit of reading, but they won't work outside the covers in which you find them. I don't believe in Darwin, as you know — not that I ever read much of him, I confess, but I made out what he was up to pretty well — and I never read but one of Zola's novels; and as that was a translation, I take it for granted the color was a good deal toned down, but it was quite sufficient to convince me that women did well not to read him at all. I say this because bits in your letter sound like the talk one hears among the prigs whom it is the correct thing to meet at some houses nowadays, or the articles one sees in the heavy reviews. Not that I ever talk much to the first or read the last — know better than that, my darling. I prefer being on the river with you. But one can't help knowing what 's in the air, and it all somehow harks back to Darwin and Zola, two schools, or whatever you call them, that seem to be running neck and neck just now among the people who go in for thinking. But they come to no good, dearest; they have only made you want some artificial kind of career. Now, it 's my opinion that a woman ought to find the life of her home and the companionship of her husband, and later on of her children, sufficient, and that 's what most sensible men think, too. Content yourself with them, my dear one, and give yourself to me with a light heart. You shall indulge in as many fancies as you please, and have as much amusement as I can reasonably give you, and we will do a whole lot of going about from first to last if you like.

Of course I have got some acres and must look after them, if it is only to keep them trim, as you say, for the beggars you call my masters; and as for fighting, or inventing things, or writing books, none of these is in my line, and I am glad of it. A nice, comfortable life, enough money, and a good digestion have fallen to my share, and I am quite content with it; if you fall to my share, too, I shall have nothing else to wish for, after I have secured Carpeth.

I cannot think what has changed you all of a sudden, for we got on so well in the summer, and we managed to get awfully fond of each other, or I did of you, and you at any rate were happy enough with me. Be happy again, my darling; as I said in my last letter I say again in this: I love you better than any one else, though I own I shall try and win Nell if you throw me over. But don't, I implore you, just for the sake of all that you have lately taken to dream about, give away realities. Life is n't a thing that comes to us more than once — in this world, anyhow — or that lasts too long, and it 's a pity not to make the best of it; I don't think that you would make the worst of it by giving yourself to me. Now write me another of your queer letters if you like, and say not only that you love me, but that you 'll marry me. You can't think how happy you would make me, and I won't believe you were playing fast and loose with me all the summer; if you were not, why it 's all right, and let us get married soon. We would move about as much as you pleased till I was obliged to be back in England again, and I feel sure that that is what you want to ease off some of your excitement and restlessness, and make you content with ordinary life again. Good-night, dearest; write at once and let me know precisely what your views are now. — Affectionately yours.

V.

SHE. — EXPLAINING FURTHER, AND CONCERNING PASSION.

No, I cannot write as you desire. We are so utterly different. A month ago I did not see it; now I do, for your letters have made all things clear. By the river we felt the same breeze, the same sunshine; we thought they had the same effect upon us, that in all things we felt alike. The days we spent together were drowsy summer ones, and you were a dream to me; perhaps I was one to you. We did not talk much, not enough to find each other out, and it is to that we owe our memories. I am glad to have mine; I was so happy, and I loved you, remember, which sanctifies them, so that I am not ashamed because of the long hours in which I was wholly content.

But life is not spent by the river-side, or in a dream. The summer is over, we are awake, and our story is finished. To attempt to live our lives together would be madness. You

must marry your cousin Nell. She will be a better wife to you than I could be at my best. She probably belongs to the type you like, and that the majority of men like, when they want to marry and settle down — the wife and home and motherhood type that nineteen centuries of Christianity have taught us, and rightly, to admire. But I do not belong to it, and cannot.

I could hardly bear to read your offers of travel. It was as though you were trying to bribe me with them, knowing that of love there was not enough. How dreary those journeys would be! Worse even than the long evenings when we looked at each other across the dinner-table, and then from either side the fireplace, glancing now and again at the clock, thinking how slowly it went towards the point at which we might rise, and with dull satisfaction feel that the day was over. I can imagine our setting out; I can see us on our way, you with your time-table and guide-book, your Gladstone bag and portmanteaus, easy-going and good-tempered, anxious about your food and deliberating as to the hotels, always spending your money with an easy hand, yet seeing that proper attention was paid you. I can almost hear what you say as I walk beside you, my Englishman in tweeds, along the railway platforms; and I can see myself, too, a little tired and disagreeably inclined towards other people, snapping at my maid for being forgetful, yet meekly listening to your instructions. How we should drag through the cities, looking at pictures and pretending that we cared about them, or yawn at *table d'hôtes*, or go off to see bits of scenery because other people went, but secretly feeling bored by them as by most things; I getting more and more tired, and you reflecting that after all there was no place like one's own home. I could not endure it. Yet I could tramp gayly in tatters across great plains or over the mountain-tops with a beggar who was a poet, a mechanic who was a genius, a dreamer who talked of a waking time to come. I could go merrily enough through the cities though we had never a coin between us to pay for a sheltering roof. We would rest beyond the gates, crouching under a hedge to sleep, and sitting by a lonely wayside cook our scanty food with the help of the little tin canteen we carried with us. I should think of the time when the city we had left would ring with my hero's name, of how he would lead his soldiers through it, or teach those who wanted to learn, or help those who suffered

now and must wait till he was ready. "They do not know his name yet," I should say to myself; "they did not even look up at his face as we passed by, but they will, they shall, for some day the whole wide world will be but the setting for his work." All nonsense and exaggeration, you will say. Yes, dear; it is, and I know it. But over a bridge built of dreams and exaggerations Love often goes blindfold towards the realities it may never reach itself, leaving a track that the stronger may follow, and would not have thought out for themselves. To the lovers and the dreamers and enthusiasts it is sometimes given to move the world with their shoulders; the plodders do it stone by stone while the ages admire their patience. The last are like schoolboys learning, but to the first the heavens and hells have whispered.

Passion soon fizzles out, you say, and you think only of the passion of a wicked French novel. There is another type of man, unlike enough to your healthy, manly self, who does this — the man who is above all things intellectual, who has much book-knowledge, and has read and remembered and stored his mind with the work of other men, so that his talk and writings are full of literary allusion. Through his mind there filters constantly a stream of other men's thoughts; if that gave out his mind would be empty, for he creates nothing. His mission he takes to be to tinker at other men's work and appraise it, and he does, seeing it usually by a borrowed light. Learned and lukewarm, cold and cynical towards most things that have not been dust these hundred years, he has no more passion in him than he has genius. An odd, incomplete creature, a modern refinement — for he would often be a little fashionable in these latter days, and is to be met with at dinner-tables and country houses, and traced in our literary journals — I sometimes wonder where the good of him comes in, for he gives the world nothing that is his own, and that which he finds ready to hand is no better for his commenting and garnishing, but rather the reverse. It is he, I think, on whom your mind is running when you talk of Zola and Darwin, but he has nothing in common with either; and you and he have nothing in common — which is all to the good of you — except that both of you think that passion is usually dashed with wickedness, and has but one meaning attached to it. The very word you consider an undesirable one to use, especially before women or in polite society. You are not quite sure that it is proper.

But the passion I mean, and would have in my lover's heart, was in Joan's when she rode into Rheims to crown her king. If it had but lasted a little longer it would have deadened the outward flames at her burning, and her shrieks would not have echoed in our ears through all the centuries. It was in Napoleon's heart when he strode on before his army and thought the whole world would be his. It was in Samuel Plimsoll's heart when he stepped forth and by a passionate moment won his cause. A score of men along the benches might have lulled each other with their dull platitudes for a score of years without doing what that one moment's fire did. It is in the novice's heart when she hears the great gate clang behind her, and, raising her clasped hands, thinks that she will surely one day scale the heights of heaven and see her Saviour's face. Read "St. Agnes' Eve" — Tennyson's, not Keats's, I mean — and you will understand. My heart has stirred to it till I could have thrown the book aside, and, walking through the frosty snow to the convent, have besought them to let me in for one moment to stand beside the white-veiled figure, and see the light as it never is seen by the sayers of prayers and singers of hymns in the stifling churches of the world. But this was only a passing feeling, a power of the poet's, that proves him and not one's self. And it is not the whole of what I mean, for I want all that is in the novice's heart, but more added on. I do not want your reverence, I told you, and that is true, and I do not want to be good, absolutely good, for that means being bound by finite possibilities, and it is the infinite in all things, good and evil, that has the eternal power. And I would like all feelings in my lover's heart to have their fling, while we, whom the issue most concerned, breathlessly awaited the result, leaning to this side or to that according to our strength, or that which was brought to bear on it. For men and women are not meant to kill their strongest feelings and impulses, but only to understand them, to know when to govern or to let themselves be governed. To this last knowledge the world owes the greatest deeds that men have done. In passion there is fire, and does not fire purify as well as burn? The prairie flames sweep all growths before them as they make unflinchingly towards their goal, and the goal of passionate love at its highest is achievement that, but for its sake, would never have been gained. It is the achievement I long for, not for myself, but for my best-loved; I would go away if he willed it, when he needed me no

more, and be remembered nowhere save in his heart. I should know the fire there. Did not Prometheus filch it from heaven? Perhaps it would mount higher and higher on good work done till it touched the heavens again.

But all this you think mere craving for excitement, a lack of repose, an aching to be prominent. It is none of these. Still, in my heart there is nevertheless a leaning forward towards the future — not my own future, but the whole world's. Nonsense, you will say; what have I to do with that? We have all to do with it; we cannot separate ourselves off from it, for this present self-consciousness that we call life is not the whole of us unless we choose. There is one thing ours from the time we enter the world if we did but know it — it is part of life's mystery that we should so seldom know it — the power to fashion our own immortality, not in our own bodies, but in the things we do. A sort of choice or chance — which is it? — seems to be ours, to seek the stars or tread the depths. Have we not come out of the past leaving strange histories we cannot even remember behind us? Here in our present day we choose, so it is given to me to feel, whether we will let the potentialities stamp us out, or whether, having in some shape paid the world for its light and shelter, its love and joy, though its alternatives were pain and woe, we go on into the future ages stronger for that with which we have nourished our souls. Oh, my dear, it is not excitement that I want. I believe I could wait long years to meet a single day, and having known it live long years again remembering, though never a ripple stirred Time's surface before or after. But I could not be content with your life and its lack of possibilities. You would not ask me to go to you hungry if you had no food, shivering if you had no shelter? Yet this would be little beside the starvation you offer me. Why should I give up to you all my chances, all my ambitions, my hopes and longings, the wild love and satisfying life that may be mine — nay, my pain and bitter woe, for I would miss none — and the work that will surely some time come to my eager hands and heart, for what? To please you now for just a little space, till you awoke to realize that life together was not what you had imagined it would be, that something was wrong, was missing, you could not tell what; while I, who had never slept, would understand well enough all the time, and some day, feeling the twitch of the demon's finger on my arm and his whisper in my ear, I should vanish, how or where I should

hardly know. For the marriage vow between us would not be one that bound my soul, and my feet would be swift to follow that whither it went. To hold fast by one's soul as long as may be is the wisdom of the gods.

It is no use saying more. Perhaps you are right in thinking that I don't know what I am driving at. Do any of us know whither we are going? But that does not prevent us from feeling driven; and this I know, that the Fates are driving me with a strong hand away from you. We shall never get nearer to each other though I write on and you read on forever. Be content with the past. I have loved you. I do. But not with the love that would let me be your wife, content to spend my days by your side, trying to make your days happy; perhaps it is some of your own good-for-wear-and-tear affection that I give you back. I do not know. There are many men like you, thank God — many good women to mate with them, crowds of you both, happy enough to walk along the beaten track with your fellows, doing as they do, being as they are, a rest and comfort for the like of me to take shelter with sometimes, but not to abide with always. For your place is in your home, and your duties are to fulfil the easy obligations that keep it going; but mine, in some strange fashion, seems to be along the world's highway, staying now and again in its workshops, though it be but to watch my masters, or to be cuffed and made to stand aside till my own turn comes. Perhaps I should be happier if I were like your cousin Nell, and could be satisfied — but I cannot. Home and its influences; a husband who would love me and to love back and help in an easy routine like yours; children with their games and laughter, growing up to be the world's good citizens — sometimes it comes into my heart to long for these, to ache for the rest they would mean, the simple life and further-reaching power than those who live within its fences think, the safe and even way that most women yearn to walk, looking neither up at the heights nor down at the depths, but only at the road before them, content enough to tread it. But no. It is so strange, this inner life, with the outward one that hides it — the brother and his delicate wife, the visitors coming and going, the dogs and the horse, the long rides and walks, the pulls on the river or the dreaming beside it, the going to town or to country houses and the hurry of life there, the men, "the half a dozen fellows," as you call them, who talk of love, not knowing how much or how

little they mean. It all seems a little way off from me, and yet I am here in the midst. You! Oh, but it has been all a sad mistake! I loved you, and thought you understood. That you love me, or have loved me, I know well enough; but there is a great space between us, a desert in which we should have to walk if we tried to be together. No, again and forever, no. Your life stands out clear before you, but something tells me that mine has other chapters than this. There are some words that went to my heart long ago. Oh, my dear Englishman, perhaps you will say that they were written by an improper poet. Zola and Swinburne! Marry your cousin Nell by all means. I do but watch and wait like those —

> ". . . who rest not; who think long
> Till they discern as from a hill
> At the sun's hour of morning song,
> Known of souls only, and those souls free,
> The sacred spaces of the sea."

Some day, perhaps, I shall see and know more, but then I shall not be here. Good-bye, once again.

VI.

HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIEND. — CONSOLING.

Dear E ——, I don't think you an awful cad for sending on her letters, and I don't wonder at your being puzzled by them. Of course I will keep their contents hidden in the innermost recesses of my soul. They are not like ordinary love-letters — thank Heaven. For a nice little note, with a monogram in the corner, a word or two doubtfully spelled, and crammed full of dears and darlings, is worth a stack of these, which might have been written to her great-grandmother.

I take her in pretty well. She isn't altogether a fool, you know; but she is one of the large-minded, great-souled people, longing to suffer and distinguish themselves in the cause of humanity and for the good of the world, who are such a nuisance nowadays. She means well, but she would be death to marry; there's no knowing what she would be up to by the time she was thirty. The amazing thing about it is that, if I remember rightly, she is that pretty woman who came over with the Fenwicks to my aunt's place last Easter. She was about six or

seven and twenty, played lawn-tennis better than any one else, flirted all round, and finally drove herself away on a high dog-cart with a learned, half-starved-looking cuss, from whom she was probably imbibing some of these notions. Nature made a mistake in sorting out her physique; she ought to have been tall and lank, with long arms, high cheek-bones, and a washed-out complexion. All the same, in spite of her good looks, I shudder to think of her as mistress of Bingwell. The only good bit in the whole of her letters is the polite allusion to the savory and the salad. That looks as if she could order a dinner; but she would probably forget to do so half her time, and I suppose she would scorn to eat it — though the material side of her does n't seem to be undeveloped. Before she had been installed a month you can bet she would have shocked the neighbors and fought with the parson. And what a woman she would be to stay with! She would have an open contempt for her visitors all round, and lead them a nice life, except the unwashed few she calls the masters of the world. It is really a fine name, if you come to think of it; somehow it reminds me of Spain, where every beggar in tatters asking for cuartos is a gentleman. No, old man, marry your cousin Nell (in spite of her fancy for life's alternatives, she does n't seem to like that one of yours), or any other sensible girl who does n't think she has a destiny or a mission, and thank your stars that this magnificent person would not have you. — Ever yours.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Clough, Arthur Hugh, an English poet; born at Liverpool, England, June 1, 1819; died in Florence, Italy, November 13, 1861. When nine years old the boy was sent to England, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1843 he became a tutor in Oriel College. Between 1849 and 1852 he was professor of English Literature in University College, London. After a visit to America in 1852, he was appointed examiner in the Education Office of the Privy Council. While travelling in Italy he died suddenly of a fever. His longest poem is "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" (1848). He also wrote "Dipsychus," "Mari Magno," "Amours de Voyage," and numerous miscellaneous poems, and revised Dryden's translation of "Plutarch's Lives." In conjunction with Thomas Burbidge, he produced "Ambarvalia" in 1849.

There is no God.

"There is no God," the wicked saith,
"And truly it's a blessing,
For what he might have done with us
It's better only guessing."

"There is no God," a youngster thinks,
"Or really, if there may be,
He surely did n't mean a man
Always to be a baby."

"There is no God, or if there is,"
The tradesman thinks, "'t were funny
If he should take it ill in me
To make a little money."

"Whether there be," the rich man says,
"It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual."

Some others, also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion;
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion;

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,—
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like him.

The Latest Decalogue.

Thou shalt have one God only: who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency.
Swear not at all; since for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Adultery it is not fit
Or safe (for woman) to commit.
Thou shalt not steal: an empty feat,
When 't is as lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false witness: let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day,
Are scarce long leagues apart described.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was clearing, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! — in light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, —
One purpose hold, where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there.

A River Pool.

Sweet streamlet basin! at thy side
Weary and faint within me cried
My longing heart — In such pure deep
How sweet it were to sit and sleep;
To feel each passage from without
Close up — above me and about,

Those circling waters crystal clear
That calm, impervious atmosphere!
There on thy pearly pavement pure,
To lean, and feel myself secure,
Or through the dim-lit interspace,
Afar at whiles upgazing trace
The dimpling bubbles dance around
Upon thy smooth exterior face;
Or idly list the dreamy sound
Of ripples lightly flung, above
That home, of peace, if not of love.

Some Future Day.

Some future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We 'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We 'll meet again, upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what 's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We 'll meet again — we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we 'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed — ye winds and waters say! —
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

The Stream of Life.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
  The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
  And thou descendest still.

O life descending unto death,
  Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
  Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
  Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
  And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
  Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
  What shall we guess of thee!

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
  As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
  And be above us still.

Philip and Katie the Highland Lassie.

(From "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.")

I.

THE OXFORD PARTY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honor;
For the postman made out he was heir to the earldom of Ilay,
(Being the younger son of the younger brother, the Colonel,)
Treated him therefore with special respect; doffed bonnet, and ever
Called him his Honor: his Honor he therefore was at the cottage.
Always his Honor at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.
  Hope was first, his Honor, and next to his Honor the Tutor.
Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nick-named Adam,
White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat
Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it;
Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled;
Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and Aldrich.
  Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay,
Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician,
This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented,
Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party;
This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper.
Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.
Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bathing; of course too
Arthur, the bather of bathers *par excellence*, Audley by surname,
Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; they had been bathing,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,
Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches between them.
Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur.
Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of Olympus;
Blue, preceptibly blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely adjusted,
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of women.

II.

THE BATHING POOL.

There is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great mountains,
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on both sides:
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows;
But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track across in the open valley.
But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;

Beautiful there for the color devived from green rocks under;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,
Still more enclosed from below by wood and rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing.
Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it;
Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.
Hither, a month agone, they had come, and discovered it; hither
(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccomplished),
Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the forest,
Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and shingle,
Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural causeway
Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,
Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before them
Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,
Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess of bathing.
There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the Glory of headers,
Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he thirty;
There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height descended,
Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet protending;
There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked and shouted.
"Hobbes's gutter" the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,
Hope, "the Glory" would have, after Arthur, the Glory of headers:
But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex
Here in the eddies and there did the splendor of Jupiter glimmer,
Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the evening.
Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above them,
Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor;
Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone and shingle,
Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural causeway,
Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked up; and
Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of headers,
Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the Piper. —
And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking yet once more.
Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-gazing,
Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it,
Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinting floor underneath them,

Eying the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,
Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the Glory of headers;
Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator and critic,
Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Yes, they were come; were restored to the party, its grace and its gladness,
Yes, were here, as of old; the light-giving orb of the household,
Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and-contentment-diffusing,
In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel long, nor be pettish,
And, the gay fountain of mirth, their dearly beloved of Pipers.
Yes, they were come, were here: but Hewson and Hope — where they then?
Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going straight, by the pathway?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah me, were I with him!
Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word and my reading!
Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might be at Balloch!
Only one day to have stayed who might have been welcome for seven,
Seven whole days in castle and forest — gay in the mazy
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the horny!

III.

PHILIP.

And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted,
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — with him? or where have you left him?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — Why, Hewson we left in Rannoch,
By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house, — reflecting, —
Helping to shear,[1] and dry clothes, and bring in peat from the peat-stack.
And the Tutor's countenance fell, perplexed, dumb-foundered
Stood he — slow and with pain disengaging jest from earnest.
He is not far from home, said Arthur from the water,
He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next day.
And he was even more reassured by the Piper's rejoinder.
Can he have come by the mail, and have got to the cottage before us?
So to the cottage they went, and Philip was not at the cottage;
But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who himself was to follow.

[1] Reap.

LOCH AWE

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought not Philip,
Two whole days and nights exhausted not question and story.
For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
Often by word corrected, more often by smile and motion,
How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to Culloden,
Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch Arkaig,
Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-muick-dhui;
How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept in kitchens,
Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glen-livat,
Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,
Hither and thither had been, and this and that had witnessed,
Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper remaining.
For it was told withal, he telling, and he correcting,
How in the race they had run, and beaten the gillies of Rannoch;
How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,
Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope compliant,
They had defied the keepers; the Piper alone protesting,
Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but tender of game-law;
Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's fair forest,
Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and intermingle
Grandly with rowan and ash — in Mar you have no ashes,
There the pine is alone, or relieved by the birch and the alder —
How in Meäly glen, while stags were starting before, they
Made the watcher believe they were guests from Achnacarry. . . . .
And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,
Coloring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,
He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and ideal,
He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,
River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,
So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,
Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,
Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,
Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,
Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken, —
How to the element offering their bodies, downshooting the fall, they
Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious water.
And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Piper correcting,
How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the downward impulse
Carries the head under water, delightful, unspeakable; how the
Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and borne-off by the current
Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the craggy corner.

IV.

PHILIP SEES KATIE.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected of Arthur,
More by word than motion, change ominous, noted of Adam,
How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morning at sunrise,
Came in default of the ferryman out of her bed a brave lassie;
And, as Philip and she together were turning the handles,
Winding the chain by which the boat works over the water,
Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as they stept from the boatie,
Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips; but
That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by Arthur:
How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Foyers Fall, where
Over the loch looks at you the summit of Méalfourvónie,
How here too he was hunted at morning, and found in the kitchen
Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing them smoked for certain,
Watching the porridge being made, and asking the lassie that made them,
What was the Gaelic for *girl*, and what was the Gaelic for *pretty;*
How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet blushingly stammered,
Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent o'er the porridge,
Something outlandish — *Slan*-something, *Slan leat*, he believed, *Caleg Looach*,
That was the Gaelic it seemed for "I bid you good-bye, bonnie lassie;"
Arthur admitted it true, not of Philip, but of the Piper.
And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur looked out at the window,
How in thunder and rain — it is wetter far to the westward,
Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and road, they were welcomed,
Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by the lochside of Rannoch;
How in the three days' detention was Philip observed to be smitten,
Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest daughter;
Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from breakfast to bedtime,
Following her motions with eyes ever brightening, softening ever?
Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand waiting at table?
Was not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he saw her at nightfall
Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating rain to the peat-stack?

How too a dance, as it happened, was given by Grant of Glenurchie,
And with the farmer they went as the farmer's guests to attend it,
Philip stayed dancing till daylight, — and evermore with Katie;
How the whole next afternoon he was with her away in the shearing,[1]
And the next morning ensuing was found in the ingle beside her
Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron, — blowing together,
Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to kindle the embers,
Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to another, —
Though, it was true, he was shy, very shy, — yet it was n't in nature,
Was n't in nature, the Piper averred, there should n't be kissing;
So when at noon they had packed up the things, and proposed to be starting,
Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the morning and follow;
Follow he did not; do burns when you go up a glen, follow after?
Follow he had not, nor left; do needles leave the loadstone?
Nay, they had turned after starting, and looked through the trees at the corner,
Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the lassie beside him,
Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping with stones from the water
Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she would spread for the drying.
There had they left him, and there, if Katie was there, was Philip,
There drying clothes, making fires, making love, getting on too by this time,
Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.
You may say so, said Arthur,
For the first time they had known with a peevish intonation, —
Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,
Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all our sojourn?
Philip had stayed, it was true; the Piper was loath to depart too,
Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the keeper at Balloch;
And it was certain that Philip was lame.
Yes, in his excuses,
Answered the Piper, indeed! —
But tell me, said Hobbes, interposing,
Did you not say she was seen every day in her beauty and bedgown
Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking, scouring?
How could he help but love her? nor lacked there perhaps the attraction
That in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped linsey-woolsey,
Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms bare up to the elbows,
Bending with fork in her hand in a garden uprooting potatoes?

[1] Reaping.

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob?
Truly Jacob, supplanting an hairy Highland Esau?
Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the Laban of Rannoch?
Patriarch happier he, the long servitude ended of wooing,
If when he wake in the morning he find not a Leah beside him!
But the Tutor inquired, who had bit his lip to bleeding,
How far off is the place? who will guide me thither to-morrow?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope, and brought new tidings;
Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not at Rannoch;
He had left that noon, an hour ago.
With the lassie?—
With her? the Piper exclaimed, Undoubtedly! By great Jingo!
And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs, like a hero,
Partly, for emphasis only, to mark his conviction, but also
Part, in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful living.
Hope could n't tell him, of course, but thought it improbable wholly;
Janet, the Piper's friend, he had seen, and she did n't say so,
Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and where he was gone to:
One odd thing by the bye, he continued, befell me while with her;
Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass; I thought I had seen her,
Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere; and asked what her name was;
Elspie Mackaye, was the answer, the daughter of David! she 's stopping
Just above here, with her uncle. And David Mackaye, where lives he?
It 's away west, she said, they call it Tober-na-vuolich.

V.

PHILIP IN LOVE.

So in the golden weather they waited. But Philip returned not.
Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his writing.—
But, O Muse, that encompassest Earth like the ambient ether.
Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive electric
Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like trail of thy travel,
Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office second-hand knowledge
Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch the wandering hero.
There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where, silent upheaving,

Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds of September,
Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the shining,
Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of Ben-nevis,
There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to Loch Nevis,
And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westernmost islands?
There is it? there? or there, we shall find our wandering hero?
Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,
Here I see him, and here: I see him; anon I lose him!
Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to mountain,
Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable next on Ben-voirlich,
Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its hunting,
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.
Wherefore as cloud of Ben-more or hawk overranging the mountains,
Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber, Lochiel, and
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,
Wandereth he, who should either with Adam be studying logic,
Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his rhetoric using;
He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago, to the cottage
Punctual promised return to cares of classes and classics,
He who, smit to the heart by that youngest comeliest daughter,
Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading clothes from her wash-tub?
Can it be with him through Badenoch, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,
Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired lassie of Rannoch?
This fierce, furious walking — o'er mountain-top and moorland,
Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,
Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,
This fierce, furious travel unwearying — cannot in truth be
Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of wooing!
No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not; I see him,
Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words in the mountain.
Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be with the living,
Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they bring — do they feel too? —
Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner essence with essence;
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
Is it impossible, say you, these passionate, fervent impulsions,
These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces,
Should in strange ways, in her dreams should visit her, strengthen her, shield her?

Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of feeling
Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,
Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave to?
Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx!
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her.
No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not; behold, for
Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words in the mountain.
And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch in parlor and kitchen,
Hark! there is music — the flowing of music, of milk, and of whiskey;
Lo, I see piping and dancing! and whom in the midst of the battle
Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with arms uplifted
Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing his gay-smiling Janet,
Whom? — whom else but the Piper? the wary precognizant Piper,
Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old invitation,
Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims to attention,
True to his night had crossed over: there goeth he, brimful of music,
Like to cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,
Like to skiff lifted, uplifted, in lock, by the swift-swelling sluices,
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look you,
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping, and grasping and clasping
Whom but gay Janet? — Him rivalling Hobbes, briefest-kilted of heroes,
Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere fool of a Saxon,
Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too, — the whirl and the twirl o't:
Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at swifter gyration
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres — not of broad cloth.
Him see I there and the Piper — the Piper what vision beholds not?
Him and his Honor and Arthur, with Janet our Piper, and is it,
Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of the mazy,
Skipping, and tripping, tho' stately, tho' languid, with head on one shoulder,
Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-haired Katie consoling?
Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling and blushing as ever,
What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief remembered as Philip's,
Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small consolement of waistcoats! —
Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Lochaber, Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, or Ardnamurchan,
Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling or bothie is sleeping,
He, who, — and why should he not then? capricious? or is it rejected?
Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the thrilling fair fingers,
Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom the throb of his own, — yea, —
Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning his Katie?
What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the Cottage?
Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing to answer?
What is it Adam is reading? What was it Philip had written?
There was it writ, how Philip possessed undoubtedly had been,
Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the maiden of Rannoch;
Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching he felt her
Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the byre, the kitchen;
How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side in the shearing,
Binding uncouthly the ears, that fell from her dexterous sickle,
Building uncouthly the stooks,[1] which she laid-by her sickle to straighten;
How at the dance he had broken through shyness; for four days after
Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not articulate speaking;
Felt too that she too was feeling what he did. — Howbeit they parted!
How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made nobler and stronger,
Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and perfect,
So forth! much that before has been heard of. — Howbeit they parted.
What had ended it all, he said, was singular, very. —
I was walking along some two miles off from the cottage
Full of my dreamings — a girl went by in a party with others;
She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain was beginning;
But as she passed, from the hood I saw her eyes look at me.
So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although I had felt it,
You could n't properly say our eyes met. She cast it, and left it:
It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was. I had seen her
Somewhere before, I am sure, but that was n't it; not its import;
No, it had seemed to regard me with simple superior insight,
Quietly saying to itself — Yes, there he is still in his fancy,

[1] Shocks.

Letting drop from him at random as things not worth his considering
All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by fortune,
Loosing a hold which others, contented and unambitious,
Trying down here to keep-up, know the value of better than he does.
Was it this? was it perhaps? — Yes, there he is still in his fancy,
Does n't yet see we have here just the things he is used-to elsewhere:
People here too are people, and not as fairy-land creatures;
He is in a trance, and possessed; I wonder how long to continue;
It is a shame and a pity — and no good likely to follow. —
Something like this, but indeed I cannot attempt to define it.
Only, three hours thence I was off and away in the moorland,
Hiding myself from myself if I could; the arrow within me.
Katie was not in the house, thank God: I saw her in passing,
Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel desertion;
What she thinks about it, God knows; poor child; may she only
Think me a fool and a madman, and no more worth her remembering.
Meantime all through the mountains I hurry and know not whither,
Tramp along here, and think, and know not what I should think.
Tell me then, why, as I sleep amid hill-tops high in the moorland,
Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the dissolute city,
Where dressy girls slithering-by upon pavements give sign for accosting,
Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and shame in their bosoms;
Hunger by drink, and by that which they shudder yet burn for, appeasing, —
Hiding their shame — ah God! — in the glare of the public gas-lights?
Why, while I feel my ears catching through slumber the run of the streamlet,
Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the sign for accosting,
Still am I passing those figures, nor daring to look in their faces?
Why, when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak uneasily wakes me,
Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven of heavens,
No, Great Unjust Judge! she is purity; I am the lost one.
You will not think that I soberly look for such things for sweet Katie;
No, but the vision is on me; I now first see how it happens,
Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl; how passive
Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness leads to destruction.
Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to reclothe it,
Modesty broken-through once to immodesty flies for protection.

Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave the tree up in the forest,
When the next wind casts it down, — is *his* not the hand that smote it?

VI.

PHILIP TO ADAM.

This was the letter that came when Adam was leaving the cottage.

"If you can manage to see me before going off to Dartmoor,
Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you have not seen it),
Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you will wonder,
There however I am) to the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich."

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was written:

"It was by accident purely I lit on the place; I was returning
Quietly, travelling homeward, by one of these wretched coaches;
One of the horses cast a shoe; and a farmer passing
Said, Old David's your man; a clever fellow at shoeing
Once; just here by the firs; they call it Tober-na-vuolich.
So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our acquaintance.
When we came to the journey's end, some five miles further,
In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to the bothie."

But on a final crossing, still later in date, was added:

"Come as soon as you can; be sure and do not refuse me.
Who would have guessed I should find my haven and end of my travel,
Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed about so?
Who would have guessed that here would be she whose glance at Rannoch
Turned me in that mysterious way; yes, angels conspiring,
Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself; the needle
Which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither, at last, long
Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am cautious;
More, at least, than I was in the old silly days when I left you.
Not at the bothie now; at the changehouse in the clachan;[1]
Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell you."

There was another scrap, without or date or comment,
Dotted over with various observations, as follows:

"Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did not remember.
I was as one that sleeps on the railway; one, who dreaming
Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted out; hears and hears not, —
Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in distance;

[1] Public-house in the hamlet.

Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate and choice, — and
Sense of claim and reality present, anon relapses
Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy, while forward
Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows not whither."
This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought the Tutor: . . .
This is why tutor and pupil are walking with David and Elspie. —
When for the night they part, and these, once more together,
Went by the lochside along to the changehouse near in the clachan,
Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man Adam.
Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as morning:
Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the Attractive!
Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave it!
Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at the changehouse,
Ten more nights they met, they walked with father and daughter.
Ten more nights, and night by night more distant away were
Philip and she; every night less heedful, by habit, the father.
Happy ten days, most happy; and, otherwise than intended,
Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to David.
Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness! Pass o'er them slowly,
Slowly; like cruise of the prophet be multiplied, even to ages!
Pass slowly o'er them ye days of October; ye soft misty mornings,
Long dusky eves; pass slowly; and thou great Term-Time of Oxford,
Awful with lectures and books, and Little-goes and Great-goes,
Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and retire for the lovers,
Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself even to doomsday!
Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours! Be with them, ye Loves and Graces!

VII.

THE LOVER'S TALK.

I will confront the great peril, and speak with the mouth of the lovers,
As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the runnel below them,
Elspie a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers watching.
For she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and he saw not her blushes,
Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her father she saw him,
When at the door the old man had told him the name of the bothie;

There after that at the dance; yet again at a dance in Rannoch —
And she was silent, confused. Confused much rather Philip
Buried his face in his hands, his face that with blood was bursting.
Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and continued.
"Katie is good and not silly; be comforted, Sir, about her;
Katie is good and not silly; tender, but not like many
Carrying off, and at once for fear of being seen, in the bosom
Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man gives them,
Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed of;
That is the way I think, Sir, in England more than in Scotland;
No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful weather,
Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine weather.
And she is strong to return to herself and feel undeserted.
Oh, she is strong, and not silly; she thinks no further about you;
She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as from simple.
Yes, she is good and not silly; yet were you wrong, Mr. Philip,
Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her."
But Philip replied not,
Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.
And Elspie continued,
"That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that dance at
Rannoch,
Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced with Donald;
That was what gave me such pain; I thought it all a mistaking,
All a mere chance, you know, and accident, — not proper choosing, —
There were at least five or six — not there, no, that I don't say,
But in the country about — you might just as well have been
courting,
That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't remember that,
though)
Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's, walking,
And I was wondering much, and hoped you would n't notice,
So as I passed I could n't help looking. You did n't know me.
But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to the teacher."
And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,
Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dabbled lashes,
Philip with new tears starting,
"You think I do not remember,
Said, — suppose that I did not observe! Ah me, shall I tell you?
Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoch.
It was your glance, that, descending, an instant revelation,
Showed me where I was, and whitherward going; recalled me,
Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of thought in the
mountains.
Yes, I have carried your glance within me undimmed, unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has lent her,
Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moorland:
And you suppose, that I do not remember, I had not observed it!
O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they told him his bearings?
O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the compass they gave him?"

And he continued more firmly, although with stronger emotion:

"Elspie, why should I speak it? you cannot believe it, and should not:
Why should I say that I love, which I all but said to another?
Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only I love; you,
First and sole in my life that has been and surely that shall be;
Could — O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it and spurn not!
Is it — possible, — possible, Elspie?

"Well," — she answered,
And she was silent sometime, and blushed all over, and answered
Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, "Maybe, I think of it,
Though I don't know that I did:" and she paused again; "but it may be,
Yes, — I don't know, Mr. Philip, — but only it feels to me strangely
Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below there,
Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't understand me.
But I keep saying in my mind — this long time slowly with trouble
I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully raising,
Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself without masons,
Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another,
All one side I mean; and now I see on the other
Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,
Close to me, coming to join me. and then I sometimes fancy, —
Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about arches and bridges, —
Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming down, and
Dropping the great key-stone in the middle: there in my dreaming,
There I feel the great key-stone coming in, and through it
Feel the other part — all the other stones of the archway,
Joined into mine with a strange happy sense of completeness. But, dear me,
This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I can think of.
And you won't understand, Mr. Philip."

But while she was speaking,
So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and, pondering,
Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not resist:
So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But emotion
Came all over her more and yet more, from his hand, from her heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.
So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping on it,
Trembling a long time, kissed it at last. And she ended.
And as she ended, uprose he; saying, "What have I heard? Oh,
What have I done, that such words should be said to me? Oh, I see it,
See the great key-stone coming down from the heaven of heavens!"
And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.
But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,
Elspie sighed and said, "Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,
Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.
Do not say anything yet to any one."
"Elspie," he answered,
"Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall see nothing of you:
Do not I go myself on Monday?
But oh," he said, "Elspie;
Do as I bid you, my child; do not go on calling me Mr.;
Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie?
Call me, this heavenly night, for once, for the first time, Philip."
"Philip," she said and laughed, and said she could not say it;
"Philip," she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip;
And at the evening seat, when he took her hands by the alders,
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,
"No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.
What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was hasty.
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!
We must n't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the centre;
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the archway,
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-building.
When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,
I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers
After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak. And then, too,
As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was dreadful.
I have been kissed before," she added, blushing slightly,
"I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and others;
It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it;

But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite, Sir.
When I think of all that, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Yes, it is dreadful to me."
She paused, but quickly continued,
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.
"You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! just like the sea there,
Which *will* come, through the straits and all between the mountains,
Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it backward,
Quite preventing its own quiet running: and then, soon after,
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack and uncleanness:
And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful running,
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in disorder.
That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not;
I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide, that
Would mix-in itself with me, and change me; I felt myself changing;
And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was dreadful.
You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender burnie,
Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the woodies,
Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and unwilling."
Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers:
As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook, and shivered;
There he stood, looking pale and ghastly; when she had ended,
Answering in hollow voice,
"It is true; oh quite true, Elspie;
Oh, you are always right; oh, what, what have I been doing!
I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,
Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me, my Elspie."
But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie,
And she got up from her seat on the rock; putting by her knitting;
Went to him, where he stood, and answered:
"No, Mr. Philip,
No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle; and I am the foolish;
No, Mr. Philip, forgive me."
She stepped right to him, and boldly
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers; he daring no movement;
Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy elbow.
"I am afraid," she said, "but I will!" and kissed the fingers.
And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie;
And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,
Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,
Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland;
That great power withdrawn, receding here and passive,
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources, far in the mountains,
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth out-flowing,
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the valley,
Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,
With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and seeking,
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it;
There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to be added.
As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground before her,
Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she was doing
Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,
Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the hair on his forehead:
And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time, round her
Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his bosom.
As they went home by the moon, "Forgive me, Philip," she whispered;
"I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden;
I who had never once thought a thing, — in my ignorant Highlands."

VIII.

THE BETROTHAL.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie;
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings,
Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them from her.
There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.
For as they talked, anon she said:
"It is well, Mr. Philip.
"Yes, it is well: I have spoken, and learnt a deal with the teacher.
At the last I told him all, I could not help it;
And it came easier with him than could have been with my father;
And he calmly approved, as one that had fully considered.

Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden,
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet.
I am afraid; but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher:
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is likely.
What my father will say, I know not: we will obey him:
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.
O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!"
And she hid her face —
Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom!

After some silence, some tears too perchance, Philip laughed, and said to her:
"So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that I 'm bad enough for you.
Ah, but your father won't make one half the question about it
You have — he 'll think me, I know, nor better nor worse than Donald,
Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship and book-work,
Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vagabond fellow,
Though he allows, but he 'll think it was all for your sake, Elpsie,
Though he allows I did some good at the end of the shearing.
But I had thought in Scotland you did n't care for this folly.
How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days in the Highlands,
This is what comes of the year you spent in our foolish England.
You do not all of you feel these fancies."
"No," she answered,
And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was reviving;
"No," she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for her knitting;
"No, nor do *I*, dear Philip, I don't myself feel always,
As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four days lately,
Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only weaker;
And that the one big tree might spread its root and branches,
All the lesser about it must even be felled and perish.
No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,
Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that, up from old time
Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue and life of
Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds and nations,
And must have for itself the whole world for its root and branches.
No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the shadow;
Yes, and I feel the life-juices of all the world and the ages
Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt and poorer;
You are more near, but then you will help to convey them to me.

No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully! — While you look so
Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and trembling,
Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river.
And I feel coming into me from you, or it may be from elsewhere,
Strong contemptuous resolve; I forget, and I bound as across it.
But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous river."
"Oh, if it were so, Elspie," he said, "I can carry you over."
"Nay," she replied, "you would tire of having me for a burthen."
"O sweet burthen," he said, "and are you not light as a feather?"
"But it is deep, very likely," she said, "over head and ears too."
"O let us try," he answered, "the waters themselves will support us,
Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat underneath us;
There is a boat," he said, "and a name is written upon it,
'Love,'" he said, and kissed her. —
"But I will read your books, though,"
Said she, "you 'll leave me some, Philip."
"Not I," replied he, "a volume.
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low together.
Women must read, — as if they did n't know all beforehand:
Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running water,
And the running spring will needs have a pump built upon it.
Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose in your eye-light,
As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty of Nature,
Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of the things we are sick to the death of."
"What," she said, "and if I have let you become my sweetheart,
I am to read no books! but you may go your ways then,
And I will read," she said, "with my father at home as I used to."
"If you must have it," he said, "I myself will read them to you."
"Well," she said, "but no, I will read to myself, when I choose it;
What, you suppose we never read anything here in our Highlands,
Bella and I with the father in all our winter evenings!
But we must go, Mr. Philip — "
"I shall not go at all," said
He, "if you call me Mr. Thank heaven! that 's over forever."
"No, but it 's not," she said, "it is not over, nor will be.
Was it not then," she asked, "the name I called you first by?
No, Mr. Philip, no — you have kissed me enough for two nights;
No — come, Philip, come, or I 'll go myself without you."
"You never call me Philip," he answered, "until I kiss you."
As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,
Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,
Loitering unconsciously, "Philip," she said, "I will not be a lady,

We will do work together, you do not wish me a lady,
It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness; still it is so;
I have been used all my life to help myself and others;
I could not bear to sit and be waited upon by footmen,
No, not even by women—"
"And, God forbid," he answered,
"God forbid you should ever be aught but yourself, my Elspie!
As for service, I love it not, I; your weakness is mine too,
I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me."
"I am sure," she said, "he called you wild and flighty."
"That was true," he said, "till my wings were clipped. But, my Elspie,
You will at least just go and see my uncle and cousins,
Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You should go, if you liked it,
Just as you are; just what you are, at any rate, my Elspie.
Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility stage-play
One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction."
"That may be, my Philip," she said, "you are good to think of it.
But we are letting our fancies run-on indeed; after all, it
May all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing whatever,
There is so much that needs to be done, so much that may happen."
"All that needs to be done," said he, "shall be done, and quickly."

And on the morrow he took good heart and spoke with David;
Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiving;
Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured by the Tutor.
And he remembered how he had fancied the lad from the first; and
Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for inner than outer,
And the natural tune of his heart without misgiving
Went to the noble words of that grand song of the Lowlands,
Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for a' that.
Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it now, but insisted
Philip should go to his books: if he chose, he might write; if after
Chose to return, might come; he truly believed him honest.
But a year must elapse, and many things might happen.
Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie, and blessed them;
"Elspie, my bairn," he said, "I thought not, when at the doorway
Standing with you, and telling the young man where he would find us,
I did not think he would one day be asking me here to surrender
What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich."

IX.

MARRIAGE.

Philip returned to his books, but returned to his Highlands after;
Got a first, 't is said; a winsome bride, 't is certain.
There while courtship was ending, nor yet the wedding appointed,
Under her father he studied the handling of hoe and of hatchet:
Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and Arthur to see him
Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison: Adam the tutor,
Arthur, and Hope; and the Piper anon who was there for a visit;
There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the Chartist, . . .
Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland landlords,
Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's fury.
There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the Piper was almost,
Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie;
But the good Adam was heedful; they did not go too often.
There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,
When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie,
Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and yellow,
Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold the birch-tree,
There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were garnered,
David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie;
Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip the poet.
So won Philip his bride. They are married and gone — But, oh, Thou
Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the playful and tender,
Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly to thy Pindus,
(Pindus, is it, O Muse, or Ætna, or even Ben-nevis?)
Be it recounted in song, O Muse, of the Epos and Idyll,
Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair gratulations.
Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine-chest and tool-box,
Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and the Piper a rifle,
Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family Bible,
Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a Bible and iron bedstead. . . . .
This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man nicknamed Adam
"I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your departure;
Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your beautiful Elspie.
Happy is he that found, and finding was not heedless;
Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that was with him."
So won Philip his bride: —

They are married, and gone to New Zealand.
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three pictures,
Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New Zealand.
There he hewed, and dug; subdued the earth and his spirit;
There he built him a home, there Elspie bare him his children,
David and Bella; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam;
There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax fields;
And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

Qui Laborat, Orat.

O only Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

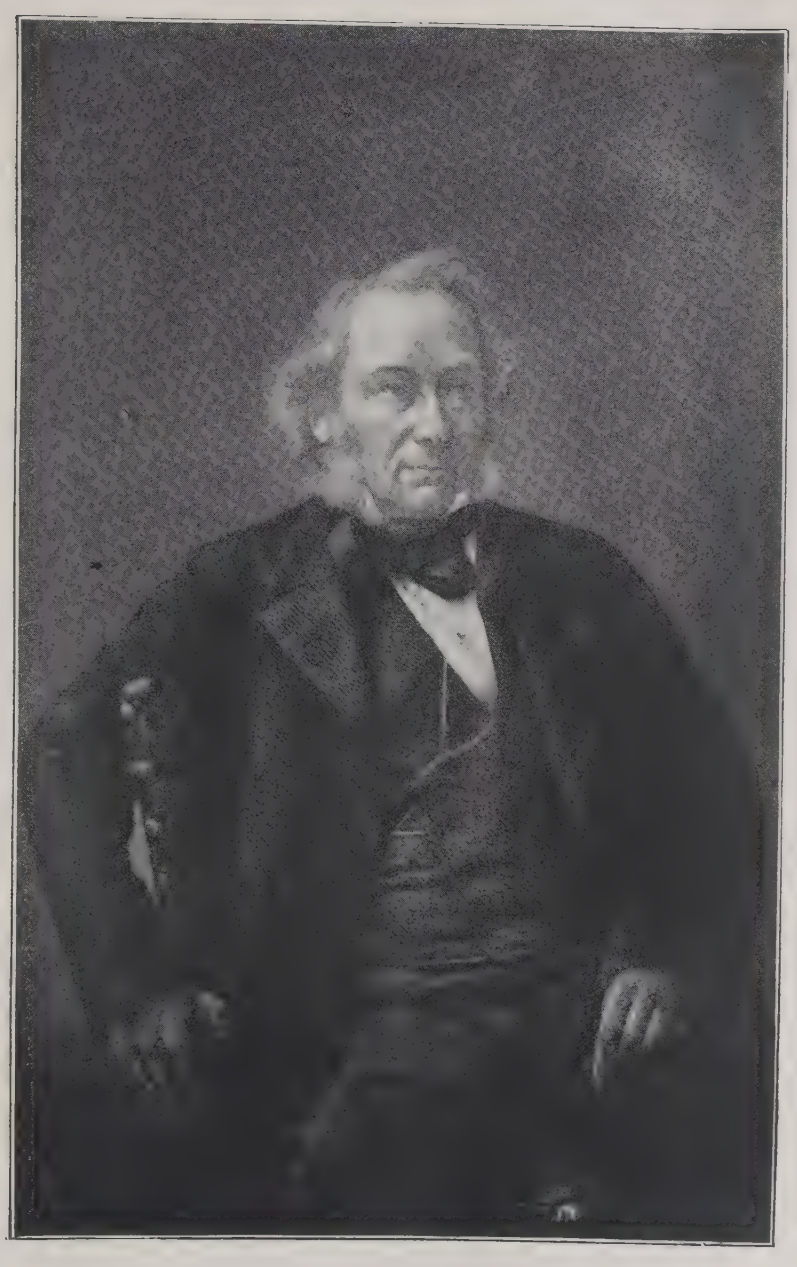
Mine inmost soul, before thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart —
Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art? — . . .

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive.
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition — start.

But as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight;
So, with Thy blessing blessed, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.



RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M. P.

RICHARD COBDEN.

COBDEN, RICHARD, English economist and statesman; born near Midhurst, Sussex, England, June 3, 1804; died in London, April 2, 1865. His early educational opportunities were limited, but his thirst for knowledge and his industry in self-cultivation were extraordinary. In 1830 he entered a partnership which acquired a calico-printing business at Manchester, of which city Cobden from that time became a resident. The business rapidly became very profitable; but Cobden's tastes and convictions impelled him to quit it for the career of an agitator for the reform of what he deemed economical and commercial heresies. He visited the United States in 1835; and after a tour in Europe and in Egypt in 1836–37 he became active in local and general political discussions. He was elected to Parliament in 1841. Cobden was the animating genius of the Anti-corn-law League. His energy as organizer, writer, and orator in this warfare was tireless. It is universally conceded that the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846 was due more to him than to any other man. In 1847 he was chosen to Parliament from the West Riding of Yorkshire — declining about this time Lord John Russell's invitation to enter his cabinet. The same year he visited the chief capitals of Europe as an advocate of free trade. In 1859 he again visited the United States; and the same year he was returned to Parliament. In 1860 he visited France and succeeded in bringing that empire into a commercial treaty with Great Britain on the basis of free trade. He favored systematic arbitration of all international disputes. At the time of the war of secession in the United States, he was one of the few men prominent in Great Britain that favored the Union; this gives his name a place in the grateful remembrance of the citizens of this country. As a writer, reasoner, and orator, he had unusual gifts. Even those who must dissent from his conclusions and refuse his logic concede the instinctive skill with which he marshals his arguments and his facts, and the force of his direct and unadorned diction.

FREE TRADE INCOMPATIBLE WITH BLOCKADES.

(From "Political Writings.")

SPEAKING abstractedly, and not in reference to the present blockade — for we are precluded from pleading our sufferings

as a ground of grievance against a people whose proposals for the mitigation of the barbarous maritime code we have rejected — I do not hesitate to denounce, as opposed to the principles of natural justice, a system of warfare which inflicts greater injuries on an unoffending neutral community than on a belligerent. And, however sincere the governments of the great maritime powers may be, during a period of general peace, in their professions of adhesion to this system, should any of them as neutrals be subjected to severe sufferings from the maintenance of a blockade, the irritation and sense of injustice which it will occasion to great masses of population, coupled with the consciousness that it is an evil remediable by an appeal to force, will always present a most dangerous incentive to war. Certain I am that such a system is incompatible with the new commercial policy to which we have unreservedly committed ourselves. Free trade, in the widest definition of the term, means only the division of labor, by which the productive powers of the whole earth are brought into mutual co-operation. If this scheme of universal dependence is to be liable to sudden dislocation, whenever two governments choose to go to war, it converts a manufacturing industry, such as ours, into a lottery, in which the lives and fortunes of multitudes of men are at stake. I do not comprehend how any British statesman who consults the interests of his country, and understands the revolution which free trade is effecting in the relations of the world, can advocate the maintenance of commercial blockades. If I shared their view, I should shrink from promoting the infinite growth of a population whose means of subsistence would be liable to be cut off at any moment by a belligerent power, against whom we should have no right of resistance, or even of complaint.

It must be in mere irony that the advocates of such a policy as this ask — of what use would our navy be in case of war if commercial blockades were abolished? Surely for a nation that has no access to the rest of the world but by sea, and a large part of whose population is dependent for food on foreign countries, the chief use of a navy should be to keep open its communications, not to close them!

Non-intervention in Foreign Wars.

(From "Political Writings.")

Our object, however, in vindicating Russia from the attacks of prejudice and ignorance, has not been to transfer the national hatred to Turkey, but to neutralize public feeling, by showing that our only wise policy — nay, the only course consistent with the instinct of self-preservation — is to hold ourselves altogether independent of and aloof from the political relations of both these remote and comparatively barbarous nations. England, with her insular territory, her consolidated and free institutions, and her civilized and artificial condition of society, ought not to be, and cannot be, dependent for safety or prosperity upon the conduct of Russia or Turkey: and she will not, provided wisdom governs her counsels, enter into any engagements so obviously to the disadvantage of her people, as to place the peace and happiness of this empire at the mercy of the violence or wickedness of two despotic rulers over savage tribes more than a thousand miles distant from our shores.

"While the Government of England takes 'peace' for its motto, it is idle to think of supporting Turkey," says one of the most influential and active *agitators* in favor of the policy of going to war with Russia. In the name of every artisan in the kingdom, to whom war would bring the tidings, once more, of suffering and despair; in behalf of the peasantry of these islands, to whom the first cannon would sound the knell of privation and death; on the part of the capitalists, merchants, manufacturers, and traders, who can reap no other fruits from hostilities but bankruptcy and ruin; in a word, for the sake of the vital interests of these and all other classes of the community, we solemnly protest against Great Britain being plunged into war with Russia, or any other country, in defence of Turkey — a war which, whilst it would inflict disasters upon every portion of the community, could not bestow a permanent benefit upon any class of it, and one upon our success in which, no part of the civilized world would have cause to rejoice. Having the *interests* of all orders of society to support our argument in favor of peace, we need not dread war. *These*, and not the piques of diplomatists, the whims of crowned heads, the intrigues of ambassadresses, or school-boy rhetoric upon the balance of power, will henceforth determine the foreign policy of our government. That policy will be

based upon the *bona fide* principle (not Lord Palmerston's principle) of *non-intervention in the political affairs of other nations;* and from the moment this maxim becomes the loadstar by which our government shall steer the vessel of the state — from that moment the good old ship Britannia will float triumphantly in smooth and deep water, and the rocks, shoals, and hurricanes of foreign war are escaped forever.

The Balance of Power.

(From "Political Writings.")

Washington (who could remember when the national debt of England was under fifty-five millions; who saw it augmented, by the Austrian War of Succession, to seventy-eight millions; and again increased, by the seven years' war, to one hundred and forty-six millions; and who lived to behold the first-fruits of the French revolutionary wars, with probably a presentiment of the harvest of debt and oppression that was to follow — whose paternal eye looked abroad only with the patriotic hope of finding, in the conduct of other nations, example or warning for the instruction of his countrymen) — seeing the chimerical objects for which England, *although an island*, plunged into the contentions of the Continent, with no other result to her suffering people but an enduring and increasing debt — bequeathed, as a legacy to his fellow-citizens, the injunction, that they should never be tempted, by any inducements or provocations, to become parties to the States' system of Europe. And faithfully, zealously, and happily has that testament been obeyed! Down even to our day, the feeling and conviction of the people, and consequently of the Government and the authors of the United States, have constantly increased in favor of a policy from which so much wealth, prosperity and moral greatness have sprung. America, for fifty years at peace, with the exception of two years of defensive war, is a spectacle of the beneficent effects of that policy which may be comprised in the maxim — As little intercourse as possible betwixt the *Governments*, as much connection as possible between the *nations*, of the world. And when England (*without being a republic*) shall be governed upon the same principles of regard for the interests of the people, and a like common-sense view of the advantages of its position, we shall adopt a similar motto for our policy; and then we shall hear no more mention of that costly chimera, the balance of power.

On the Fear of a French Invasion.

(From speech delivered at Manchester, Jan. 27, 1853.)

I will tell you what is at the bottom of the whole of this cry in England about a French invasion. It is ignorance in the minds of the great masses of the people, as to what the real condition and circumstances of the French people are. I have told my friends who are met here from different parts of the country, and who are proposing to take steps for a vigorous agitation on behalf of peace, that the first thing they have to do is to spread four or five lecturers over the face of the land, to enlighten the public mind as to the state of feeling in France. . . . It is France alone that you are threatened with danger from, and I say that the people of this country are alarmed with respect to France simply because they don't understand the circumstances of that nation; and, being in ignorance, you may persuade them anything. . . . I tell you candidly my firm belief is, and I am quite prepared to meet the consequences, that if you will let the people of this country know the whole truth as to the economical and social condition of the millions of France, instead of their fearing that the French people are coming to take anything they possess, they will be themselves possessed of a considerable amount of dissatisfaction that their own condition, as a mass, is not equal to that of the French. The French people coming here, like a band of pirates, to take what the English people have! Why, you have to deal with eight million of landed proprietors. . . . The French peasantry are the proprietors of the land. When the man follows his horse to field there, he is turning up the furrows upon his own soil.

Now do you think that is exactly the population to run over from their acres and come here on a mere marauding expedition? Our mistake is in judging the French people altogether by our own standard. . . . Now, I say, let the English people be told exactly what is the condition of French society. Let them understand that . . . we are dealing with a people who would not be bringing all their worldly wealth in their canoes, like the New Zealanders or the Malays, but with a people that in many respects are considered by the rest of the world more civilized than ourselves.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Coffin, Charles Carleton, an American novelist and journalist, born at Boscawen, N. H., in 1823; died at Brookline, Mass., March 2, 1896. Until he was twenty-one years of age, he lived upon his father's farm, and endeavored to make up for lack of educational advantages by studying at night. He studied civil engineering, but finally entered journalism. In 1851 he began writing for the Boston press. During the Civil War he was a correspondent of "The Boston Journal," and was a spectator of many battles. In 1866 he was sent to Europe as war correspondent for the same paper. At the close of the war he travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, returning home across the continent by way of San Francisco. Among his works are "Days and Nights on the Battle Field" (1864); "Following the Flag" (1863); "Winning His Way" (1864); "Four Years of Fighting" (1866); "Caleb Krinkle" (1875);" "The Story of Liberty;" "Old Times in the Colonies" (1880); "The Boys of '76;" "The Boys of '61;" "Life of Garfield" (1880); "Building the Nation" (1883); "Abraham Lincoln" (1892); "Our New Way Round the World;" and "The Gist of Whist."

A Prairie Fire.[1]

(From "Caleb Krinkle" or "Dan of Millbrook.")

Caleb and Bottineau were eating their last meal upon the prairies. Bottineau had been astir before light; had left Caleb sleeping soundly and gone with his gun to the shore of a pond near at hand, and had returned with a wild goose and a duck, which he had dressed. The fowls were roasting, the coffee bubbling in the pot, and the cakes baking on the tin, when Caleb awoke.

It was a chilly morning, and the ground was white with frost.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur Krinkle*," said Bottineau, who, though he could speak English very well, usually gave his morning salutation in French. "A little white about the gills," he added, noticing Caleb's frosty beard.

[1] Copyright, 1894, Estes and Lauriat. By permission of Dana Estes & Co.

"And a little stiff in the joints," said Caleb, rising.

"We shall have a hot day, notwithstanding the night is so frosty," said Bottineau, noticing the sun, which was just appearing, red and fiery, through the smoke and haze of the morning.

The fire which Caleb had noticed far away the night before was still burning, and the smoke had settled in a dense cloud along the horizon.

"It must be a grand sight when the wind is high, and the grass tall and rank and dry, to see thousands of acres of flame," said Caleb.

"Very grand; especially when you are on the windward side, but not always an attractive sight when it is sweeping toward you with the speed of a race-horse. But come, Monsieur, breakfast is ready," said Bottineau.

While Caleb was washing his face and hands at the shore of the pond, near at hand, Bottineau spread the table. He found a flat rock on which he laid the goose and duck, for he had no other platter. He had killed a deer the day before, and had broiled a couple of slices of venison.

"I thought, seeing it was to be our last meal, I would have a variety," he said, as Caleb surveyed the array of meats. It was a sumptuous repast. The venison was tender, the goose and duck rich and juicy, and the cakes nicely done. While eating, Bottineau narrated his experience on the prairie — his narrow escape from being burned to death.

"Usually there is no trouble in protecting yourself from a fire. If the grass is thin, there is no danger whatever. It is only when the grass is tall and dry and the wind blowing a gale that there is danger. Then you must fight fire with fire," he said.

"How do you do it!"

"By setting another fire in advance. If you have matches you can start another one, and as soon as it has burned a place as large as your blanket, you can step upon it and be safe. In a few moments it will be raging as fiercely as the other, and in a short time you will have an acre of burned ground all to yourself."

"Suppose you have n't any matches?"

"Then you must flash your pistol, or place the muzzle of your gun in the grass, and fire a charge."

"But suppose you have no gun?"

"Then you must make tracks for a pond."

"What if there is no pond near at hand?"

"Then, if you can't outrun the fire, you must ride through it."

"Suppose that I am on foot, then what?"

Bottineau shook his head.

"I have seen, Monsieur Krinkle, a prairie fire so fierce that if a man were overtaken by it on foot, he might as well say his prayers for the last time, yet there might be just a possibility of his going through it. The only thing for him to do would be to select a spot where the grass was thinnest, cover his face and hands, if possible, with his blanket, or, if he had no blanket, with his coat, and then, when the fire was just ready to lick him up, hold his breath and run with all his might. A dozen rods will carry him through the thickest of it, and then, if his clothes are on fire, he must tear them off in a twinkling and trample them beneath his feet. However, it is not often that a man would be put to such a strait," said Bottineau.

The breakfast finished, the tent and the outfit were packed up, and Bottineau, touching his hat to Caleb and bidding him "*Bon jour*," mounted his horse, took the pack-horse in lead, and trotted slowly away toward the east, while Caleb, mounting his own horse, rode to the west, to reach the settlement where the Land Office was located. When his business was completed there, he would turn his steps eastward, settle with Bottineau on the way, and then take the cars for Boston.

He could only think of Bertha, and of the decision he had made. The more he thought upon it the deeper the conviction that he had acted wisely. Now their friendship would be abiding. Society never would pass her coldly by. There would be no bitterness for her in life, nor would a tear ever tremble on her eyelid on his account.

So through the forenoon, lost in meditation, he rode on, the hoofs of his horse beating the seed from the dried grasses. At times he rode through swales where the rushes were higher than his shoulders as he sat upon his horse, and at times ascended knolls and rounded hillocks from whence he could obtain commanding views of the wide expanse. Although it was the middle of September, the heat of the sun was like midsummer. The thick smoke from the distant fire, settling down, partly obscured it, but it hung in mid-heaven like a brazen ball.

Caleb saw that he was gradually approaching the fire. He noticed, also, that the game was unusually abundant. Through

the thickening haze he saw a stately elk, with branching horns, moving rapidly. Then a deer made its appearance. Foxes seemed to be abundant, and wolves were keeping them company. More deer — a herd trotting past, seemingly not noticing him. Had he wanted venison he could have obtained a bountiful supply.

Jack-rabbits came skipping through the grass, laying their long ears on their shoulders and panting in the heat. And now a flock of prairie fowl went by on whirring wings. They all but flew against him, and Caleb noticed that animals and fowl alike were moving east. He had been riding in a swale, but, ascending a knoll, he gazed upon a magnificent panorama.

A fresh breeze had sprung up and the smoke had been lifted. The fire was still three or four miles away, but the animals, scenting danger, had begun their migrations. He could see a cluster of houses in the distance toward the northwest. Around each building there were plowed lands, so that the settlement was not endangered by the fire. For several weeks he had not seen even a solitary cabin, and it gave him a thrill of pleasure to behold this evidence of civilization. He had enjoyed his summer work, and had found pleasure in the wilderness, but the thought came, that, after all, civilization was better than solitude, and that a man to be at his best, and to do his best, must mingle with his fellows. Now that he was through with his work, it would be a gain to come in contact with men, to sit in a chair, to lay aside his corduroy pantaloons, and have his hair cut.

Gazing at the fire, he could see that it was rapidly advancing from the southwest, like a victorious army across a battle-field. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-west. Handfuls of flame were torn from the surging sheet by the wind and hurled far away. It was like the constant throwing out of a line of videttes in advance of an army. In the ravines and hollows where the grass was rankest the flames leaped high in the air and great columns of smoke rolled upward, obscuring the sun and filling the sky with gloom. Upon the knolls, where the grass was thinner, it swept quickly past, while behind the advancing line there was blackness and desolation. Rabbits and foxes fled before it, the ground squirrels sought shelter in their holes, and the snakes kept them company. The birds flew in frightened flocks. The sparks and cinders were borne far away by the wind, constantly kindling new centres of flames.

The roaring of the fire, if not like the roll of distant thunder, was of a nature to inspire man and beast alike with terror. Caleb noticed that his horse was sniffing the air and manifesting his sense of danger by uneasy movements.

For weeks Caleb had been upon the pathless prairie, but below him, in a little hollow, winding around the knoll was a road leading from the cluster of houses, four or five miles distant, to a solitary cabin, which stood by itself in a plowed field. The farmer owning the cabin had taken the precaution to plow the ground as a guard against just such a fire as was now sweeping toward his home. The road ran through the hollow and then was lost to sight around another hillock, but came into view again as it approached the house.

While gazing upon the rising clouds of smoke, and upon the flames leaping into the air and devouring the rank vegetables, Caleb saw a farmer's wagon, drawn by a span of horses, appear, from behind a knoll. The horses were moving at a rapid pace, and the driver was carrying an umbrella, and he could not say whether it was held by a man or woman.

There were farming implements in the vehicle, which rattled upon the boards as the wagon struck upon an uneven place. It was evident that the horses, like his own, were scenting the danger, and were quickening their pace to a run. The driver was guiding them with a tightened rein, but at every step they were nearing the line of fire which was being borne by the wind diagonally toward the road.

The occupant of the wagon evidently was making all possible haste to pass a curve in the road before the fire reached it, but the horses became unmanageable, and turned from the path. The wagon began to bound over the uneven ground, tossing a rake, hoe, shovel, and bags and horse-blankets into the air.

The driver dropped the umbrella, and the horses, as if still more frightened, broke into a run. Caleb saw that it was not a man, but a woman, and that she was powerless to hold the thoroughly-frightened animals. They ran upon a hillside. Suddenly the body of the wagon went over with a crash, while the horses with the forward wheels dashed away and disappeared beyond a knoll.

Caleb beheld the spectacle with horror. He plunged his spurs into the flanks of his own steed. It might have been a third of a mile from where he had been gazing upon the panorama to the scene of the accident. A minute and he was there.

He leaped from his horse — and looked into the face of — Linda!

His heart stood still! The dead alive! There are times when moments are ages, and such a moment had come to him. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks pale.

"Linda!"

No answer, no movement of her lip, no lifting of the eyelids.

"Linda!"

No response; no sign of consciousness. He placed his finger upon her wrist, but could detect no beating of the pulse. Had life gone out in one great wave?

"Linda! Linda!"

He shouts her name; presses her hand; lifts her head from the ground. Whether she is living or dead he cannot say. Oh, the agony of the moment! If dead, he can die with her there; if living, he can die to save her! He will save her, whether living or dead, from the devouring flames. He can hear the roaring of the advancing fire. He must kindle a back fire. He feels in his pocket for a match, and then remembers that he used his last one in the morning. He must lift her, then, upon his horse and bear her away. He stoops to take her in his arms, but, though a giant in strength at the moment, it is not easy to raise the inanimate form with the paleness of death upon her face. In his efforts to accomplish it he drops his rein, and in an instant his horse is gone. God help him now!

What shall he do? He can take her in his arms and carry her — but whither? Alas! there is no place of refuge. Strong as he is, he is not strong enough, nor fleet enough of foot, to escape the flames.

The blinding smoke, driven in advance by the wind, is already beating down upon him. No human aid is nigh, nor angel from heaven, to rescue her. If the wind were to change, there would be deliverance, but the flames are rolling nearer. He looks around; sees the body of the wagon, the blankets and farming implements. A thought comes to him. A hundred thoughts crowd upon the brain. He seizes the shovel, and plunges it into the earth, tears up the sod, throws the earth upon the grass around him. With nerves of iron he sends the bright blade deep into the mellow soil. Oh, for ten minutes! — for five! He seems to make no progress, but one glance at that dear face turned with closed eyes toward him fills him, as it were, with superhuman energy.

Nearer — the hot and stifling breath. Through the dense smoke he can see the red sheet of fire which shortly will sweep with the speed of a whirlwind up the steep hillside. Every nerve and muscle, and all the strength that God has given him, is brought into use. Oh, for five minutes more! — for three! — for one! He can delay no longer. He dashes the shovel upon the ground, takes Linda in his arms, — she is but a feather's weight, — lays her in the shallow trench. Is it to be her grave? He picks up the body of the wagon as if it were but a toy, and places it on the windward side for a shield; spreads the woollen blankets over her; crouches by her side; draws his coat over his face.

Hissing, crackling, leaping, winding in fiery coils, it comes! A billow of flame sweeps over him. He gasps for breath and crouches closer to the earth. A moment, and yet an age, and then he feels the fresher air, throws aside his coat, stamps upon the flames around the trench to extinguish them, raises the covering from Linda's face. Unconscious still, but unharmed. God be praised! Saved as by fire!

Around was a blackened waste, with little white clouds of smoke arising from the still burning bunches of grass.

He heard the sound of approaching wheels, and saw a man coming over the blackened ground in a wagon, lashing his horse to a run.

"Ish der fräulein dead?"

"No."

"Gott in Himmel! I vas afraid dat de fräulein vas dead. O Mein Gott! Mein Gott! vot a vonder!" said the German, leaping from his wagon, stooping and kissing Linda's hand. Together they lifted her into the wagon, and Caleb held her in his arms while the German drove toward his house.

"How came she with you?" Caleb asked.

"Oh, de fräulein vas on de dampfboot mit me and mein frow and de kinder. Ah! Mein Gott! And der vas de sthorm and de sinking of de dampfboot and de drowning of mein kinder — ein — zwei — drei — kinder gone down into de vasser. But me and mein frow, de fräulein and Vinifred, float to de shore. Den I say to the fräulein and Vinifred, 'Come and be my kinder.' O mein Gott! vat a times it vas!"

The German's wife and a young girl came out to meet them. The kind-hearted woman was wringing her hands. They had caught a glimpse, through the smoke, of what had happened,

and the man had hastened to the scene. Caleb knew that the girl with golden hair before him must be Winifred, from the description he had had of her, but he was a stranger to them all.

They carried Linda, still unconscious, to her room, bathed her pale cheeks, moistened her lip, applied restoratives, and saw with joy the signs of returning life.

Bewildered and wondering, Linda gazed upon Caleb.

He took her by the hand.

"Don't you know me, Linda? I have not been false to you, and now, in God's good time, have come to you."

A cry of joy and her arms are about him.

Leave them there, and let love tell in secret its sad and tragic tale.

Sitting with clasped hands, each hears the other's story. No doubt can now disturb their trust and confidence, and such love as theirs will stand life's sternest test.

Caleb learned that the German and his family were fellow-passengers with Linda on the steamboat. His children had perished, but himself and wife, Linda and Winifred, were upon a portion of the wreck that floated out into the lake, and finally to the shore. Having nowhere to go except to a hiding-place where Mr. Meek could never find her, and wishing to do what she could to comfort the broken-hearted parents, she had gone with them to their Minnesota home. In their estimation there was no person on earth to be compared to the Fräulein Fair. In their sorrow she gave them comfort, in their weakness she gave them strength.

It was wholly a German settlement. Some of the people could speak English, others could not, but Fräulein Fair soon learned to talk with them. And the fräulein was always so wise, and so ready to help, that the simple-hearted folks, when they were in doubt about any thing, settled it by saying, "We 'll ask the fräulein."

Linda laid down her work in Millbrook, to take it up again in Minnesota, not making vests, but teaching the children during the week in school, and on Sunday the whole congregation, from the Bible. To them, she herself was the gospel. When she had read a chapter, told them its meaning, prayed with them and answered their questions — when the lesson was ended, they came and kissed the fräulein's hands, to let her know how much they loved her. As the painters of old represented the virgin surrounded by an atmosphere of light and glory, so they thought there must be an invisible shekinah enfolding the Fräulein Fair.

And Winifred — there was no other child so beautiful and loving. How could she be otherwise than loving, with the fräulein to lead her?

By the seashore Bertha had read not only what Caleb had written by the fading embers of his prairie-fire, but what he had added after rescuing Linda — an account of all that had happened. While reading it the ship had sailed away, and when it had vanished in the distance, a great hope which she had cherished, almost unconsciously, was borne away. The ship might return again, but the hope never. Not till it had vanished did Bertha herself know how great or how beautiful it had been. But there was joy in her sorrow. Linda was alive, and Caleb would be blessed with her love forever!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Coleridge, Hartley, English poet, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born at Clevedon, Somersetshire, September 19, 1796; died at Rydal, Westmoreland, January 6, 1849. He was a child of uncommon promise. In 1815 Hartley Coleridge was entered as a student of Merton College, Oxford; and three years afterward he gained a fellowship in Oriel College, but he soon forfeited the position. He afterward went to Ambleside and opened a school there which proved unsuccessful. Hartley Coleridge wrote much prose and more verse worthy of a place in the records of literature.

Address to Certain Goldfishes.

Restless forms of living light,
  Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
  With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale.
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing:
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley,
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the Sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
  Or of the shade of golden flowers,
  Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
  To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size

When you would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were as happy as ye seem;
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There 's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart:
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
And endless labor dull and vain;
And while your forms are gayly shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay: but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

To Shakespeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky;
Deeper than ocean or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 't was thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

To Wordsworth.

There have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been to whom the fickle fashions,
And all the wilful humors of the day,

Have furnished matters for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth, elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray
Of restless Nature. But thou, mighty Seer!
'T is thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the Priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

Still a Child.

Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and, waking,
I waked to sleep no more; at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child nor man,
Nor youth nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May,
And still I am a child, though I be old;
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

Gray Hairs and Wisdom.

"I thank my God because my hairs are gray!"
But have gray hairs brought wisdom? doth the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?
Will the rank weeds of hopeless appetite
Droop at the glance and venom of the blight
That made the vermeil bloom, the flush so gay,
Dim and unlovely as a dead man's shroud?
Or is my heart — that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve — at peace?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain and proud?
Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labor of the soul to cease?

To a Newly Married Friend.

How shall a man foredoomed to lone estate,
  Untimely old, irreverently gray,
  Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead-sleeping in a hollow — all too late —
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
  The blest completion of a patient wooing?
  Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate? —
  There is a fable that I once did read,
Of a bad angel that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood —
  Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Until at last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

The Waif of Nature.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
  The waif of Nature — like uprooted weed
  Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependent of the fickle sky;
  Far, far away, are all my natural kin:
The mother that erewhile hath hushed my cry
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
  Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?
Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,
  A holy mother is that sister sweet.
  And that bold brother is a pastor, meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age.
  Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet;
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, an English poet and philosopher, born at Ottery St. Mary, England, October 21, 1772; died at Highgate, London, July 25, 1834. A scholarship at Christ Hospital, London, was obtained for the boy. In 1791, he obtained a presentation to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he studied for three years, and finally left without taking his degree. He visited Oxford, where he became acquainted with Robert Southey. The young men formed a scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna. The scheme was subsequently abandoned, much to the chagrin of Coleridge. Coleridge married in October, 1795, and from 1796 to 1798 lived at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire. Here was written not a little of the best of the poetry of Coleridge: The "Ode on the Departing Year;" "Fears in Solitude;" "France —an Ode;" "The Ancient Mariner;" the first part of "Christabel," and the tragedy of "Remorse." A few years later Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were living for a while near each other in the Lake region, and, though differing greatly in all personal and literary characteristics, were popularly grouped together as "The Lake Poets." In the meanwhile, in 1798, Coleridge went to Germany, and resided there for more than a year, plunged into the ocean of German metaphysics, and made his great translation of Schiller's dramas, "The Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein." He returned to England and for a time made his home with Southey. In 1804 he went to Malta as Assistant Secretary to the Governor. He retained this position only nine months, then returned home, making a brief residence in Italy by the way. In 1810 Coleridge had come to be a victim to the use of opium. In 1815 he was to all appearances a complete wreck, physically and mentally, but by judicious treatment the "opium habit" was ultimately overcome, and within the next ten years he produced the most notable of his prose works. The career of Coleridge as a poet really closed at about the age of twenty-eight. He lived, indeed, thirty-four years more, during which time he wrote much noble prose. A few short poems and fragments make up all the verse written thereafter by Coleridge. Among the many titles under which his works were published, the following are probably most

noteworthy: "Fall of Robespierre" (1794), a play of which he wrote the first act; "Moral and Political Lecture Delivered at Bristol" (1795); "Conciones ad Populum" (1795), being addresses to the people; "The Plot Discovered" (1795), a political pamphlet; "Poems on Various Subjects" (1796); "The Destiny of Nations" (1828), first published in Southey's "Joan of Arc;" "Ode to the Departing Year" (1796); "Fears in Solitude" (1798); "Wallenstein" (1800); "Remorse, a Tragedy" (1813); "Christabel," with "Kubla Khan" and "Pains of Sleep" (1816); "Biographia Literaria" (1817); "Aids to Reflection" (1825); "Table Talk" (1835); "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" (1840), the last two posthumous. The "Ancient Mariner" was first published in 1798, in a volume of "Lyrical Ballads" (with Wordsworth).

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

1798.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

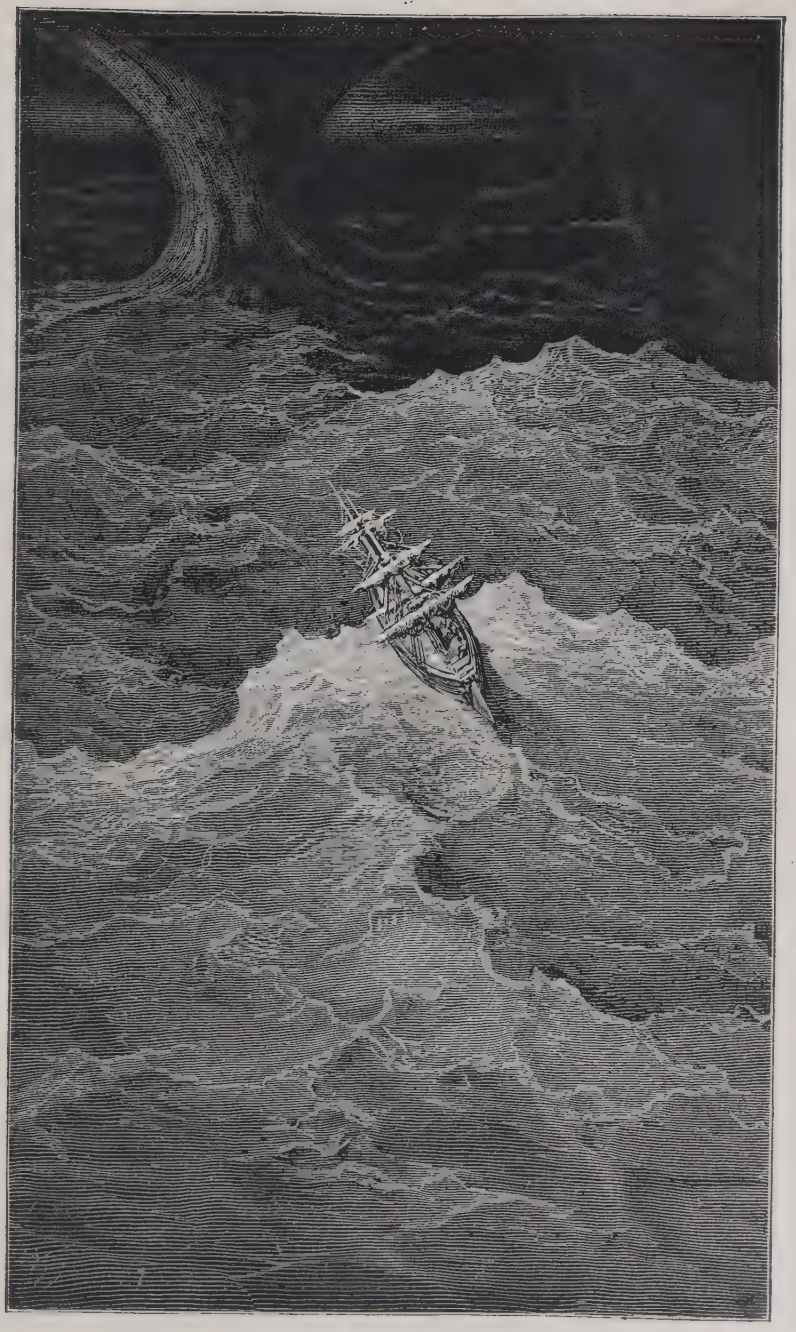
He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.



"The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast"

From Painting by Gustave Doré

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down;
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter doubt all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead;

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!

He blesseth them in his heart.

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned

Two voices in the air.
"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance ; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded ; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'T was night, calm night, the Moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eye
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in their own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He 'll shrive my soul, he 'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of the Wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared" — "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?"

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him:

and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL.

PART THE FIRST.

'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock!
Tu-whit! — Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud:
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'T is a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that 's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell. —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 't was frightful there to see —
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary, mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel), And who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —

Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet: —
My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind,
They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell,
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well bright dame may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.
She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious STARS the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel;
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell,

Sir Leoline is weak in health
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth:
And I beseech your courtesy
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle-array had marched out;
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered — Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were.

But soon with altered voice, said she —
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine!
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 't is given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'T is over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank!
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side —
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side! —
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah, well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heardest a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;

Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is —
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance 't is but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 't were,

What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART THE SECOND.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day.
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke — a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, so let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t' other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side —
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence room.
The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court — that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies of and forms of men!
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,

And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes,
Spread smiles like light!
With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said — His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.
"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best,
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he hath crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
You must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!

And loud and and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay,
With all thy numerous array,
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam,
And, by my honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day,
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —
— For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun have shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing: —
Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell,
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be;
So strange a dream hath come to me:
That I vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird:
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and the green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found:
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.

I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I awoke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away —
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare
Less aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel —
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread
At Christabel she looked askance! —
One moment — and the sight was fled!

But Christabel in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground —
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees — no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not now, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate,
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance,
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view —
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue!
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile and inly prayed,
Then falling at her father's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat,
That thou this woman send away!"
She said; and more she could not say,
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dead mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!

That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?
Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonored thus in his old age;
Dishonored by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To th' insulted daughter of his friend,
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end —
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere —
Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence! The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
Thoughts so unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 't is tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.

And what if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be **true!**)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and **pain,**
So talks as it's most used to do.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? — Ah, woful *when!*
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along: —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty!
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woful *Ere,*
Which tells me Youth 's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'T is known that thou and I were one;
I 'll think it but a fond conceit —
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To *make believe* that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine **eyes!**
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Kubla Khan; or, a Vision in a Dream.

A FRAGMENT.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
  Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree:
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

  The shadow of the dome of pleasure
  Floated mid-way on the waves;
  Where was heard the mingled measure
  From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
  A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw:
  It was an Abyssinian maid,
  And on her dulcimer she played,
  Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

The Great Good Man.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains." —
For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain:
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of crosses which his sword hath slain? —
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? — Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm Thoughts regular as infant's breath; —
And three firm friends more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Collins, William, a famous English poet, was born at Chichester, England, December 25, 1721; died there June 12, 1759. He was educated at Winchester College and at Oxford. His poetic talent was early developed. The "Persian Eclogues" were written in his seventeenth year, and his "Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer" in his twenty-second. He left Oxford abruptly in 1744. He went to London full of plans for literary work which he could not carry out. He formed dissolute habits; and squandered his means. It was at this time that he composed his matchless odes, which appeared in 1746, but attracted little notice. A small fortune inherited from an uncle relieved him from want. The "Elegy on Thompson" was written in 1749, and the "Ode on Popular Superstitions in the Highlands" in 1750. Symptoms of insanity had already appeared in the poet, and the disease rapidly developed, and he was removed to Chichester, where he spent his last years. His "Odes," unappreciated at first, are now regarded as among the finest in the language.

The Passions.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire.
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet.

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page —
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
O bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Courage.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

Collins, William Wilkie, an English novelist; born in London, England, January 8, 1824; died September 23, 1889. He was the son of William Collins, an artist, and was educated for the bar; abandoned law for literature. He was for many years associated with Charles Dickens in editing "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." His best work is "The Woman in White." The following are his principal works: "Antonina" (1850); "Rambles Beyond Railways" (1851); "Basil" (1852); "Mr. Wray's Cash Box" (1852); "Hide and Seek" (1854); "After Dark" (1856); "The Dead Secret" (1857); "The Queen of Hearts" (1859); "The Woman in White" (1860); "No Name" (1862); "My Miscellanies" (1863); "Armadale" (1866); "No Thoroughfare" (in collaboration with Charles Dickens (1867); "The Moonstone" (1868); "Man and Wife" (1870); "Poor Miss Finch" (1872); "Miss or Mrs.?" (1873); "The New Magdalen" (1873); "The Law and the Lady" (1875); "Two Destinies" (1876); "The Haunted Hotel" (1878); "The Fallen Leaves" (1879); "A Rogue's Life from his Birth to his Marriage" (1879); "Heart and Science" (1883); "I Say No" (1884); "The Evil Genius" (1886). In 1873 Collins visited the United States, and was received everywhere with marked consideration.

Walter Hartright's Narrative.

(From "The Woman in White.")

My first conviction, as soon as I found myself outside of the house, was that no alternative was left me but to act at once on the information I had received — to make sure of the Count that night, or to risk the loss, if I only delayed till the morning, of Laura's last chance. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock.

Not the shadow of a doubt crossed my mind of the purpose for which the Count had left the theatre. His escape from us that evening was, beyond all question, the preliminary only to his escape from London. The mark of the Brotherhood was on his arm — I felt as certain of it as if he had shown me the

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

brand — and the betrayal of the Brotherhood was on his conscience — I had seen it in his recognition of Pesca.

It was easy to understand why that recognition had not been mutual. A man of the Count's character would never risk the terrible consequences of turning spy without looking to his personal security quite as carefully as he looked to his golden reward. The shaven face which I had pointed out at the opera might have been covered by a beard in Pesca's time; his dark brown hair might be a wig; his name was evidently a false one. The accident of time might have helped him as well — his immense corpulence might have come with his later years. There was every reason why Pesca should not have known him again — every reason, also, why he should have known Pesca, whose singular personal appearance made a marked man of him, go where he might.

I have said that I felt certain of the purpose in the Count's mind when he escaped us at the theatre. How could I doubt it, when I saw, with my own eyes, that he believed himself, in spite of the change in his appearance, to have been recognized by Pesca, and to be therefore in danger of his life? If I could get speech of him that night, if I could show him that I, too, knew of the mortal terror in which he stood, what result would follow? Plainly this. One of us must be master of the situation — one of us must inevitably be at the mercy of the other.

I owed it to myself to consider the chances against me before I confronted them. I owed it to my wife to do all that lay in my power to lessen the risk.

The chances against me wanted no reckoning up; they were all merged in one. If the Count discovered, by my own avowal, that the direct way to safety lay through my life, he was probably the last man in existence who would shrink from throwing me off my guard and taking that way, when he had me alone within his reach. The only means of defence against him, on which I could at all rely to lessen the risk, presented themselves, after a little careful thinking, clearly enough. Before I made my personal acknowledgment of my discovery in his presence, I must place the discovery itself where it would be ready for instant use against him, and safe from any attempt at suppression on his part. If I laid the mine under his feet before I approached him, and if I left instructions with a third person to fire it on the expiration of a certain time, unless directions to the contrary were previously received under my own hand, or from my own lips — in that

event, the Count's security was absolutely dependent upon mine, and I might hold the vantage-ground over him securely, even in his own house.

This idea occurred to me when I was close to the new lodgings which we had taken on returning from the sea-side. I went in, without disturbing any one, by the help of my key. A light was in the hall; and I stole up with it to my work-room, to make my preparations, and absolutely to commit myself to an interview with the Count, before either Laura or Marian could have the slightest suspicion of what I intended to do.

A letter addressed to Pesca represented the surest measure of precaution which it was now possible for me to take. I wrote as follows: —

"The man whom I pointed out to you at the opera is a member of the Brotherhood, and has been false to his trust. Put both these assertions to the test instantly. You know the name he goes by in England. His address is No. 5 Forest Road, St. John's Wood. On the love you once bore me, use the power intrusted to you, without mercy and without delay, against that man. I have risked all, and lost all — and the forfeit of my failure has been paid with my life."

I signed and dated these lines, inclosed them in an envelope, and sealed it up. On the outside, I wrote this direction: "Keep the inclosure unopened until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you do not hear from me, or see me, before that time, break the seal when the clock strikes, and read the contents." I added my initials; and protected the whole by inclosing it in a second sealed envelope, addressed to Pesca at his lodgings.

Nothing remained to be done after this but to find the means of sending my letter to its destination immediately. I should then have accomplished all that lay in my power. If anything happened to me in the Count's house, I had now provided for his answering it with his life.

That the means of preventing his escape under any circumstances whatever were at Pesca's disposal, if he chose to exert them, I did not for an instant doubt. The extraordinary anxiety which he had expressed to remain unenlightened as to the Count's identity — or, in other words, to be left uncertain enough about facts to justify him to his own conscience in remaining passive — betrayed plainly that the means of exercising the terrible justice of the Brotherhood were ready to his hand, although, as a naturally humane man, he had shrunk from plainly saying as

much in my presence. The deadly certainty with which the vengeance of foreign political societies can hunt down a traitor to the cause, hide himself where he may, had been too often exemplified, even in my superficial experience, to allow of any doubt. Considering the subject only as a reader of newspapers, cases recurred to my memory, both in London and in Paris, of foreigners found stabbed in the streets, whose assassins could never be traced — of bodies and parts of bodies thrown into the Thames and the Seine, by hands that could never be discovered — of deaths by secret violence which could only be accounted for in one way. I have disguised nothing relating to myself in these pages — and I do not disguise here, that I believed I had written Count Fosco's death-warrant, if the fatal emergency happened which authorized Pesca to open my inclosure.

I left my room to go down to the ground-floor of the house, and speak to the landlord about finding me a messenger. He happened to be ascending the stairs at the time, and we met on the landing. His son, a quick lad, was the messenger he proposed to me, on hearing what I wanted. We had the boy upstairs; and I gave him his directions. He was to take the letter in a cab, to put it into Professor Pesca's own hands, and to bring me back a line of acknowledgment from that gentleman; returning in the cab, and keeping it at the door for my use. It was then nearly half-past ten. I calculated that the boy might be back in twenty minutes; and that I might drive to St. John's Wood, on his return, in twenty minutes more.

When the lad had departed on his errand, I returned to my own room for a little while to put certain papers in order, so that they might be easily found, in case of the worst. The key of the old-fashioned bureau in which the papers were kept I sealed up, and left it on my table, with Marian's name written on the outside of the little packet. This done, I went downstairs to the sitting-room, in which I expected to find Laura and Marian awaiting my return from the opera. I felt my hand trembling for the first time, when I laid it on the lock of the door.

No one was in the room but Marian. She was reading; and she looked at her watch, in surprise, when I came in.

"How early you are back!" she said. "You must have come away before the opera was over."

"Yes," I replied; "neither Pesca nor I waited for the end. Where is Laura?"

"She had one of her bad headaches this evening; and I advised her to go to bed when we had done tea."

I left the room again, on the pretext of wishing to see whether Laura was asleep. Marian's quick eyes were beginning to look inquiringly at my face; Marian's quick instinct was beginning to discover that I had something weighing on my mind.

When I entered the bed-chamber, and softly approached the bedside by the dim flicker of the night-lamp, my wife was asleep.

We had not been married quite a month yet. If my heart was heavy, if my resolution for a moment faltered again, when I looked at her face turned faithfully to *my* pillow in her sleep — when I saw her hand resting open on the coverlet, as if it was waiting unconsciously for mine — surely there was some excuse for me? I only allowed myself a few minutes to kneel down at the bedside, and to look close at her — so close that her breath, as it came and went, fluttered on my face. I only touched her hand and her cheek with my lips, at parting. She stirred in her sleep, and murmured my name — but without waking. I lingered for an instant at the door to look at her again. "God bless and keep you, my darling!" I whispered — and left her.

Marian was at the stair-head waiting for me. She had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"The landlord's son has brought this for you," she said. "He has got a cab at the door — he says you ordered him to keep it at your disposal."

"Quite right, Marian. I want the cab; I am going out again."

I descended the stairs as I spoke, and looked into the sitting-room to read the slip of paper by the light on the table. It contained these two sentences, in Pesca's handwriting:

"Your letter is received. If I don't see you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

I placed the paper in my pocket-book, and made for the door. Marian met me on the threshold, and pushed me back into the room where the candle-light fell full on my face. She held me by both hands, and her eyes fastened searchingly on mine.

"I see!" she said, in a low, eager whisper. "You are trying the last chance to-night."

"Yes — the last chance and the best," I whispered back.

"Not alone! Oh, Walter, for God's sake, not alone! Let

me go with you. Don't refuse me because I 'm only a woman. I must go! I will go! I 'll wait outside in the cab!"

It was my turn now to hold *her*. She tried to break away from me, and get down first to the door.

"If you want to help me," I said, "stop here, and sleep in my wife's room to-night. Only let me go away, with my mind easy about Laura, and I answer for every thing else. Come, Marian, give me a kiss, and show that you have the courage to wait till I come back."

I dared not allow her time to say a word more. She tried to hold me again. I unclasped her hands — and was out of the room in a moment. The boy below heard me on the stairs, and opened the hall door. I jumped into the cab before the driver could get off the box. "Forest Road, St. John's Wood," I called to him through the front window. "Double fare, if you get there in a quarter of an hour." "I 'll do it, sir." I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock — not a minute to lose.

The rapid motion of the cab, the sense that every instant now was bringing me nearer to the Count, the conviction that I was embarked at last, without let or hinderance, on my hazardous enterprise, heated me into such a fever of excitement that I shouted to the man to go faster and faster. As we left the streets, and crossed St. John's Wood Road, my impatience so completely overpowered me that I stood up in the cab and stretched my head out of the window, to see the end of the journey before we reached it. Just as a church clock in the distance struck the quarter past, we turned into the Forest Road. I stopped the driver a little away from the Count's house — paid and dismissed him — and walked on to the door.

As I approached the garden gate, I saw another person advancing toward it also, from the direction opposite to mine. We met under the gas lamp in the road, and looked at each other. I instantly recognized the light-haired foreigner, with the scar on his cheek; and I thought he recognized *me*. He said nothing; and, instead of stopping at the house, as I did, he slowly walked on. Was he in the Forest Road by accident? Or had he followed the Count home from the opera?

I did not pursue those questions. After waiting a little, till the foreigner had slowly passed out of sight, I rang the gate bell. It was then twenty minutes past eleven — late enough to make it quite easy for the Count to get rid of me by the excuse that he was in bed.

The only way of providing against this contingency was to send in my name, without asking any preliminary questions, and to let him know, at the same time, that I had a serious motive for wishing to see him at that late hour. Accordingly, while I was waiting, I took out my card, and wrote under my name, "On important business." The maid-servant answered the door while I was writing the last word in pencil, and asked me distrustfully what I "pleased to want."

"Be so good as to take that to your master," I replied, giving her the card.

I saw, by the girl's hesitation of manner, that if I had asked for the Count in the first instance, she would only have followed her instructions by telling me he was not at home. She was staggered by the confidence with which I gave her the card. After staring at me in great perturbation, she went back into the house with my message, closing the door, and leaving me to wait in the garden.

In a minute or so she reappeared. "Her master's compliments, and would I be so obliging as to say what my business was?" "Take my compliments back," I replied; "and say that the business can not be mentioned to any one but your master." She left me again, again returned, and this time asked me to walk in.

I followed her at once. In another moment I was inside the Count's house.

There was no lamp in the hall; but by the dim light of the kitchen candle which the girl had brought upstairs with her, I saw an elderly lady steal noiselessly out of a back room on the ground floor. She cast one viperish look at me as I entered the hall, but said nothing, and went slowly upstairs without returning my bow. My familiarity with Marian's journal sufficiently assured me that the elderly lady was Madame Fosco.

The servant led me to the room which the Countess had just left. I entered it, and found myself face to face with the Count.

He was still in his evening-dress, except his coat, which he had thrown across a chair. His shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrists — but no higher. A carpet-bag was on one side of him, and a box on the other. Books, papers, and articles of wearing apparel were scattered about the room. On a table, at one side of the door, stood the cage, so well known to me by description, which contained his white mice. The canaries and

the cockatoo were probably in some other room. He was seated before the box, packing it, when I went in, and rose with some papers in his hand to receive me. His face still betrayed plain traces of the shock that had overwhelmed him at the opera. His fat cheeks hung loose; his cold gray eyes were furtively vigilant; his voice, look, and manner were all sharply suspicious alike, as he advanced a step to meet me, and requested, with distant civility, that I would take a chair.

"You come here on business, sir?" he said. "I am at a loss to know what that business can possibly be."

The unconcealed curiosity with which he looked hard in my face while he spoke convinced me that I had passed unnoticed by him at the opera. He had seen Pesca first; and from that moment, till he had left the theatre, he had evidently seen nothing else. My name would necessarily suggest to him that I had not come into his house with other than a hostile purpose toward himself; but he appeared to be utterly ignorant, thus far, of the real nature of my errand.

"I am fortunate in finding you here to-night," I said. "You seem to be on the point of taking a journey?"

"Is your business connected with my journey?"

"In some degree."

"In what degree? Do you know where I am going to?"

"No. I only know why you are leaving London."

He slipped by me with the quickness of thought; locked the door of the room; and put the key in his pocket.

"You and I, Mr. Hartright, are excellently well acquainted with one another by reputation," he said. "Did it, by any chance, occur to you when you came to this house that I was not the sort of man you could trifle with?"

"It did occur to me," I replied. "And I have not come to trifle with you. I am here on a matter of life and death — and if that door which you have locked was open at this moment, nothing you could say or do would induce me to pass through it."

I walked farther into the room and stood opposite to him, on the rug before the fire-place. He drew a chair in front of the door, and sat down on it, with his left arm resting on the table. The cage with the white mice was close to him; and the little creatures scampered out of their sleeping-place, as his heavy arm shook the table, and peered at him through the gaps in the smartly-painted wires.

"On a matter of life and death?" he repeated to himself. "Those words are more serious, perhaps, than you think. What do you mean?"

"What I say."

The perspiration broke out thickly on his broad forehead. His left hand stole over the edge of the table. There was a drawer in it, with a lock, and the key was in the lock. His finger and thumb closed over the key, but did not turn it.

"So you know why I am leaving London?" he went on. "Tell me the reason, if you please." He turned the key, and unlocked the drawer as he spoke.

"I can do better than that," I replied; "I can *show* you the reason, if you like."

"How can you show it?"

"You have got your coat off," I said. "Roll up the shirt-sleeve on your left arm, and you will see it there."

The same livid, leaden change passed over his face, which I had seen pass over it at the theatre. The deadly glitter in his eyes shone steady and straight into mine. He said nothing. But his left hand slowly opened the table-drawer, and softly slipped into it. The harsh grating noise of something heavy that he was moving, unseen to me, sounded for a moment — then ceased. The silence that followed was so intense, that the faint ticking nibble of the white mice at their wires was distinctly audible where I stood.

My life hung by a thread, and I knew it. At that final moment I thought with *his* mind; I felt with *his* fingers; I was as certain, as if I had seen it, of what he kept hidden from me in the drawer.

"Wait a little," I said. "You have got the door locked — you see I don't move — you see my hands are empty. Wait a little. I have something more to say."

"You have said enough," he replied, with a sudden composure, so unnatural and so ghastly, that it tried my nerves as no outbreak of violence could have tried them. "I want one moment for my own thoughts, if you please. Do you guess what I am thinking about?

"Perhaps I do."

"I am thinking," he remarked, quietly, "whether I shall add to the disorder in this room by scattering your brains about the fire-place."

If I had moved at that moment, I saw in his face that he would have done it.

"I advise you to read two lines of writing which I have about me," I rejoined, "before you finally decide that question."

The proposal appeared to excite his curiosity. He nodded his head. I took Pesca's acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter out of my pocket-book, handed it to him at arms-length, and returned to my former position in front of the fire-place.

He read the lines aloud: "Your letter is received. If I don't hear from you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

Another man in his position would have needed some explanation of these words — the Count felt no such necessity. One reading of the note showed him the precaution that I had taken, as plainly as if he had been present at the time when I adopted it. The expression of his face changed on the instant; and his hand came out of the drawer empty.

"I don't lock up my drawer, Mr. Hartright," he said; "and I don't say that I may not scatter your brains about the fire-place yet. But I am a just man, even to my enemy — and I will acknowledge beforehand that they are cleverer brains than I thought them. Come to the point, sir! You want something of me?"

"I do — and I mean to have it."

"On conditions?"

"On no conditions."

His hand dropped into the drawer again.

"Bah! we are travelling in a circle," he said; "and those clever brains of yours are in danger again. Your tone is deplorably imprudent, sir — moderate it on the spot! The risk of shooting you on the place where you stand is less to *me* than the risk of letting you out of this house except on conditions that I dictate and approve. You have not got my lamented friend to deal with now — you are face to face with Fosco! If the lives of twenty Mr. Hartrights were the stepping-stones to my safety, over all those stones I would go, sustained by my sublime indifference, self-balanced by my impenetrable calm. Respect me, if you love your own life! I summon you to answer three questions, before you open your lips again. Hear them — they are necessary to this interview. Answer them — they are necessary to ME." He held up one finger of his right hand. "First question?" he said. "You come here

possessed of information which may be true or may be false — where did you get it?"

"I decline to tell you."

"No matter: I shall find out. If that information is true — mind, I say, with the whole force of my resolution, *if* — you are making your market of it here by treachery of your own, or by treachery of some other man. I note that circumstance for future use in my memory, which forgets nothing, and proceed." He held up another finger. "Second question! Those lines you invited me to read are without signature. Who wrote them?"

"A man whom *I* have every reason to depend on; and whom *you* have every reason to fear."

My answer reached him to some purpose. His left hand trembled audibly in the drawer.

"How long do you give me," he asked, putting his third question in a quieter tone, "before the clock strikes and the seal is broken?"

"Time enough for you to come to my terms," I replied.

"Give me a plainer answer, Mr. Hartright. What hour is the clock to strike?"

"Nine to-morrow morning."

"Nine to-morrow morning? Yes, yes — your trap is laid for me before I can get my passport regulated and leave London. It is not earlier, I suppose? We will see about that presently — I can keep you hostage here, and bargain with you to send for your letter before I let you go. In the meantime, be so good, next, as to mention your terms."

"You shall hear them. They are simple, and soon stated. You know whose interests I represent in coming here?"

He smiled with the most supreme composure, and carelessly waved his right hand.

"I consent to hazard a guess," he said, jeeringly. "A lady's interests, of course!"

"My wife's interests."

He looked at me with the first honest expression that had crossed his face in my presence — an expression of blank amazement. I could see that I sank in his estimation, as a dangerous man, from that moment. He shut up the drawer at once, folded his arms over his breast, and listened to me with a smile of satirical attention.

"You are well enough aware," I went on, "of the course which my inquiries have taken for many months past, to know

that any attempted denial of plain facts will be quite useless in my presence. You are guilty of an infamous conspiracy. And the gain of a fortune of ten thousand pounds was your motive for it."

He said nothing. But his face became overclouded suddenly by a lowering anxiety.

"Keep your gain," I said. (His face lightened again immediately, and his eyes opened on me in wider and wider astonishment.) "I am not here to disgrace myself by bargaining for money which has passed through your hands, and which has been the price of a vile crime —"

"Gently, Mr. Hartright. Your moral claptraps have an excellent effect in England — keep them for yourself and your countrymen, if you please. The ten thousand pounds was a legacy left to my excellent wife by the late Mr. Fairlie. Place the affair on those grounds, and I will discuss it if you like. To a man of my sentiments, however, the subject is deplorably sordid. I prefer to pass it over. I invite you to resume the discussion of your terms. What do you demand?"

"In the first place, I demand a full confession of the conspiracy, written and signed in my presence, by yourself."

He raised his finger again. "One!" he said, checking me off with the steady attention of a practical man.

"In the second place, I demand a plain proof, which does not depend on your personal asseveration, of the date at which my wife left Blackwater Park and travelled to London."

"So! so! you can lay your finger, I see, on the weak place," he remarked, composedly. "Any more?"

"At present, no more."

"Good! you have mentioned your terms; now listen to mine. The responsibility to myself of admitting what you are pleased to call the 'conspiracy' is less, perhaps, upon the whole, than the responsibility of laying you dead on that hearth-rug. Let us say that I meet your proposal — on my own conditions. The statement you demand of me shall be written; and the plain proof shall be produced. You call a letter from my late lamented friend, informing me of the day and hour of his wife's arrival in London, written, signed, and dated by himself, a proof, I suppose? I can give you this. I can also send you to the man of whom I hired the carriage to fetch my visitor from the railway on the day when she arrived — his order-book may help you to your date, even if his coachman who drove me proves to be

of no use. These things I can do, and will do, on conditions. I recite them. First condition! Madame Fosco and I leave this house when and how we please, without interference of any kind on your part. Second condition! You wait here, in company with me, to see my agent who is coming at seven o'clock in the morning to regulate my affairs. You give my agent a written order to the man who has got your sealed letter to resign his possession of it. You wait here till my agent places that letter unopened in my hands; and you then allow me one clear half-hour to leave the house — after which you resume your own freedom of action, and go where you please. Third condition! You give me the satisfaction of a gentleman for your intrusion into my private affairs, and for the language you have allowed yourself to use to me at this conference. The time and place, abroad, to be fixed in a letter from my hand when I am safe on the Continent; and that letter to contain a strip of paper measuring accurately the length of my sword. These are *my* terms. Inform me if you accept them — Yes or No."

The extraordinary mixture of prompt decision, far-sighted cunning, and mountebank bravado in this speech staggered me for a moment — and only for a moment. The one question to consider was, whether I was justified or not in possessing myself of the means of establishing Laura's identity, at the cost of allowing the scoundrel who had robbed her of it to escape me with impunity. I knew that the motive of securing the just recognition of my wife in the birthplace from which she had been driven out as an impostor, and of publicly erasing the lie that still profaned her mother's tombstone, was far purer, in its freedom from all taint of evil passion, than the vindictive motive which had mingled itself with my purpose from the first. And yet I cannot honestly say that my own moral convictions were strong enough to decide the struggle in me by themselves. They were helped by my remembrance of Sir Percival's death. How awfully, at the last moment, had the working of the retribution *there* been snatched from my feeble hands! What right had I to decide, in my poor mortal ignorance of the future, that this man, too, must escape with impunity because he escaped *me?* I thought of these things — perhaps with the superstition inherent in my nature; perhaps with a sense worthier of me than superstition. It was hard, when I had fastened my hold on him at last, to loosen it again of my own accord, but I forced myself

to make the sacrifice. In plainer words, I determined to be guided by the one higher motive of which I was certain, the motive of serving the cause of Laura and the cause of Truth.

"I accept your conditions," I said. "With one reservation, on my part."

"What reservation may that be?" he asked.

"It refers to the sealed letter," I answered. "I require you to destroy it, unopened, in my presence, as soon as it is placed in your hands."

My object in making this stipulation was simply to prevent him from carrying away written evidence of the nature of my communication with Pesca. The *fact* of my communication he would necessarily discover when I gave the address to his agent in the morning. But he could make no use of it, on his own unsupported testimony — even if he really ventured to try the experiment — which need excite in me the slightest apprehension on Pesca's account.

"I grant your reservation," he replied, after considering the question gravely for a minute or two. "It is not worth dispute — the letter shall be destroyed when it comes into my hands."

He rose, as he spoke, from the chair in which he had been sitting opposite to me up to this time. With one effort he appeared to free his mind from the whole pressure on it of the interview between us thus far. "Ouf!" he cried, stretching his arms luxuriously; "the skirmish was hot while it lasted. Take a seat, Mr. Hartright. We meet as mortal enemies hereafter — let us, like gallant gentlemen, exchange polite attentions in the meantime. Permit me to take the liberty of calling for my wife."

He unlocked and opened the door. "Eleanor!" he called out, in his deep voice. The lady of the viperish face came in. "Madame Fosco — Mr. Hartright," said the Count, introducing us with easy dignity. "My angel," he went on, addressing his wife, "will your labors of packing up allow you time to make me some nice strong coffee? I have writing-business to transact with Mr. Hartright — and I require the full possession of my intelligence to do justice to myself."

Madame Fosco bowed her head twice — once sternly to me; once submissively to her husband — and glided out of the room.

The Count walked to a writing table near the window, opened his desk, and took from it several quires of paper and a bundle of quill pens. He scattered the pens about the table, so that

they might lie ready in all directions to be taken up when wanted, and then cut the paper into a heap of narrow slips, of the form used by professional writers for the press. "I shall make this a remarkable document," he said, looking at me over his shoulder. "Habits of literary composition are perfectly familiar to me. One of the rarest of all the intellectual accomplishments that a man can possess is the grand faculty of arranging his ideas. Immense privilege! I possess it. Do you?"

He marched backward and forward in the room until the coffee appeared, humming to himself, and marking the places at which obstacles occurred in the arrangement of his ideas, by striking his forehead from time to time with the palm of his hand. The enormous audacity with which he seized on the situation in which I had placed him, and made it the pedestal on which his vanity mounted for the one cherished purpose of self-display, mastered my astonishment by main force. Sincerely as I loathed the man, the prodigious strength of his character, even in its most trivial aspects, impressed me in spite of myself.

The coffee was brought in by Madame Fosco. He kissed her hand in grateful acknowledgment, and escorted her to the door; returned, poured out a cup of coffee for himself, and took it to the writing-table.

"May I offer you some coffee, Mr. Hartright?" he said, before he sat down.

I declined.

"What! you think I shall poison you?" he said, gayly. "The English intellect is sound so far as it goes," he continued, seating himself at the table; "but it has one grave defect — it is always cautious in the wrong place."

He dipped his pen in the ink; placed the first slip of paper before him with a thump of his hand on the desk; cleared his throat; and began. He wrote with great noise and rapidity, in so large and bold a hand, and with such wide spaces between the lines, that he reached the bottom of the slip in not more than two minutes certainly from the time when he started at the top. Each slip, as he finished it, was paged and tossed over his shoulder, out of his way, on the floor. When his first pen was worn out, *that* went over his shoulder too; and he pounced on a second from the supply scattered about the table. Slip after slip, by dozens, by fifties, by hundreds, flew over his shoulders on either side of him, till he had snowed himself up

in paper all round his chair. Hour after hour passed — and there I sat, watching; there he sat, writing. He never stopped, except to sip his coffee; and when that was exhausted, to smack his forehead from time to time. One o'clock struck, two, three, four — and still the slips flew about all round him; still the untiring pen scraped its way ceaselessly from top to bottom of the page; still the white chaos of paper rose higher and higher all round his chair. At four o'clock I heard a sudden splutter of the pen, indicative of the flourish with which he signed his name. "Bravo!" he cried, springing to his feet with the activity of a young man, and looking me straight in the face with a smile of superb triumph.

"Done, Mr. Hartright!" he announced, with a self-renovating thump of his fist on his broad breast. "Done, to my own profound satisfaction — to *your* profound astonishment, when you read what I have written. The subject is exhausted: the man — Fosco — is not. I proceed to the arrangement of my slips, to the revision of my slips, to the reading of my slips — addressed, emphatically, to your private ear. Four o'clock has just struck. Good! Arrangement, revision, reading from four to five. Short snooze of restoration for myself, from five to six. Final preparations, from six to seven. Affair of agent and sealed letter, from seven to eight. At eight, *en route*. Behold the programme!"

He sat down cross-legged on the floor among his papers; strung them together with a bodkin and a piece of string; revised them; wrote all the titles and honors by which he was personally distinguished at the head of the first page; and then read the manuscript to me, with loud theatrical emphasis and profuse theatrical gesticulation. The reader will have an opportunity ere long of forming his own opinion of the document. It will be sufficient to mention here that it answered my purpose.

He next wrote me the address of the person from whom he had hired the fly, and handed me Sir Percival's letter. It was dated from Hampshire on the 25th of July; and it announced the journey of "Lady Glyde" to London, on the 26th. Thus, on the very day (the 25th) when the doctor's certificate declared that she had died in St. John's Wood, she was alive, by Sir Percival's own showing, at Blackwater — and on the day after she was to take a journey! When the proof of that journey was obtained from the flyman, the evidence would be complete.

"A quarter past five," said the Count, looking at his watch. "Time for my restorative snooze. I personally resemble Napoleon the Great, as you may have remarked, Mr. Hartright — I also resemble that immortal man in my power of commanding sleep at will. Excuse me one moment. I will summon Madame Fosco, to keep you from feeling dull."

Knowing as well as he did that he was summoning Madame Fosco to insure my not leaving the house while he was asleep, I made no reply, and occupied myself in tying up the papers which he had placed in my possession.

The lady came in, cool, pale, and venomous as ever. "Amuse Mr. Hartright, my angel," said the Count. He placed a chair for her, kissed her hand for the second time, withdrew to a sofa, and in three minutes was as peacefully and happily asleep as the most virtuous man in existence.

Madame Fosco took a book from the table, sat down, and looked at me, with the steady, vindictive malice of a woman who never forgot and never forgave.

"I have been listening to your conversation with my husband," she said. "If I had been in *his* place *I* would have laid you dead on the hearth-rug."

With those words, she opened her book; and never looked at me, or spoke to me, from that time till the time when her husband woke.

He opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, accurately to an hour from the time when he had gone to sleep.

"I feel infinitely refreshed," he remarked. "Eleanor, my good wife, are you all ready upstairs? That is well. My little packing here can be completed in ten minutes — my travelling-dress assumed in ten minutes more. What remains, before the agent comes?" He looked about the room, and noticed the cage with his white mice in it. "Ah!" he cried, piteously; "a last laceration of my sympathies still remains. My innocent pets! my little cherished children! what am I to do with them? For the present, we are settled nowhere; for the present, we travel incessantly — the less baggage we carry, the better for ourselves. My cockatoo, my canaries, and my little mice, who will cherish them when their good Papa is gone?"

He walked about the room, deep in thought. He had not been at all troubled about writing his confession, but he was visibly perplexed and distressed about the far more important

question of the disposal of his pets. After long consideration, he suddenly sat down again at the writing-table.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "I will offer my canaries and my cockatoo to this vast Metropolis — my agent shall present them, in my name, to the Zoölogical Gardens of London. The Document that describes them shall be drawn out on the spot."

He began to write, repeating the words as they flowed from his pen.

"Number One. Cockatoo of transcendent plumage: attraction of himself to all visitors of taste. Number Two. Canaries of unrivalled vivacity and intelligence; worthy of the garden of Eden, worthy also of the garden in the Regent's Park. Homage to British Zoölogy. Offered by Fosco."

The pen spluttered again, and the flourish was attached to his signature.

"Count! you have not included the mice," said Madame Fosco.

He left the table, took her hand, and placed it on his heart.

"All human resolution, Eleanor," he said, solemnly, "has its limits. My limits are inscribed on that Document. I cannot part with my white mice. Bear with me, my angel, and remove them to their travelling-cage upstairs."

"Admirable tenderness!" said Madame Fosco, admiring her husband with a last viperish look in my direction. She took up the cage carefully, and left the room.

The Count looked at his watch. In spite of his resolute assumption of composure, he was getting anxious for the agent's arrival. The candles had long since been extinguished, and the sunlight of the new morning poured into the room. It was not till five minutes past seven that the gate-bell rang, and the agent made his appearance. He was a foreigner, with a dark beard.

"Mr. Hartright — Monsieur Rubelle," said the Count, introducing us. He took the agent (a foreign spy, in every line of his face, if ever there was one yet) into a corner of the room, whispered some directions to him, and then left us together. "Monsieur Rubelle," as soon as we were alone, suggested, with great politeness, that I should favor him with his instructions. I wrote two lines to Pesca, authorizing him to deliver my sealed letter "to the bearer," directed the note, and handed it to Monsieur Rubelle.

The agent waited with me till his employer returned,

equipped in travelling costume. The Count examined the address of my letter before he dismissed the agent. "I thought so!" he said, turning on me with a dark look, and altering again in his manner from that moment.

He completed his packing, and then sat consulting a travelling-map, making entries in his pocket-book, and looking every now and then impatiently at his watch. Not another word, addressed to myself, passed his lips. The near approach of the hour for his departure, and the proof he had seen of the communication established between Pesca and myself, had plainly recalled his whole attention to the measures that were necessary for securing his escape.

A little before eight o'clock Monsieur Rubelle came back, with my unopened letter in his hand. The Count looked carefully at the superscription and the seal, lit a candle, and burned the letter. "I perform my promise," he said; "but this matter, Mr. Hartright, shall not end here."

The agent had kept at the door the cab in which he had returned. He and the maid-servant now busied themselves in removing the luggage. Madame Fosco came downstairs, thickly veiled, with the travelling-cage of the white mice in her hand. She neither spoke to me nor looked toward me. Her husband escorted her to the cab. "Follow me as far as the passage," he whispered in my ear; "I may want to speak to you at the last moment."

I went out to the door, the agent standing below me in the front garden. The Count came back alone, and drew me a few steps inside the passage.

"Remember the Third condition!" he whispered. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Hartright — I may claim from you the satisfaction of a gentleman sooner than you think for." He caught my hand before I was aware of him, and wrung it hard — then turned to the door, stopped, and came back to me again.

"One word more," he said, confidentially. "When I last saw Miss Halcombe, she looked thin and ill. I am anxious about that admirable woman. Take care of her, sir! With my hand on my heart, I solemnly implore you, take care of Miss Halcombe!"

Those were the last words he said to me before he squeezed his huge body into the cab and drove off.

The agent and I waited at the door a few moments, looking

after him. While we were standing together, a second cab appeared from a turning a little way down the road. It followed the direction previously taken by the Count's cab; and, as it passed the house and the open garden-gate, a person inside looked at us out of the window. The stranger at the opera again! — the foreigner with the scar on his left cheek.

"You wait here with me, sir, for half an hour more!" said Monsieur Rubelle.

"I do."

We returned to the sitting-room. I was in no humor to speak to the agent, or to allow him to speak to me. I took out the papers which the Count had placed in my hands, and read the terrible story of the conspiracy told by the man who had planned and perpetrated it.

The Story continued by ISIDOR, OTTAVIO, BALDASSARE FOSCO; *Count of the Holy Roman Empire; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Brazen Crown; Perpetual Arch-Master of the Rosicrucian Masons of Mesopotamia; Attached (in Honorary Capacities) to Societies Musical, Societies Medical, Societies Philosophical, and Societies General Benevolent, throughout Europe; etc., etc., etc.*

The COUNT'S *Narrative.*

In the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty I arrived in England, charged with a delicate political mission from abroad. Confidential persons were semi-officially connected with me, whose exertions I was authorized to direct — Monsieur and Madame Rubelle being among the number. Some weeks of spare time were at my disposal, before I entered on my functions by establishing myself in the suburbs of London. Curiosity may stop here, to ask for some explanation of those functions on my part. I entirely sympathize with the request. I also regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to comply with it.

I arranged to pass the preliminary period of repose, to which I have just referred, in the superb mansion of my late lamented friend, Sir Percival Glyde. *He* arrived from the Continent with *his* wife, *I* arrived from the Continent with

mine. England is the land of domestic happiness — how appropriately we entered it under these domestic circumstances!

The bond of friendship which united Percival and myself was strengthened, on this occasion, by a touching similarity in the pecuniary position, on his side and on mine. We both wanted money. Immense necessity! Universal want! Is there a civilized human being who does not feel for us? How insensible must that man be! Or how rich!

I enter into no sordid particulars in discussing this part of the subject. My mind recoils from them. With a Roman austerity, I show my empty purse and Percival's to the shrinking public gaze. Let us allow the deplorable fact to assert itself, once for all, in that manner, and pass on.

We were received at the mansion by the magnificent creature who is inscribed on my heart as "Marian" — who is known in the colder atmosphere of Society as "Miss Halcombe."

Just Heaven! with what inconceivable rapidity I learned to adore that woman. At sixty, I worshipped her with the volcanic ardor of eighteen. All the gold of my rich nature was poured hopelessly at her feet. My wife — poor angel! — my wife who adores me, got nothing but the shillings and the pennies. Such is the World; such Man; such Love. What are we (I ask) but puppets in a show-box? Oh, omnipotent Destiny, pull our strings gently! Dance us mercifully off our miserable little stage!

The preceding lines, rightly understood, express an entire system of philosophy. It is Mine.

I resume.

The domestic position at the commencement of our residence at Blackwater Park has been drawn with amazing accuracy, with profound mental insight, by the hand of Marian herself. (Pass me the intoxicating familiarity of mentioning this sublime creature by her Christian name.) Accurate knowledge of the contents of her journal — to which I obtained access by clandestine means, unspeakably precious to me in the remembrance — warns my eager pen from topics which this essentially exhaustive woman has already made her own.

The interests — interests, breathless and immense! — with which I am here concerned, begin with the deplorable calamity of Marian's illness.

The situation at this period was, emphatically, a serious

one. Large sums of money, due at a certain time, were wanted by Percival (I say nothing of the modicum equally necessary to myself); and the one source to look to for supplying them was the fortune of his wife, of which not one farthing was at his disposal until her death. Bad, so far; and worse still further on. My lamented friend had private troubles of his own, into which the delicacy of my disinterested attachment to him forbade me from inquiring too curiously. I knew nothing but that a woman, named Anne Catherick, was hidden in the neighborhood; that she was in communication with Lady Glyde; and that the disclosure of a secret, which would be the certain ruin of Percival, might be the result. He had told me himself that he was a lost man, unless his wife was silenced, and unless Anne Catherick was found. If he was a lost man, what would become of our pecuniary interests? Courageous as I am by nature, I absolutely trembled at the idea!

The whole force of my intelligence was now directed to the finding of Anne Catherick. Our money affairs, important as they were, admitted of delay — but the necessity of discovering the woman admitted of none. I only knew her, by description, as presenting an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde. The statement of this curious fact — intended merely to assist me in identifying the person of whom we were in search — when coupled with the additional information that Anne Catherick had escaped from a mad-house, started the first immense conception in my mind, which subsequently led to such amazing results. That conception involved nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick were to change names, places, and destinies, the one with the other — the prodigious consequences contemplated by the change being the gain of thirty thousand pounds, and the eternal preservation of Sir Percival's secret.

My instincts (which seldom err) suggested to me, on reviewing the circumstances, that our invisible Anne would, sooner or later, return to the boat-house at Blackwater Lake. There I posted myself; previously mentioning to Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, that I might be found when wanted, immersed in study, in that solitary place. It is my rule never to make unnecessary mysteries, and never to set people suspecting me for want of a little seasonable candor on my part. Mrs. Michelson believed in me from first to last. This ladylike person

(widow of a Protestant priest) overflowed with faith. Touched by such superfluity of simple confidence, in a woman of her mature years, I opened the ample reservoirs of my nature, and absorbed it all.

I was rewarded for posting myself sentinel at the lake by the appearance — not of Anne Catherick herself, but of the person in charge of her. This individual also overflowed with simple faith, which I absorbed in myself, as in the case already mentioned. I leave her to describe the circumstances (if she has not done so already) under which she introduces me to the object of her maternal care. When I first saw Anne Catherick, she was asleep. I was electrified by the likeness between this unhappy woman and Lady Glyde. The details of the grand scheme, which had suggested themselves in outline only, up to that period, occurred to me, in all their masterly combination, at the sight of the sleeping face. At the same time, my heart, always accessible to tender influences, dissolved in tears at the spectacle of suffering before me. I instantly set myself to impart relief. In other words, I provided the necessary stimulant for strengthening Anne Catherick to perform the journey to London.

At this point, I enter a necessary protest, and correct a lamentable error.

The best years of my life have been passed in the ardent study of medical and chemical science. Chemistry, especially, has always had irresistible attractions for me, from the enormous, the illimitable power which the knowledge of it confers. Chemists, I assert it emphatically, might sway, if they pleased, the destinies of humanity. Let me explain this before I go further.

Mind, they say, rules the world. But what rules the mind? The body. The body (follow me closely here) lies at the mercy of the most omnipotent of all potentates — the Chemist. Give me — Fosco — chemistry; and when Shakespeare has conceived Hamlet, and sits down to execute the conception — with a few grains of powder dropped into his daily food, I will reduce his mind, by the action of his body, till his pen pours out the most abject drivel that has ever degraded paper. Under similar circumstances, revive me the illustrious Newton. I guarantee that, when he sees the apple fall, he shall *eat it*, instead of discovering the principle of gravitation. Nero's dinner shall

transform Nero into the mildest of men before he has done digesting it; and the morning draught of Alexander the Great shall make Alexander run for his life, at the first sight of the enemy, the same afternoon. On my sacred word of honor, it is lucky for society that modern chemists are, by incomprehensible good fortune, the most harmless of mankind. The mass are worthy fathers of families who keep shops. The few are philosophers besotted with admiration for the sound of their own lecturing voices; visionaries who waste their lives on fantastic impossibilities; or quacks whose ambition soars no higher than our corns. Thus Society escapes; and the illimitable power of Chemistry remains the slave of the most superficial and the most insignificant ends.

Why this outburst? Why this withering eloquence?

Because my conduct has been misrepresented; because my motives have been misunderstood. It has been assumed that I used my vast chemical resources against Anne Catherick; and that I would have used them, if I could, against the magnificent Marian herself. Odious insinuations both! All my interests were concerned (as will be seen presently) in the preservation of Anne Catherick's life. All my anxieties were concentrated on Marian's rescue from the hands of the licensed Imbecile who attended her; and who found my advice confirmed, from first to last, by the physician from London. On two occasions only — both equally harmless to the individual on whom I practised — did I summon to myself the assistance of chemical knowledge. On the first of the two, after following Marian to the Inn at Blackwater (studying, behind the convenient wagon which hid me from her, the poetry of motion, as embodied in her walk), I availed myself of the services of my invaluable wife to copy one and to intercept the other of two letters which my adored enemy had intrusted to a discarded maid. In this case, the letters being in the bosom of the girl's dress, Madame Fosco could only open them, read them, perform her instructions, seal them, and put them back again, by scientific assistance — which assistance I rendered in a half-ounce bottle. The second occasion when the same means were employed was the occasion (to which I shall soon refer) of Lady Glyde's arrival in London. Never, at any other time, was I indebted to my Art, as distinguished from myself. To all other emergencies and complications my natural capacity for grappling, single-handed, with circumstances, was invariably equal. I

affirm the all-pervading intelligence of that capacity. At the expense of the Chemist, I vindicate the Man.

Respect this outburst of generous indignation. It has inexpressibly relieved me. *En route!* Let us proceed.

Having suggested to Mrs. Clement (or Clements, I am not sure which) that the best method of keeping Anne out of Percival's reach was to remove her to London; having found that my proposal was eagerly received; and having appointed a day to meet the travellers at the station, and to see them leave it —I was at liberty to return to the house, and to confront the difficulties which still remained to be met.

My first proceeding was to avail myself of the sublime devotion of my wife. I had arranged with Mrs. Clements that she should communicate her London address, in Anne's interests, to Lady Glyde. But this was not enough. Designing persons, in my absence, might shake the simple confidence of Mrs. Clements, and she might not write after all. Who could I find capable of travelling to London by the train she travelled by, and of privately seeing her home? I asked myself this question. The conjugal part of me immediately answered — Madame Fosco.

After deciding on my wife's mission to London, I arranged that the journey should serve a double purpose. A nurse for the suffering Marian, equally devoted to the patient and to myself, was a necessity of my position. One of the most eminently confidential and capable women in existence was, by good fortune, at my disposal. I refer to that respectable matron, Madame Rubelle — to whom I addressed a letter, at her residence in London, by the hands of my wife.

On the appointed day Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick met me at the station. I politely saw them off. I politely saw Madame Fosco off by the same train. The last thing at night my wife returned to Blackwater, having followed her instructions with the most unimpeachable accuracy. She was accompanied by Madame Rubelle, and she brought me the London address of Mrs. Clements. After-events proved this last precaution to have been unnecessary. Mrs. Clements punctually informed Lady Glyde of her place of abode. With a wary eye on future emergencies, I kept the letter.

The same day I had a brief interview with the doctor, at which I protested, in the sacred interests of humanity, against

his treatment of Marian's case. He was insolent, as all ignorant people are. I showed no resentment; I deferred quarrelling with him till it was necessary to quarrel to some purpose.

My next proceeding was to leave Blackwater myself. I had my London residence to take, in anticipation of coming events. I had also a little business, of the domestic sort, to transact with Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I found the house I wanted in St. John's Wood. I found Mr. Fairlie at Limmeridge, Cumberland.

My own private familiarity with the nature of Marian's correspondence had previously informed me that she had written to Mr. Fairlie, proposing, as a relief to Lady Glyde's matrimonial embarrassments, to take her on a visit to her uncle in Cumberland. This letter I had wisely allowed to reach its destination, feeling, at the time, that it could do no harm, and might do good. I now presented myself before Mr. Fairlie, to support Marian's own proposal, with certain modifications which, happily for the success of my plans, were rendered really inevitable by her illness. It was necessary that Lady Glyde should leave Blackwater alone, by her uncle's invitation, and that she should rest a night on the journey at her aunt's house (the house I had in St. John's Wood), by her uncle's express advice. To achieve these results, and to secure a note of invitation which could be shown to Lady Glyde, were the objects of my visit to Mr. Fairlie. When I have mentioned that this gentleman was equally feeble in mind and body, and that I let loose the whole force of my character on him, I have said enough. I came, saw, and conquered Fairlie.

On my return to Blackwater Park (with the letter of invitation) I found that the doctor's imbecile treatment of Marian's case had led to the most alarming results. The fever had turned to typhus. Lady Glyde, on the day of my return, tried to force herself into the room to nurse her sister. She and I had no affinities of sympathy; she had committed the unpardonable outrage on my sensibilities of calling me a Spy; she was a stumbling-block in my way and in Percival's — but, for all that, my magnanimity forbade me to put her in danger of infection with my own hand. At the same time I offered no hinderance to her putting herself in danger. If she had succeeded in doing so, the intricate knot which I was slowly and patiently operating on might perhaps have been cut by circumstances. As it was, the doctor interfered, and she was kept out of the room.

I had myself previously recommended sending for advice to London. This course had been now taken. The physician, on his arrival, confirmed my view of the case. The crisis was serious. But we had hope of our charming patient on the fifth day from the appearance of the typhus. I was only once absent from Blackwater at this time — when I went to London by the morning train, to make the final arrangements at my house in St. John's Wood; to assure myself, by private inquiry, that Mrs. Clements had not moved; and to settle one or two little preliminary matters with the husband of Madame Rubelle. I returned at night. Five days afterward, the physician pronounced our interesting Marian to be out of all danger, and to be in need of nothing but careful nursing. This was the time I had waited for. Now that medical attendance was no longer indispensable, I played the first move in the game by asserting myself against the doctor. He was one among many witnesses in my way whom it was necessary to remove. A lively altercation between us (in which Percival, previously instructed by me, refused to interfere) served the purpose in view. I descended on the miserable man in an irresistible avalanche of indignation, and swept him from the house.

The servants were the next incumbrances to get rid of. Again I instructed Percival (whose moral courage required perpetual stimulants), and Mrs. Michelson was amazed one day by hearing from her master that the establishment was to be broken up. We cleared the house of all the servants but one, who was kept for domestic purposes, and whose lumpish stupidity we could trust to make no embarrassing discoveries. When they were gone, nothing remained but to relieve ourselves of Mrs. Michelson — a result which was easily achieved by sending this amiable lady to find lodgings for her mistress at the sea-side.

The circumstances were now — exactly what they were required to be. Lady Glyde was confined to her room by nervous illness; and the lumpish house-maid (I forget her name) was shut up there at night, in attendance on her mistress. Marian, though fast recovering, still kept her bed, with Mrs. Rubelle for nurse. No other living creatures but my wife, myself, and Percival were in the house. With all the chances thus in our favor, I confronted the next emergency, and played the second move in the game.

The object of the second move was to induce Lady Glyde to

leave Blackwater, unaccompanied by her sister. Unless we could persuade her that Marian had gone on to Cumberland first, there was no chance of removing her, of her own free-will, from the house. To produce this necessary operation in her mind, we concealed our interesting invalid in one of the uninhabited bedrooms at Blackwater. At the dead of night, Madame Fosco, Madame Rubelle, and myself (Percival not being cool enough to be trusted), accomplished the concealment. The scene was picturesque, mysterious, dramatic, in the highest degree. By my directions, the bed had been made in the morning on a strong movable frame-work of wood. We had only to lift the frame-work gently at the head and foot, and to transport our patient where we pleased, without disturbing herself or her bed. No chemical assistance was needed, or used, in this case. Our interesting Marian lay in the deep repose of convalescence. We placed the candles and opened the doors, beforehand. I, in right of my great personal strength, took the head of the frame-work — my wife and Madame Rubelle took the foot. I bore my share of that inestimably precious burden with a manly tenderness, with a fatherly care. Where is the modern Rembrandt who could depict our midnight procession? Alas for the Arts! alas for this most pictorial of subjects! the modern Rembrandt is nowhere to be found.

The next morning my wife and I started for London, leaving Marian secluded, in the uninhabited middle of the house, under care of Madame Rubelle, who kindly consented to imprison herself with her patient for two or three days. Before taking our departure, I gave Percival Mr. Fairlie's letter of invitation to his niece (instructing her to sleep on the journey to Cumberland at her aunt's house), with directions to show it to Lady Glyde on hearing from me. I also obtained from him the address of the Asylum in which Anne Catherick had been confined, and a letter to the proprietor, announcing to that gentleman the return of his runaway patient to medical care.

I had arranged, at my last visit to the metropolis, to have our modest domestic establishment ready to receive us when we arrived in London by the early train. In consequence of this wise precaution, we were enabled that same day to play the third move in the game — the getting possession of Anne Catherick.

Dates are of importance here. I combine in myself the opposite characteristics of a Man of Sentiment and a Man of Business. I have all the dates at my fingers' ends.

On Wednesday, the 24th of July, 1850, I sent my wife, in a cab, to clear Mrs. Clements out of the way, in the first place. A supposed message from Lady Glyde in London was sufficient to obtain this result. Mrs. Clements was taken away in the cab, and was left in the cab, while my wife (on pretence of purchasing something at a shop) gave her the slip, and returned to receive her expected visitor at our house in St. John's Wood. It is hardly necessary to add that the visitor had been described to the servants as "Lady Glyde."

In the meanwhile I had followed in another cab, with a note for Anne Catherick, merely mentioning that Lady Glyde intended to keep Mrs. Clements to spend the day with her, and that she was to join them, under care of the good gentleman waiting outside, who had already saved her from discovery in Hampshire by Sir Percival. The "good gentleman" sent in this note by a street boy, and paused for results a door or two farther on. At the moment when Anne appeared at the house door and closed it, this excellent man had the cab door open ready for her — absorbed her into the vehicle — and drove off.

(Pass me, here, one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting this is!)

On the way to Forest Road my companion showed no fear. I can be paternal — no man more so — when I please; and I was intensely paternal on this occasion. What titles I had to her confidence! I had compounded the medicine which had done her good; I had warned her of her danger from Sir Percival. Perhaps I trusted too implicitly to these titles; perhaps I underrated the keenness of the lower instincts in persons of weak intellect — it is certain that I neglected to prepare her sufficiently for a disappointment on entering my house. When I took her into the drawing-room — when she saw no one present but Madame Fosco, who was a stranger to her — she exhibited the most violent agitation: if she had scented danger in the air, as a dog scents the presence of some creature unseen, her alarm could not have displayed itself more suddenly and more causelessly. I interposed in vain. The fear from which she was suffering I might have soothed — but the serious heart disease, under which she labored, was beyond the reach of all moral palliatives. To my unspeakable horror, she was seized

with convulsions — a shock to the system, in her condition, which might have laid her dead at any moment at our feet.

The nearest doctor was sent for, and was told that "Lady Glyde" required his immediate services. To my infinite relief, he was a capable man. I represented my visitor to him as a person of weak intellect, and subject to delusions; and I arranged that no nurse but my wife should watch in the sick-room. The unhappy woman was too ill, however, to cause any anxiety about what she might say. The one dread which now oppressed me was the dread that the false Lady Glyde might die before the true Lady Glyde arrived in London.

I had written a note in the morning to Madame Rubelle, telling her to join me at her husband's house on the evening of Friday, the 26th; with another note to Percival, warning him to show his wife her uncle's letter of invitation, to assert that Marian had gone on before her, and to dispatch her to town by the midday train on the 26th also. On reflection, I had felt the necessity, in Anne Catherick's state of health, of precipitating events, and of having Lady Glyde at my disposal earlier than I had originally contemplated. What fresh directions, in the terrible uncertainty of my position, could I now issue? I could do nothing but trust to chance and the doctor. My emotions expressed themselves in pathetic apostrophes — which I was just self-possessed enough to couple, in the hearing of other people, with the name of "Lady Glyde." In all other respects, Fosco, on that memorable day, was Fosco shrouded in total eclipse.

She passed a bad night — she awoke worn out — but later in the day she revived amazingly. My elastic spirits revived with her. I could receive no answers from Percival and Madame Rubelle till the morning of the next day—the 26th. In anticipation of their following my directions, which, accident apart, I knew they would do, I went to secure a fly to fetch Lady Glyde from the railway; directing it to be at my house on the 26th, at two o'clock. After seeing the order entered in the book, I went on to arrange matters with Monsieur Rubelle. I also procured the services of two gentlemen who could furnish me with the necessary certificates of lunacy. One of them I knew personally; the other was known to Monsieur Rubelle. Both were men whose vigorous minds soared superior to narrow scruples — both were laboring under temporary embarrassments — both believed in ME.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before I returned from the performance of these duties. When I got back, Anne Catherick was dead. Dead on the 25th; and Lady Glyde was not to arrive in London till the 26th!

I was stunned. Meditate on that. Fosco stunned!

It was too late to retrace our steps. Before my return, the doctor had officiously undertaken to save me all trouble by registering the death on the date when it happened, with his own hand. My grand scheme, unassailable hitherto, had its weak place now — no efforts on my part could alter the fatal event of the 25th. I turned manfully to the future. Percival's interests and mine being still at stake, nothing was left but to play the game through to the end. I recalled my impenetrable calm — and played it.

On the morning of the 26th Percival's letter reached me, announcing his wife's arrival by the midday train. Madame Rubelle also wrote to say she would follow in the evening. I started in the fly, leaving the false Lady Glyde dead in the house, to receive the true Lady Glyde, on her arrival by the railway at three o'clock. Hidden under the seat of the carriage, I carried with me all the clothes Anne Catherick had worn on coming into my house — they were destined to assist the resurrection of the woman who was dead in the person of the woman who was living. What a situation! I suggest it to the rising romance writers of England. I offer it, as totally new, to the worn-out dramatists of France.

Lady Glyde was at the station. There was great crowding and confusion, and more delay than I liked (in case any of her friends had happened to be on the spot), in reclaiming her luggage. Her first questions, as we drove off, implored me to tell her news of her sister. I invented news of the most pacifying kind; assuring her that she was about to see her sister at my house. My house, on this occasion only, was in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and was in the occupation of Monsieur Rubelle, who received us in the hall.

I took my visitor upstairs into a back room; the two medical gentlemen being there in waiting on the floor beneath, to see the patient, and to give me their certificates. After quieting Lady Glyde by the necessary assurances about her sister, I introduced my friends, separately, to her presence. They performed the formalities of the occasion, briefly, intelligently, conscientiously. I entered the room again, as soon as they had

left it; and at once precipitated events by a reference, of the alarming kind, to "Miss Halcombe's" state of health.

Results followed as I had anticipated. Lady Glyde became frightened, and turned faint. For the second time, and the last, I called Science to my assistance. A medicated glass of water, and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts, relieved her of all further embarrassment and alarm. Additional applications, later in the evening, procured her the inestimable blessing of a good night's rest. Madame Rubelle arrived in time to preside at Lady Glyde's toilet. Her own clothes were taken away from her at night, and Anne Catherick's were put on her in the morning, with the strictest regard to propriety, by the matronly hands of the good Rubelle. Throughout the day I kept our patient in a state of partially-suspended consciousness, until the dexterous assistance of my medical friends enabled me to procure the necessary order rather earlier than I had ventured to hope. That evening (the evening of the 27th) Madame Rubelle and I took our revived "Anne Catherick" to the Asylum. She was received with great surprise — but without suspicion; thanks to the order and certificates, to Percival's letter, to the likeness, to the clothes, and to the patient's own confused mental condition at the time. I returned at once to assist Madame Fosco in the preparations for the burial of the false "Lady Glyde," having the clothes and luggage of the true "Lady Glyde" in my possession. They were afterward sent to Cumberland by the conveyance which was used for the funeral. I attended the funeral with becoming dignity, attired in the deepest mourning.

My narrative of these remarkable events, written under equally remarkable circumstances, closes here. The minor precautions which I observed in communicating with Limmeridge House are already known — so is the magnificent success of my enterprise — so are the solid pecuniary results which followed it. I have to assert, with the whole force of my conviction, that the one weak place in my scheme would never have been found out, if the one weak place in my heart had not been discovered first. Nothing but my fatal admiration for Marian restrained me from stepping in to my own rescue when she effected her sister's escape. I ran the risk, and trusted in the complete destruction of Lady Glyde's identity. If either Marian or Mr. Hartright attempted to assert that identity, they

would publicly expose themselves to the imputation of sustaining a rank deception; they would be distrusted and discredited accordingly; and they would, therefore, be powerless to place my interests, or Percival's secret, in jeopardy. I committed one error in trusting myself to such a blindfold calculation of chances as this. I committed another when Percival had paid the penalty of his own obstinacy and violence, by granting Lady Glyde a second reprieve from the mad-house, and allowing Mr. Hartright a second chance of escaping me. In brief, Fosco, at this serious crisis, was untrue to himself. Deplorable and uncharacteristic fault! Behold the cause, in my Heart — behold, in the image of Marian Halcombe, the first and last weakness of Fosco's life!

At the ripe age of sixty, I make this unparalleled confession. Youths! I invoke your sympathy. Maidens! I claim your tears.

A word more — and the attention of the reader (concentrated breathlessly on myself) shall be released.

My own mental insight informs me that three inevitable questions will be asked here by persons of inquiring minds. They shall be stated: they shall be answered.

First question. What is the secret of Madame Fosco's unhesitating devotion of herself to the fulfilment of my boldest wishes, to the furtherance of my deepest plans? I might answer this by simply referring to my own character, and by asking, in my turn: Where, in the history of the world, has a man of my order ever been found without a woman in the background, self-immolated on the altar of his life? But I remember that I am writing in England; I remember that I was married in England — and I ask, if a woman's marriage obligations in this country provide for her private opinion of her husband's principles? No! They charge her unreservedly to love, honor, and obey him. That is exactly what my wife has done. I stand here on a supreme moral elevation, and I loftily assert her accurate performance of her conjugal duties. Silence, Calumny! Your sympathy, Wives of England, for Madame Fosco!

Second question. If Anne Catherick had not died when she did, what should I have done? I should, in that case, have assisted worn-out Nature in finding permanent repose. I should have opened the doors of the Prison of Life, and have extended to the captive (incurably afflicted in mind and body both) a happy release.

Third question. On a calm revision of all the circumstances — Is my conduct worthy of any serious blame? Most emphatically, No! Have I not carefully avoided exposing myself to the odium of committing unnecessary crime? With my vast resources in chemistry, I might have taken Lady Glyde's life. At immense personal sacrifice, I followed the dictates of my own ingenuity, my own humanity, my own caution, and took her identity instead. Judge me by what I might have done. How comparatively innocent — how indirectly virtuous I appear, in what I really did!

I announced, on beginning it, that this narrative would be a remarkable document. It has entirely answered my expectations. Receive these fervid lines — my last legacy to the country I leave forever. They are worthy of the occasion, and worthy of Fosco.

The Sleep-Walking.

(From "The Moonstone")

[This episode is related by the physician in charge of Mr. Franklin Blake, whose good name he wishes to clear from a charge of fraud.]

Two o'clock A.M. — The experiment has been tried. With what result I am now to describe.

At eleven o'clock I rang the bell for Betteredge and told Mr. Blake that he might at last prepare himself for bed. . . . I followed Betteredge out of the room, and told him to remove the medicine chest into Miss Verinder's sitting-room.

The order seemed to take him completely by surprise. He looked as if he suspected me of some occult design on Miss Verinder! "Might I presume to ask," he said, "what my young lady and the medicine chest have got to do with each other?"

"Stay in the sitting-room and you will see."

Betteredge appeared to doubt his own unaided capacity to superintend me effectually, on an occasion when a medicine chest was included in the proceedings.

"Is there any objection, sir," he asked, "to taking Mr. Bruff into this part of the business?"

"Quite the contrary! I am now going to ask Mr. Bruff to accompany me downstairs." . . .

We found Miss Verinder pale and agitated, restlessly pacing her sitting-room from end to end. At a table in a corner stood Betteredge, on guard over the medicine chest. Mr. Bruff sat down on the first chair that he could find, and plunged back again into his papers on the spot.

Miss Verinder drew me aside, and reverted instantly to her one all-absorbing interest — the interest in Mr. Blake.

"How is he now?" she asked. "Is he nervous? Is he out of temper? Do you think it will succeed? Are you sure it will do no harm?"

"Quite sure. Come and see me measure it out."

"One moment. It is past eleven now. How long will it be before anything happens?"

"It is not easy to say. An hour, perhaps."

"I suppose the room must be dark, as it was last year?"

"Certainly."

"I shall wait in my bedroom — just as I did before. I shall keep the door a little way open. It was a little way open last year. I will watch the sitting-room door; and the moment it moves I will blow out my light. It all happened in that way on my birthday night. And it must all happen again in the same way, must n't it?"

"Are you sure you can control yourself, Miss Verinder?"

"In *his* interests I can do anything!" she answered fervently.

One look at her face told me I could trust her. I addressed myself again to Mr. Bruff.

"I must trouble you to put your papers aside for a moment," I said.

"Oh, certainly!" He got up with a start — as if I had disturbed him at a particularly interesting place — and followed me to the medicine chest. There, deprived of the breathless excitement incidental to the practice of his profession, he looked at Betteredge and yawned wearily.

Miss Verinder joined me with a glass jug of cold water which she had taken from a side table. "Let me pour out the water," she whispered; "I *must* have a hand in it!"

I measured out the forty minims from the bottle, and poured the laudanum into a glass. "Fill it till it is three parts full," I said, and handed the glass to Miss Verinder. I then directed Betteredge to lock up the medicine chest, informing him that I had done with it now. A look of unutterable relief overspread the old servant's countenance. He had evidently suspected me of a medical design on his young lady!

After adding the water as I had directed, Miss Verinder seized a moment — while Betteredge was locking the chest and while Mr. Bruff was looking back at his papers — and slyly

kissed the rim of the medicine glass. "When you give it to him," whispered the charming girl, "give it to him on that side."

I took the piece of crystal which was to represent the Diamond from my pocket and gave it to her.

"You must have a hand in this too," I said. "You must put it where you put the Moonstone last year."

She led the way to the Indian cabinet, and put the mock Diamond into the drawer which the real Diamond had occupied on the birthday night. Mr. Bruff witnessed this proceeding, under protest, as he had witnessed everything else. But the strong dramatic interest which the experiment was now assuming proved (to my great amusement) to be too much for Betteredge's capacity of self-restraint. His hand trembled as he held the candle, and he whispered anxiously, "Are you sure, miss, it 's the right drawer?"

I led the way out again, with the laudanum and water in my hand. At the door I stood to address a last word to Miss Verinder.

"Don't be long in putting out the lights," I said.

"I will put them out at once," she answered. "And I will wait in my bedroom with only one candle alight."

She closed the sitting-room door behind us. Followed by Bruff and Betteredge, I went back to Mr. Blake's room.

We found him moving restlessly from side to side of the bed, and wondering irritably whether he was to have the laudanum that night. In the presence of the two witnesses I gave him the dose, and shook up his pillows, and told him to lie down again quietly and wait.

His bed, provided with light chintz curtains, was placed with the head against the wall of the room, so as to leave a good open space on either side of it. On one side I drew the curtains completely, and in the part of the room thus screened from his view I placed Mr. Bruff and Betteredge to wait for the result. At the bottom of the bed I half drew the curtains, and placed my own chair at a little distance, so that I might let him see me or not see me, just as the circumstances might direct. Having already been informed that he always slept with a light in the room, I placed one of the two lighted candles on a little table at the head of the bed, where the glare of the light would not strike on his eyes. The other candle I gave to Mr. Bruff; the light in this instance being subdued by

the screen of the chintz curtains. The window was open at the top so as to ventilate the room. The rain fell softly; the house was quiet. It was twenty minutes past eleven by my watch when the preparations were completed, and I took my place on the chair set apart at the bottom of the bed.

Mr. Bruff resumed his papers, with every appearance of being as deeply interested in them as ever. But looking toward him now, I saw certain signs and tokens which told me that the Law was beginning to lose its hold on him at last. The suspended interest of the situation in which we were now placed was slowly asserting its influence even on *his* unimaginative mind. As for Betteredge, consistency of principle and dignity of conduct had become in his case mere empty words. He forgot that I was performing a conjuring trick on Mr. Franklin Blake; he forgot that I had upset the house from top to bottom; he forgot that I had not read "Robinson Crusoe" since I was a child. "For the Lord's sake, sir," he whispered to me, "tell us when it will begin to work."

"Not before midnight," I whispered back. "Say nothing and sit still."

Betteredge dropped to the lowest depth of familiarity with me, without a struggle to save himself. He answered by a wink!

Looking next toward Mr. Blake, I found him as restless as ever in his bed; fretfully wondering why the influence of the laudanum had not begun to assert itself yet. To tell him in his present humor that the more he fidgeted and wondered the longer he would delay the result for which we were now waiting would have been simply useless. The wiser course to take was to dismiss the idea of the opium from his mind by leading him insensibly to think of something else.

With this view I encouraged him to talk to me, contriving so to direct the conversation, on my side, as to lead him back again to the subject which had engaged us earlier in the evening — the subject of the Diamond. I took care to revert to those portions of the story of the Moonstone which related to the transport of it from London to Yorkshire; to the risk which Mr. Blake had run in removing it from the bank at Frizinghall; and to the expected appearance of the Indians at the house on the evening of the birthday. And I purposely assumed, in referring to these events, to have misunderstood much of what Mr. Blake himself had told me a few hours since. In this way I set him talking on the subject with which it was

now vitally important to fill his mind — without allowing him to suspect that I was making him talk for a purpose. Little by little he became so interested in putting me right that he forgot to fidget in the bed. His mind was far away from the question of the opium at the all-important time when his eyes first told me that the opium was beginning to lay its hold upon his brain.

I looked at my watch. It wanted five minutes to twelve when the premonitory symptoms of the working of the laudanum first showed themselves to me.

At this time no unpractised eye would have detected any change in him. But as the minutes of the new morning wore away, the swiftly subtle progress of the influence began to show itself more plainly. The sublime intoxication of opium gleamed in his eyes; the dew of a steady perspiration began to glisten on his face. In five minutes more the talk which he still kept up with me failed in coherence. He held steadily to the subject of the Diamond; but he ceased to complete his sentences. A little later the sentences dropped to single words. Then there was an interval of silence. Then he sat up in bed. Then, still busy with the subject of the Diamond, he began to talk again — not to me but to himself. That change told me the first stage in the experiment was reached. The stimulant influence of the opium had got him.

The time now was twenty-three minutes past twelve. The next half-hour, at most, would decide the question of whether he would or would not get up from his bed and leave the room.

In the breathless interest of watching him — in the unutterable triumph of seeing the first result of the experiment declare itself in the manner, and nearly at the time, which I had anticipated — I had utterly forgotten the two companions of my night vigil. Looking toward them now, I saw the Law (as represented by Mr. Bruff's papers) lying unheeded on the floor. Mr. Bruff himself was looking eagerly through a crevice left in the imperfectly drawn curtains of the bed. And Betteredge, oblivious of all respect for social distinctions, was peeping over Mr. Bruff's shoulder.

They both started back on finding that I was looking at them, like two boys caught out by their schoolmaster in a fault. I signed to them to take off their boots quietly, as I was taking off mine. If Mr. Blake gave us the chance of following him, it was vitally necessary to follow him without noise.

Ten minutes passed — and nothing happened.

Then he suddenly threw the bedclothes off him. He put one leg out of bed. He waited.

"I wish I had never taken it out of the bank," he said to himself. "It was safe in the bank."

My heart throbbed fast; the pulses at my temples beat furiously. The doubt about the safety of the Diamond was once more the dominant impression in his brain! On that one pivot the whole success of the experiment turned. The prospect thus suddenly opened before me was too much for my shattered nerves. I was obliged to look away from him, or I should have lost my self-control.

There was another interval of silence.

When I could trust myself to look back at him he was out of his bed, standing erect at the side of it. The pupils of his eyes were now contracted; his eyeballs gleamed in the light of the candle as he moved his head slowly to and fro. He was thinking; he was doubting; he spoke again.

"How do I know?" he said. "The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He stopped, and walked slowly to the other end of the room. He turned, — waited, — came back to the bed.

"It's not even locked up," he went on. "It's in the drawer of her cabinet. And the drawer does n't lock."

He sat down on the side of the bed. "Anybody might take it," he said.

He rose again restlessly, and reiterated his first words. "How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

He waited again. I drew back behind the half-curtain of the bed. He looked about the room, with the vacant glitter in his eyes. It was a breathless moment. There was a pause of some sort. A pause in the action of the opium? a pause in the action of the brain? Who could tell? Everything depended now on what he did next.

He laid himself down again on the bed!

A horrible doubt crossed my mind. Was it possible that the sedative action of the opium was making itself felt already? It was not in my experience that it should do this. But what is experience where opium is concerned? There are probably no two men in existence on whom the drug acts in exactly the same manner. Was some constitutional peculiarity in him feeling the influence in some new way? Were we to fail, on the very brink of success?

No! He got up again very abruptly. "How the devil am I to sleep," he said, "with *this* on my mind?"

He looked at the light burning on the table at the head of his bed. After a moment he took the candle in his hand.

I blew out the second candle burning behind the closed curtains. I drew back, with Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, into the farthest corner by the bed. I signed to them to be silent, as if their lives depended on it.

We waited — seeing and hearing nothing. We waited, hidden from him by the curtains.

The light which he was holding on the other side of us moved suddenly. The next moment he passed us, swift and noiseless, with the candle in his hand.

He opened the bedroom door and went out.

We followed him along the corridor. We followed him down the stairs. We followed him along the second corridor. He never looked back; he never hesitated.

He opened the sitting-room door and went in, leaving it open behind him.

The door was hung (like all the other doors in the house) on large old-fashioned hinges. When it was opened, a crevice was opened between the door and the post. I signed to my two companions to look through this, so as to keep them from showing themselves. I placed myself — outside the door also — on the opposite side. A recess in the wall was at my left hand, in which I could instantly hide myself if he showed any signs of looking back into the corridor.

He advanced to the middle of the room, with the candle still in his hand; he looked about him, — but he never looked back.

I saw the door of Miss Verinder's bedroom standing ajar. She had put out her light. She controlled herself nobly. The dim white outline of her summer dress was all that I could see. Nobody who had not known it beforehand would have suspected that there was a living creature in the room. She kept back in the dark; not a word, not a movement escaped her.

It was now ten minutes past one. I heard through the silence the soft drip of the rain, and the tremulous passage of the night air through the trees.

After waiting irresolute for a minute or more in the middle of the room, he moved to the corner near the window where the Indian cabinet stood.

He put his candle on the top of the cabinet. He opened and shut one drawer after another, until he came to the drawer in which the mock Diamond was put. He looked into the drawer for a moment. Then he took the mock Diamond out with his right hand. With the other hand he took the candle from the top of the cabinet.

He walked back a few steps toward the middle of the room and stood still again.

Thus far he had exactly repeated what he had done on the birthday night. Would his next proceeding be the same as the proceeding of last year? Would he leave the room? Would he go back now, as I believed he had gone back then, to his bed-chamber? Would he show us what he had done with the Diamond when he had returned to his own room?

His first action, when he moved once more, proved to be an action which he had *not* performed when he was under the influence of the opium for the first time. He put the candle down on a table and wandered on a little toward the farther end of the room. There was a sofa here. He leaned heavily on the back of it with his left hand — then roused himself and returned to the middle of the room. I could now see his eyes. They were getting dull and heavy; the glitter in them was fast dying out.

The suspense of the moment proved too much for Miss Verinder's self-control. She advanced a few steps, — then stopped again. Mr. Bruff and Betteredge looked across the open doorway at me for the first time. The prevision of a coming disappointment was impressing itself on their minds as well as on mine. Still, so long as he stood where he was, there was hope. We waited in unutterable expectation to see what would happen next.

The next event was decisive. He let the mock Diamond drop out of his hand.

It fell on the floor, before the doorway — plainly visible to him and to every one. He made no effort to pick it up; he looked down at it vacantly, and as he looked, his head sank on his breast. He staggered — roused himself for an instant — walked back unsteadily to the sofa — and sat down on it. He made a last effort; he tried to rise, and sank back. His head fell on the sofa cushions. It was then twenty-five minutes past one o'clock. Before I had put my watch back in my pocket he was asleep.

It was over now. The sedative influence had got him; the experiment was at an end.

I entered the room, telling Mr. Bruff and Betteredge that they might follow me. There was no fear of disturbing him. We were free to move and speak.

"The first thing to settle," I said, "is the question of what we are to do with him. He will probably sleep for the next six or seven hours at least. It is some distance to carry him back to his own room. When I was younger I could have done it alone. But my health and strength are not what they were —I am afraid I will have to ask you to help me."

Before they could answer, Miss Verinder called to me softly. She met me at the door of her room with a light shawl and with the counterpane from her own bed.

"Do you mean to watch him while he sleeps?" she asked.

"Yes. I am not sure enough of the action of the opium in this case, to be willing to leave him alone."

She handed me the shawl and the counterpane.

"Why should you disturb him?" she whispered. "Make his bed on the sofa. I can shut my door and keep in my room."

It was infinitely the simplest and the safest way of disposing of him for the night. I mentioned the suggestion to Mr. Bruff and Betteredge, who both approved of my adopting it. In five minutes I had laid him comfortably on the sofa, and had covered him lightly with the counterpane and the shawl. Miss Verinder wished us good-night and closed the door. At my request we three then drew round the table in the middle of the room, on which the candle was still burning, and on which writing materials were placed.

"Before we separate," I began, "I have a word to say about the experiment which has been tried to-night. Two distinct objects were to be gained by it. The first of these objects was to prove that Mr. Blake entered this room and took the Diamond last year, acting unconsciously and irresponsibly, under the influence of opium. After what you have both seen, are you both satisfied so far?"

They answered me in the affirmative, without a moment's hesitation.

"The second object," I went on, "was to discover what he did with the Diamond after he was seen by Miss Verinder to leave her sitting-room with the jewel in his hand on the birth-

day night. The gaining of this object depended, of course, on his still continuing exactly to repeat his proceedings of last year. He has failed to do that; and the purpose of the experiment is defeated accordingly. I can't assert that I am not disappointed at the result — but I can honestly say that I am not surprised by it. I told Mr. Blake from the first that our complete success in this matter depended on our completely reproducing in him the physical and moral conditions of last year; and I warned him that this was the next thing to a downright impossibility. We have only partially reproduced the conditions, and the experiment has been only partially successful in consequence. It is also possible that I may have administered too large a dose of laudanum. But I myself look upon the first reason that I have given as the true reason why we have to lament a failure, as well as to rejoice over a success."

After saying those words I put the writing materials before Mr. Bruff, and asked him if he had any objection, before we separated for the night, to draw out and sign a plain statement of what he had seen. He at once took the pen, and produced the statement with the fluent readiness of a practised hand.

"I owe you this," he said, signing the paper, "as some atonement for what passed between us earlier in the evening. I beg your pardon, Mr. Jennings, for having doubted you. You have done Franklin Blake an inestimable service. In our legal phrase, you have proved your case."

Betteredge's apology was characteristic of the man.

"Mr. Jennings," he said, "when you read 'Robinson Crusoe' again (which I strongly recommend you to do), you will find that he never scruples to acknowledge it when he turns out to have been in the wrong. Please to consider me, sir, as doing what Robinson Crusoe did on the present occasion." With those words he signed the paper in his turn.

Mr. Bruff took me aside as we rose from the table.

"One word about the Diamond," he said. "Your theory is that Franklin Blake hid the Moonstone in his room. My theory is that the Moonstone is in the possession of Mr. Luker's bankers in London. We won't dispute which of us is right. We will only ask, which of us is in a position to put his theory to the test first?"

"The test in my case," I answered, "has been tried to-night, and has failed."

"The test in my case," rejoined Mr. Bruff, "is still in process of trial. For the last two days I have had a watch set for Mr. Luker at the bank; and I shall cause that watch to be continued until the last day of the month. I know that he must take the Diamond himself out of his bankers' hands, and I am acting on the chance that the person who has pledged the Diamond may force him to do this by redeeming the pledge. In that case I may be able to lay my hand on the person. And there is a prospect of our clearing up the mystery exactly at the point where the mystery baffles us now! Do you admit that, so far?"

I admitted it readily.

"I am going back to town by the ten o'clock train," pursued the lawyer. "I may hear, when I get back, that a discovery has been made — and it may be of the greatest importance that I should have Franklin Blake at hand to appeal to if necessary. I intend to tell him, as soon as he wakes, that he must return with me to London. After all that has happened, may I trust to your influence to back me?"

"Certainly!" I said.

Mr. Bruff shook hands with me and left the room. Betteredge followed him out.

I went to the sofa to look at Mr. Blake. He had not moved since I had laid him down and made his bed, — he lay locked in a deep and quiet sleep.

While I was still looking at him I heard the bedroom door softly opened. Once more Miss Verinder appeared on the threshold in her pretty summer dress.

"Do me a last favor," she whispered. "Let me watch him with you."

I hesitated — not in the interest of propriety; only in the interest of her night's rest. She came close to me and took my hand.

"I can't sleep; I can't even sit still in my own room," she said. "Oh, Mr. Jennings, if you were me, only think how you would long to sit and look at him! Say yes! Do!"

Is it necessary to mention that I gave way? Surely not!

She drew a chair to the foot of the sofa. She looked at him in a silent ecstasy of happiness till the tears rose in her eyes. She dried her eyes and said she would fetch her work. She fetched her work, and never did a single stitch of it. It lay in her lap — she was not even able to look away from him long

enough to thread her needle. I thought of my own youth; I thought of the gentle eyes which had once looked love at *me*. In the heaviness of my heart I turned to my Journal for relief, and wrote in it what is written here.

So we kept our watch together in silence, — one of us absorbed in his writing, the other absorbed in her love.

Hour after hour he lay in deep sleep. The light of the new day grew and grew in the room, and still he never moved.

Toward six o'clock I felt the warning which told me that my pains were coming back. I was obliged to leave her alone with him for a little while. I said I would go upstairs and fetch another pillow for him out of his room. It was not a long attack this time. In a little while I was able to venture back and let her see me again.

I found her at the head of the sofa when I returned. She was just touching his forehead with her lips. I shook my head as soberly as I could, and pointed to her chair. She looked back at me with a bright smile and a charming color in her face. "You would have done it," she whispered, "in my place!" . . .

It is just eight o'clock. He is beginning to move for the first time.

Miss Verinder is kneeling by the side of the sofa. She has so placed herself that when his eyes first open they must open upon her face.

Shall I leave them together?

Yes!

LOUIS XI

PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

Comines, Philippe de, a French historian and statesman, was born at Comines, near Lille, France, probably in 1445; died at Argenton, Deux-Sèvres, October 18, 1510. He was the confidential adviser of Charles the Bold; and afterward, in 1472, he entered the service of Louis XI. of France, by whom he was made Seneschal of Poitou. In 1488 he was banished for favoring the party of the Duke of Orleans. In 1494 he assisted Charles VIII. in a diplomatic capacity, and accompanied him when he invaded Italy. His reputation as a writer is founded upon his famous "Memoirs," narrating the history of the period from 1464 to 1498. The work was begun shortly after the invasion of Italy, and was printed fourteen years after the author's death.

The Virtues and Vices of King Louis XI.

(From the "Memoirs of Philippe de Comines.")

The chief reason that has induced me to enter upon this subject is because I have seen many deceptions in this world, especially in servants toward their masters; and I have always found that proud and stately princes who will hear but few, are more liable to be imposed upon than those who are open and accessible: but of all the princes that I ever knew, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulty in time of adversity was our master King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and indefatigable to win over any man to his side that he thought capable of doing him either mischief or service: though he was often refused, he would never give over a man that he wished to gain, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and honors as he knew would gratify his ambition; and for such as he had discarded in time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for them) to recover them again; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained

no enmity towards them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of mean estate, and hostile to all great men who had no need of him. Never prince was so conversable nor so inquisitive as he, for his desire was to know everybody he could; and indeed he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and among his own subjects: and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself upon his accession to the throne.

But above all, his great bounty and liberality did him the greatest service: and yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean and petty ways which were little to his advantage; and as for peace, he could hardly endure the thoughts of it. He spoke slightingly of most people, and rather before their faces than behind their backs; unless he was afraid of them, and of that sort there were a great many, for he was naturally somewhat timorous. When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do so, and wished to make amends, he would say to the person whom he had disobliged, "I am sensible my tongue has done me a good deal of mischief; but on the other hand, it has sometimes done me much good: however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury." And he never used this kind of apologies to any person but he granted some favor to the person to whom he made it, and it was always of considerable amount.

It is certainly a great blessing from God upon any prince to have experienced adversity as well as prosperity, good as well as evil, and especially if the good outweighs the evil, as it did in the King our master. I am of opinion that the troubles he was involved in in his youth, when he fled from his father and resided six years together with Philip, Duke of Burgundy, were of great service to him; for there he learned to be complaisant to such as he had occasion to use, which was no slight advantage of adversity. As soon as he found himself a powerful and crowned king, his mind was wholly bent upon revenge; but he quickly found the inconvenience of this, repented by degrees of his indiscretion, and made sufficient reparation for his folly and

error by regaining those he had injured. Besides, I am very confident that if his education had not been different from the usual education of such nobles as I have seen in France, he could not so easily have worked himself out of his troubles: for they are brought up to nothing but to make themselves ridiculous, both in their clothes and discourse; they have no knowledge of letters; no wise man is suffered to come near them, to improve their understandings; they have governors who manage their business, but they do nothing themselves; nay, there are some nobles who, though they have an income of thirteen livres, will take pride to bid you "Go to my servants and let them answer you," thinking by such speeches to imitate the state and grandeur of a prince; and I have seen their servants take great advantage of them, giving them to understand they were fools; and if afterwards they came to apply their minds to business and attempted to manage their own affairs, they began so late they could make nothing of it. And it is certain that all those who have performed any great or memorable action worthy to be recorded in history, began always in their youth; and this is to be attributed to the method of their education, or some particular blessing of God.

The Virtues of the Duke of Burgundy and the Time of his House's Prosperity.

I saw a seal-ring of his after his death at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx, that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast; which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a valet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but at his last hour all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished on the very spot where he had delivered up the Constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive. But may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition) as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises and all the renown he ever acquired to his own

wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities. No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he, or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress and in everything else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time. . . .

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as he in his wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects; and he disposes the affections of subjects to their princes as he has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, winter as well as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so that at the last the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equalled if they did not overbalance their former prosperity: for as I have seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects; for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their

buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God at one blow to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises as none of all its neighboring States could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God; all its neighbors having in the mean time been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection, — to wit, France, England, and Spain, — as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII. his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard III.); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom; and then in a short space of time it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both princes and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of States and kingdoms, God in his providence has wrought before we were born and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on his divine disposal.

The Last Days of Louis XI.

The King towards the latter end of his days caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompasssd with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at four corners of the house four sparrow-nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possi-

ble, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow-nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack: his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it partly by favor and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs; upon pretence that he was incapable of business and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened nor the drawbridge let down before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded; nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the King's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors? considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time; and perhaps their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so

good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants and bloody-minded; but our King never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people) they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which Our Lord inflicted upon him in this world in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next; . . . and likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been: although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God by a kind of miracle restored him both in body and mind, as is his divine method in such kind of wonders: for he took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind and understanding and memory; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust, and served her very devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1433, at about eight in the evening, in the castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it into his kingdom of Paradise!

Character of Louis XI.

Small hopes and comfort ought poor and inferior people to have in this world, considering what so great a king suffered and underwent, and how he was at last forced to leave all, and could not, with all his care and diligence, protract his life one single hour. I knew him and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age and at the height of his pros-

perity, yet I never saw him free from labor and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons; but his chief delight was in dogs. . . . In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great distance, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night he was often very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any prince of his time. He was continually at these sports, lodging in the country villages to which his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by business; for during the most part of the summer there was constantly war between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and in the winter they made truces; . . . so that he had but a little time during the whole year to spend in pleasure, and even then the fatigues he underwent were excessive. When his body was at rest his mind was at work, for he had affairs in several places at once, and would concern himself as much in those of his neighbors as in his own; putting officers of his own over all the great families, and endeavoring to divide their authority as much as possible. When he was at war he labored for a peace or a truce, and when he had obtained it he was impatient for war again. He troubled himself with many trifles in his government which he had better have left alone: but it was his temper, and he could not help it; besides, he had a prodigious memory, and he forgot nothing, but knew everybody, as well in other countries as in his own.

And in truth he seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom. I speak not of his minority, for then I was not with him; but when he was eleven years he was, by the advice of some of the nobility and others of his kingdom, embroiled in a war with his father, Charles VII., which lasted not long, and was called the Praguerie. When he was arrived at man's estate he was married, much against his inclination, to the King of Scotland's daughter; and he regretted her existence during the whole course of her life. Afterwards, by reason of the broils and factions in his father's court, he retired into Dauphiny (which was his own), whither many persons of quality followed him, and indeed more than he could

entertain. During his residence in Dauphiny he married the Duke of Savoy's daughter, and not long after he had great disputes with his father-in-law, and a terrible war was begun between them. His father, King Charles VII., seeing his son attended by so many good officers and raising men at his pleasure, resolved to go in person against him with a considerable body of forces, in order to disperse them. While he was upon his march he put out proclamations, requiring them all as his subjects, under great penalties, to repair to him; and many obeyed, to the great displeasure of the Dauphin, who finding his father incensed, though he was strong enough to resist, resolved to retire and leave that country to him; and accordingly he removed with but a slender retinue into Burgundy to Duke Philip's court, who received him honorably, furnished him nobly, and maintained him and his principal servants by way of pensions; and to the rest he gave presents as he saw occasion during the whole time of their residence there. However, the Dauphin entertained so many at his own expense that his money often failed, to his great disgust and mortification; for he was forced to borrow, or his people would have forsaken him; which is certainly a great affliction to a prince who was utterly unaccustomed to those straits. So that during his residence at the court of Burgundy he had his anxieties, for he was constrained to cajole the duke and his ministers, lest they should think he was too burdensome and had laid too long upon their hands; for he had been with them six years, and his father, King Charles, was constantly pressing and soliciting the Duke of Burgundy, by his ambassadors, either to deliver him up to him or to banish him out of his dominions. And this, you may believe, gave the Dauphin some uneasy thoughts and would not suffer him to be idle. In which season of his life, then, was it that he may be said to have enjoyed himself? I believe, from his infancy and innocence to his death, his whole life was nothing but one continued scene of troubles and fatigues; and I am of opinion that if all the days of his life were computed in which his joys and pleasures outweighed his pain and trouble, they would be found so few that there would be twenty mournful ones to one pleasant.

CONFUCIUS.

Confucius (the Latinized transliteration of Kong-fu-tse, "Kong the Master"), a Chinese ethical philosopher; born in 549 B. C.; died in 479 B. C. He was thus a contemporary of Pythagoras and the later Hebrew prophets. He died about twenty years before the battle of Lake Regillus, the first authentic date in Roman history. At the age of seventeen he was made an inspector of the corn-markets; and a few years afterward was appointed inspector-general of pastures and flocks. His mother died when he was twenty-three, and he, in accordance with an ancient, but almost obsolete, law of China, resigned his public employment and went into mourning for three years, devoting himself to philosophical study. When the prescribed period of mourning had expired, he travelled through various parts of the empire, and became known as a reformer of morals. When he returned to his home his reputation was very great, and he soon had five hundred Mandarins among his disciples. His pupils were all full-grown men, whom he divided into four classes. To the first class he taught morals; to the second, rhetoric; to the third, politics; to the fourth, the perfection of their written style. He also devoted himself assiduously to the revision and abridgment of the ancient Chinese classics. After awhile he was induced to resume his travels; being sometimes well received, and sometimes neglected. Returning to his native district, he was made "governor of the people." But in spite of his efforts a tide of immorality set in; and, being unable to stem it, he again set out upon a new reformatory mission, which proved a bootless one. He met with frequent persecutions; once he was imprisoned and nearly starved. Finally he returned to his native district in a destitute condition. He died in the seventieth year of his age. He was hardly in his grave when his countrymen began to show tokens of extraordinary veneration for his memory. The anniversary of his death is yet publicly commemorated; while in every considerable city there is a temple erected to his honor. His family has continued for some seventy generations down to the present-time to reside in the district where he lived. Like the reputed descendants of Mohammed, they constitute an especial class — the only hereditary aristocracy in the empire.

The Great Learning.

1. What the Great Learning teaches, is — To illustrate illustrious virtue; to renovate the people; and to rest in the highest excellence. — 2. The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and that being determined, a calm unperturbedness may be attained. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful deliberation, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment [of the desired end]. — 3. Things have their root and their completion. Affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last will lead near to what is taught [in the Great Learning]. — 4. The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order well their States, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things. — 5. Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their States were rightly governed. Their States being rightly governed, the whole empire was made tranquil and happy. — 6. From the emperor down to the mass of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the person the root [of everything besides]. — 7. It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it will be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and, at the same time, that what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for.

The Doctrine of The Mean.

1. What heaven has conferred is called *The Nature;* an accordance with this nature is called *The Path* of duty; the regulation of this path is called *Instruction.* — 2. The path

may not be left for an instant. If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account, the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive. — 3. There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone. — 4. While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of *Equilibrium*. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of *Harmony*. This Equilibrium is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this Harmony is the universal path which they all should pursue. — 5. Let the states of Equilibrium and Harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

The Analects.

The Master said: "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?" — The philosopher Tsang said: "I daily examine myself on three points: Whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been not faithful; whether in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere; whether I may not have mastered and practised the instructions of my teacher." . . .

Tsze-kung asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterward speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic and no partisan; the mean man is a partisan, and not catholic." — The lord Gae asked, what should be done in order to secure the submission of the people. The Master replied; "Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit; advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit."

The Master said: "It is only the truly virtuous man who can love or can hate others." "A scholar whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with." . . .

Some one said: "Yang is truly virtuous; but he is not

ready with his tongue." The Master said: "What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartness of speech, for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous; but why should he show readiness of the tongue?" — Tsze-kung said: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." The Master said: "Tsze, you have not attained to that." — Several persons had been telling the things which they wished to do, then Tsze-loo said: "I should like, sir, to hear your wishes." The Master said: "They are, in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly."

The Master said: "When the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; when the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk. When the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended, we then have the man of complete virtue." — Fan-chc asked what constituted wisdom. The Master said: "To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." He asked about perfect virtue. The Master said: "The man of virtue makes the difficulty [to be overcome] his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration: this may be called perfect virtue." — The Master said: "They who know [the truth] are not equal to those who love it; and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it." "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." "To be able to judge [of others] by what is nigh [in ourselves], this may be called the art of virtue."

The Master said: "There are three principles of conduct which the man of high rank should consider specially important: That in his deportment and manner he keep from violence and heedlessness; that in regulating his countenance he keep close to sincerity; that in his words and tones he keep far from lowness and impropriety. As to such matters as attending to the sacrificial vessels, there are the proper officers for them." — The Master said: "When a country is well-governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of; when a country is ill-governed, riches and honor are things to be ashamed of."

Ke-loo asked about serving the spirits [of the dead]. The Master said: "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve [their] spirits?" Ke-loo continued: "I venture to ask about death." He was answered: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"

Tsze-loo said: "The prince of Wei has been waiting for you, in order with you to administer the government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?" The Master replied: "What is necessary to rectify the names [of things]." "Why must there be such rectification?" inquired Tsze-loo. The Master replied: "If the names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success. Therefore a superior man considers it necessary that the words he uses may be spoken [appropriately], and also that what he speaks may be carried out [appropriately]. What the superior man requires is that in his words there may be nothing incorrect." — Tsze-hea, being governor of Keu-foo, asked about government. The Master said: "Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly; looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished." — Tsze-kung asked: "What do you say of a man who is loved by all the people in the village?" The Master replied: "We may not for that accord our approval of him." "And what do you say of him who is hated by all the people of his village?" The Master said: "We may not for that conclude that he is bad. It is better than either of these cases that the good in the village love him, and the bad hate him."

Heen asked what was shameful. The Master said: "When good government prevails in a State, [to be thinking only of one's] salary; and when bad government prevails, [to be thinking only of one's] salary: this is shameful."

Tsze-kung asked: "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of justice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." — The Master said: "Virtue is more to man than either fire or water. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire; but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue." — The Master said: "The superior man cannot be known in little matters; but he may be trusted in great concerns. The small man may not be

intrusted with great concerns; but he may be known in little matters."

The Master said: "There are three things which the superior man guards against: In youth, when the physical powers are not yet settled, he guards against lust; when he is strong, and the physical powers are full of vigor, he guards against quarrelsomeness; when he is old, and the animal powers are decayed, he guards against covetousness." The Master said: "Those who are born with the possession of knowledge are the highest class of men. Those who learn, and so [readily] get possession of knowledge, are the next. Those who are dull and stupid, and yet compass learning, are another class next to these. As to those who are dull and stupid, and yet do not learn, they are the lowest of the people."

The Master said to Yew: "Have you heard the six words to which are attached six beclouding?" Yew replied: "I have not." "Sit down, then, and I will tell them to you: There is the love of being *benevolent*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a foolish simplicity. There is the love of *knowing*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a dissipation of mind. There is the love of being *sincere*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences. There is the love of *straightforwardness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of *boldness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to insubordination. There is the love of *firmness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct." The Master said: "Of all people girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility; if you maintain a reserve toward them, they are discontented."

Tsze-chang asked Confucius, saying: "In what way should [a person in authority] act in order that he may conduct government properly?" The Master replied: "Let him honor the *five excellent*, and banish away the *four bad* things; then he may conduct government properly." Tsze-chang asked: "What are meant by the five excellent things?" The Master said: "When the person in authority is beneficent without great expenditure; when he lays tasks [on the people] without their repining; when he [pursues what he] desires without being covetous; when he maintains a dignified ease without being proud; when he is

majestic without being fierce." Tsze-chang then asked: "What are meant by the four bad things?" The Master said: "To require from [the people] the full tale of work, without having given them warning; this is called oppression. To issue orders as if without urgency; and when the time comes [to insist on them with severity]; this is called injury. And, generally speaking, to give to men, and yet do it in a stingy way; this is called acting the part of a mere official." The Master said: "Without recognizing the Ordinances [of Heaven], it is impossible to be a superior man. Without an acquaintance with the Rules of Propriety, it is impossible for the character to be established. Without knowing Words, it is impossible to know Men."

In serving his parents a son may remonstrate with them, but gently; when he sees that they do not incline to follow his advice he shows an increased degree of reverence, but does not abandon his purpose; and should they punish him he does not allow himself to murmur.

In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the centre of the target, he turns round and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise; and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed in what we say.

Filial piety and fraternal submission, are they not the root of all benevolent actions?

If what we see is doubtful, how can we believe what is spoken behind the back?

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Congreve, William, an English dramatist, one of the greatest writers of comedy; born probably near Leeds, England, in 1670; died at London, January 19, 1729. He was educated at the University of Dublin, where he became an excellent classical scholar. After graduating, he went to London, and was entered as a student of law in the Middle Temple. He wrote and published, under a pseudonym, a now forgotten novel entitled "The Incognita." In 1693 his first comedy, "The Old Bachelor," was brought out upon the stage. Next year he brought out a still finer comedy, "The Double Dealer." In 1695 appeared the comedy of "Love for Love," in the next year the tragedy of "The Mourning Bride," and in 1700 the comedy of "The Way of the World." "The Way of the World" was coldly received by the public. Congreve was only twenty-eight when it was brought upon the stage. He never thereafter wrote anything worth the reading. Toward the end of his life he was not only tormented by the gout, but became totally blind. He died in consequence of injuries received by the upsetting of his coach. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with unprecedented pomp.

Almeria and Leonora.

(From "The Mourning Bride.")

Scene I. — *A Room of State in the Palace.*

The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers Almeria *in mourning,* Leonora *waiting in mourning. After the music,* Almeria *rises from her chair and comes forward.*

Almeria. Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!

'T is not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

LEONORA. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause —

ALMERIA. No cause! peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell — thou hast indeed no cause.

LEONORA. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune:
Have often wept to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his jailer slept, I through the grate
Have softly whispered, and inquired his health;
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance;
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

ALMERIA. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thou couldst melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

LEONORA. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentia prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

ALMERIA. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet — long hast been at peace —
Both, both — father and son are now no more.

Then why am I? O when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus? — Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heaven
That I should be afflicted thus? — If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand so, as of sure consequence,
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair!

LEONORA. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply!

ALMERIA. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
O Alphonso! Alphonso!
Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight,
No time shall rase thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument;
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interred; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is forever fixed;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.

LEONORA. Husband! O heavens!

ALMERIA. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurried me beyond all thought:
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 't is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.

LEONORA. Indeed
I knew not this.

ALMERIA. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows. — If thou didst —
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

LEONORA. Witness these tears!

ALMERIA. I thank thee, Leonora,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress;
For 't is, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied.
But I did promise I would tell thee — what?

My miseries? thou dost already know 'em
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

LEONORA. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report —
And I have heard imperfectly his loss!
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

ALMERIA. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
Even on the day when Manuel my father
Led on his conquering troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace: which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge. — Would that I had fallen
Amid those flames! — but 't was not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought,
We put to sea; but being betrayed by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that followed, on the coast
Of Afric; there our vessel struck the shore,
And bulging 'gainst a rock was dashed in pieces!
But Heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who followed us to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

LEONORA. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

ALMERIA. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begged me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensued,
I might be his beyond the power of fate;
The queen too did assist his suit — I granted:
And in one day, was wedded and a widow.

LEONORA. Indeed, 't was mournful.

ALMERIA. 'T was as I have told thee;

For which I mourn, and will forever mourn:
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watery eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.

LEONORA. Look down, good Heaven, with pity on her sorrows,
And grant that time may bring her some relief.

ALMERIA. Oh, no, time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes
Which are diffused through the revolving year,
Come, heavy-laden with the oppressing weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight;
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

LEONORA. Hark!
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.

[*Shouts at a distance.*

Oh, cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for much I fear
'T will urge his wrath to see you drowned in tears
When joy appears in every other face.

ALMERIA. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him Garcia comes — Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths! — Look down, look down,

[*Kneels.*

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make;
One moment cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived,
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heaven where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just Heaven shower down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endured. — And now [*Rising.*

My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.
LEONORA. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.
ALMERIA. I thank thee. 'T is but this; anon, when all
Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.
LEONORA. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.
ALMERIA. No: on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence. I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'T is that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.
LEONORA. I will attend you.

ALMERIA IN THE MAUSOLEUM.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

ALMERIA. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
LEONORA. It bore the accent of a human voice.
ALMERIA. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We 'll listen.
LEONORA. Hark!
ALMERIA. No, all is hushed and still as death. — 'T is dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.
LEONORA. Let us return; the horrors of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.
ALMERIA. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on: show me Anselmo's tomb;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I 'll mix with them:

Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.

LEONORA. I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.

The Scene opening discovers a place of tombs; one monument fronting the view greater than the rest.

Enter HELI.

HELI. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him.— Hark! sure 't is the voice
Of one complaining. There it sounds; I 'll follow it. [*Exit.*

LEONORA. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms!
What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed: the iron gates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

ALMERIA. Sure, 't is the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: my father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo:
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso.
O Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascends from the tomb.*

OSMYN. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?
ALMERIA. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!
OSMYN. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up Alphonso?
ALMERIA. Mercy! Providence! O speak!
Speak to it quickly, quickly! speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!
OSMYN. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers; [*Coming forward.*
That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'T is life! 't is warm! 't is she! 't is she herself!
Nor dead nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 't is, it is my wife!

ROSE TERRY COOKE

Cooke, Rose (Terry), an American story-writer and poet, was born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827; died in Pittsfield, Mass., July 18, 1892. She was a cousin of General Alfred H. Terry, who rendered signal service to the cause of the Union during the Civil War by the part he took in the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C. She was educated at Hartford Female Seminary, from which she graduated in 1843. She married Rollin H. Cooke in 1873. She wrote stories and poems in various periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes. Among these are "Happy Dodd" (1879); "Somebody's Neighbors" (1881); "Root-bound" (1885); "The Sphinx's Children" (1886); "Poems" (1888); "Steadfast" (1889); and "Huckleberries" (1892).

The Deacon's Week.[1]

(From "The Sphinx's Children.")

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow; and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn; but he did not give it out, — he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might; but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, — a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory; yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population, eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and sceptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hill-side and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow his footsteps. To-day — no — a long time before to-day — he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible-reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union-meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what

the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger;' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday, the church is to be prayed for. Let us then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us his name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all, on Saturday evening, meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary, — as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them: —

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I 'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I hain't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That is n't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I should n't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I 've found out these six days back. I 'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazin' fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me — the doctor says it ain't; but, dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I have n't had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks call nervous, and I call cross, before night come; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks could n't get a word out of me, — not a good one, any way; so I thought I 'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I could n't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more 'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I 've stopped, and I 'm a-goin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything; I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor, he 's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and onreliable as a weathercock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 't was Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we 'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they 're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I could n't! and, lo ye, I did n't! I eet a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I would n't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I 'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more 'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible-class. They have n't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to, along back; but I was busy, here and there, and there did n't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 't would take the evenin' to tell it all; but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heerd the Lord for the first time sayin', 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he come in from the shed, says she, 'He 's been a-sayin' that if folks practised what they preached you 'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I 'm awful glad you come.' Brethring, *so was I!* I tell you that day 's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye; but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes's earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said: —

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said, — 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself'?"

"Well, it 's *so*," answered the deacon, "it 's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible-class, nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day, — not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they 'll come more reg'lar now, too.

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I 'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 't was easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she, "Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he 's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you 'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lots ever sence we got in th' aftermath, and it 's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong, as he 'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You 'd better b'lieve I did n't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free

to him, when he looked up and says, says he, 'Fellowship-meetin' day, ain't it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I could n't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "*I'll* tell the rest on 't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 't was the fault of his religion, because 't was hisn and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that would n't say I'd practise with the rest of ye. I thought 't was ever-lastin' nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it hain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to 't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me suddin that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I would n't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"'Dear me!' says she. 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I did n't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a-goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why, it struck right in! There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty-odd year, 'most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philury was up frvin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She

did n't say nothin', she 's kinder still; but she had n't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner 'n I did the day before. But 't want nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so 's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe, up in the kitchen, say to Emmy, 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa 's goin' to die.' — 'Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' — 'Well, I do; he 's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natered I can't but think he 's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I *did*, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I 'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up, — jest as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined, ye know, — but I had n't never thought that they 'd got right and reason to expect I 'd do my part as well as they theirn. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons's shortcomin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I 'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 't was gettin' easy to practise after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin', — every now and then a thin streak. She did n't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on 't, and said she 'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you 've looked real close at this goods; 't ain't thorough wove,' says I. So she did n't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I 'd done sech mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a-trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I 'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone

wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it 's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' come around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'T was missionary mornin', and seemed as if 't was a sight easier to preach than to practise. I thought I 'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good-mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I did n't want to pop right out that I 'd come over to try 'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and fin'lly I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"'No, you don't!' ses she, as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"'Look a here, deacon!' she snapped; 'I 've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we 're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she had n't ought to, besides. Now what are you a-comin' here to-day for, I 'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I 'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn 't no need on 't; what she said was enough. I *had n't* never asked her nor hern to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that, — I won't call no more names, — and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull of 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I 'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I 'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I could n't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I 've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent, also. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose,

and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward;" and they obeyed his voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts; imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.

From "Trailing Arbutus."

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone —
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Cooper, James Fenimore, an American novelist; born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851. At the age of thirteen he was admitted to Yale College, and on quitting college entered the navy. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married, and settled at Westchester, N. Y. His first novel, "Precaution," was a failure. "The Spy," published in 1821, showed his real power, and met with great success. It was followed, in rapid succession, by "The Pioneers," the first of the Leather-Stocking series (1823); "The Pilot" (1823); "Lionel Lincoln" (1825); "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826); "The Prairie" (1827); "The Red Rover" (1828); "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish" (1829); "The Water-Witch" (1830); "The Bravo" (1831); "Heidenmauer" (1832); "The Headsman of Berne" (1833); "The Monikins" (1835); "Homeward Bound" and "Home as Found" (1838); "The Pathfinder," and "Mercedes of Castile," (1840); "The Deerslayer" (1841); "The Two Admirals" and "Wing and Wing" (1842); "Wyandotte," "The Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief," and "Ned Meyers" (1843); "Afloat and Ashore; or Miles Wallingford" (1844); "The Chainbearer" and "Satanstoe" (1845); "The Redskins" (1846); "The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak" (1847); "Oak Openings" and "Jack Tier" (1848); "The Sea Lions" (1849); "The Ways of the Hour" (1850). Besides his novels Cooper wrote "A Naval History of the United States" (1839); "The Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers" (1846).

The Wreck of the "Ariel."

(From the "Pilot.")

"Had I been any god of power I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed." — *Tempest.*

The arms of Dillon were released from their confinement by the cockswain, as a measure of humane caution against accidents when they entered the surf; and the captive now availed himself of the circumstance to bury his features in the

J. Fenimore Cooper

folds of his attire, when he brooded over the events of the last few hours with that mixture of malignant passion and pusillanimous dread of the future, that formed the chief ingredients in his character. From this state of apparent quietude neither Barnstable nor Tom seemed disposed to rouse him by their remarks, for both were too much engaged with their own gloomy forebodings to indulge in any unnecessary words. An occasional ejaculation from the former, as if to propitiate the spirit of the storm, as he gazed on the troubled appearance of the elements or a cheering cry from the latter to animate his crew, alone were heard amid the sullen roaring of the waters, and the mournful whistling of the winds that swept heavily across the broad waste of the German Ocean. There might have been an hour consumed thus, in a vigorous struggle between the seamen and the growing billows, when the boat doubled the northern headland of the desired haven, and shot at once from its boisterous passage along the margin of the breakers into the placid waters of the sequestered bay. The passing blasts were still heard rushing above the high lands that surrounded, and, in fact, formed the estuary; but the profound stillness of deep night pervaded the secret recesses along the unruffled surface of its waters. The shadows of the hills seemed to have accumulated, like a mass of gloom, in the centre of the basin, and though every eye involuntarily turned to search, it was in vain that the anxious seamen endeavored to discover their little vessel through its density. While the boat glided into this quiet scene, Barnstable anxiously observed: —

"Everything is as still as death."

"God send it is not the stillness of death!" ejaculated the cockswain. "Here, here," he continued, speaking in a lower tone, as if fearful of being heard, "here she lies, sir, more to port; look into the streak of clear sky above the marsh, on the starboard hand of the wood, there; that long black line is her maintop-mast; I know it by the rake; and there is her night-pennant fluttering about that bright star; ay, ay, sir, there go our own stars aloft yet, dancing among the stars in the heavens! God bless her! God bless her! she rides as easy and as quiet as a gull asleep!"

"I believe all in her sleep, too," returned his commander. "Ha! by Heaven, we have arrived in good time: the soldiers are moving!"

The quick eye of Barnstable had detected the glimmering of

passing lanterns, as they flitted across the embrasures of the battery, and at the next moment the guarded but distinct sounds of an active bustle on the decks of the schooner were plainly audible. The lieutenant was rubbing his hands together with a sort of ecstasy that probably will not be understood by the great majority of our readers, while long Tom was actually indulging in a paroxysm of his low spiritless laughter, as these certain intimations of the safety of the "Ariel" and of the vigilance of her crew were conveyed to their ears; when the whole hull and taper spars of their floating home became unexpectedly visible, and the sky, the placid basin, and the adjacent hills were illuminated by a flash as sudden and as vivid as the keenest lightning. Both Barnstable and his cockswain seemed instinctively to stretch their eyes toward the schooner with an effort to surpass human vision; but ere the rolling reverberations of the report of a heavy piece of ordnance from the heights had commenced, the dull, whistling rush of the hot shot swept over their heads like the moaning of a hurricane, and was succeeded by the plash of the waters, which was followed, in a breath, by the rattling of the mass of iron as it bounded with violent fury from rock to rock, shivering and tearing the fragments that lined the margin of the bay.

"A bad aim with the first gun generally leaves your enemy with clean decks," said the cockswain, with his deliberate sort of philosophy; "smoke makes but dim spectacles; besides, the night always grows darkest as you call off the morning watch."

"That boy is a miracle for his years!" rejoined the delighted lieutenant. "See, Tom, the younker has shifted his berth in the dark, and the Englishmen have fired by the day-range they must have taken, for we left him in a direct line between the battery and yon hummock! What would have become of us if that heavy fellow had plunged upon our decks, and gone out below the water-line?"

"We should have sunk into English mud for eternity, as sure as our metal and kentledge would have taken us down," responded Tom; "such a point-blanker would have torn off a streak of our wales, outboard, and not even left the marines time to say a prayer! Tend bow there!"

It is not to be supposed that the crew of the whale-boat continued idle during this interchange of opinions between the

lieutenant and his cockswain; on the contrary, the sight of their vessel acted on them like a charm, and believing that all necessity for caution was now over, they had expended their utmost strength in efforts that had already brought them, as the last words of Tom indicated, to the side of the "Ariel." Though every nerve of Barnstable was thrilling with the excitement produced by his feelings passing from a state of the most doubtful apprehension to that of a revived and almost confident hope of effecting his escape, he assumed the command of his vessel with all that stern but calm authority, that seamen find it most necessary to exert in the moments of extremest danger. Any one of the heavy shot that their enemies continued to hurl from their heights into the darkness of the haven he well knew must prove fatal to them, as it would unavoidably pass through the slight fabric of the "Ariel," and open a passage to the water that no means he possessed could remedy. His mandates were, therefore, issued with a full perception of the critical nature of the emergency, but with that collectedness of manner and intonation of voice that were best adapted to enforce a ready and animated obedience. Under this impulse, the crew of the schooner soon got their anchor freed from the bottom, and, seizing their sweeps, they forced her by their united efforts directly in the face of the battery, under that shore whose summit was now crowned with a canopy of smoke, that every discharge of the ordnance tinged with dim colors, like the faintest tints that are reflected from the clouds toward a setting sun. So long as the seamen were enabled to keep their little bark under the cover of the hill, they were, of course, safe; but Barnstable perceived, as they emerged from its shadow, and were drawing nigh the passage which led into the ocean, that the action of his sweeps would no longer avail them against the currents of air they encountered, neither would the darkness conceal their movements from his enemy, who had already employed men on the shore to discern the position of the schooner. Throwing off at once, therefore, all appearance of disguise, he gave forth the word to spread the canvas of his vessel in his ordinary cheerful manner.

"Let them do their worst now, Merry," he added; "we have brought them to a distance that I think will keep their iron above water, and we have no dodge about us, younker."

"It must be keener marksmen than the militia, or volunteers, or fencibles, or whatever they call themselves, behind

yon grass-bank, to frighten the saucy 'Ariel' from the wind," returned the reckless boy; "but why have you brought Jonah aboard us again, sir? Look at him by the light of the cabin lamp; he winks at every gun as if he expected the shot would hull his own ugly yellow physiognomy. And what tidings have we, sir, from Mr. Griffith and the marine?"

"Name him not," said Barnstable, pressing the shoulder on which he lightly leaned, with a convulsive grasp, that caused the boy to yield with pain; "name him not, Merry; I want my temper and my faculties at this moment undisturbed, and thinking of the wretch unfits me for my duty. But, there will come a time — Go forward, sir; we feel the wind, and have a narrow passage to work through."

The boy obeyed a mandate which was given in the usual prompt manner of their profession, and which he well understood was intended to intimate that the distance which years and rank had created between them, but which Barnstable often chose to forget while communing with Merry, was now to be resumed. The sails had been loosened and set, and as the vessel approached the throat of the passage the gale, which was blowing with increasing violence, began to make a very sensible impression on the light bark. The cockswain, who, in the absence of most of the inferior officers, had been acting, on the forecastle, the part of one who felt, from his years and experience, that he had some right to advise, if not to command, at such a juncture, now walked to the station which his commander had taken near the helmsman, as if willing to place himself in the way of being seen.

"Well, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, who well understood the propensity his old shipmate had to commune with him on all important occasions, "what think you of the cruise now? Those gentlemen on the hill make a great noise, but I have lost even the whistling of their shot; one would think they could see our sails against the broad band of light which is opening to seaward."

"Ay, ay, sir, they see us, and mean to hit us too; but we are running across their fire, and that with a ten-knot breeze; but, when we heave in stays and get in a line with their guns, we shall see, and it may be feel, more of their work than we do now; a thirty-two an't trained as easily as a fowling-piece or a ducking-gun."

Barnstable was struck with the truth of this observation;

but as there existed an immediate necessity for placing the schooner in the very situation to which the other alluded, he gave his orders at once, and the vessel came about and ran with her head pointing toward the sea in as short a time as we have taken to record it.

"There, they have us now, or never!" cried the lieutenant, when the evolution was completed. "If we fetch to windward off the northern point, we shall lay out into the offing, and in ten minutes we might laugh at Queen Anne's pocket-piece which, you know, old boy, sent a ball from Dover to Calais."

"Ay, sir, I've heard of the gun," returned the grave seaman, "and a lively piece it must have been, if the straits were always of the same width they are now. But I see that, Captain Barnstable, which is more dangerous than a dozen of the heaviest cannon that were ever cast can be at half a league's distance. The water is bubbling through our lee-scuppers already, sir."

"And what of that? have n't I buried her guns often, and yet kept every spar in her without crack or splinter?"

"Ay, ay, sir, you have done it, and can do it again, where there is sea-room, which is all that a man wants for comfort in this life. But when we are out of these chops we shall be embayed with a heavy north-easter setting dead into the bight; it is that which I fear, Captain Barnstable, more than all the powder and ball in the whole island."

"And yet, Tom, the balls are not to be despised either; those fellows have found out their range, and send their iron within hail again; we walk pretty fast, Mr. Coffin; but a thirty-two can out-travel us with the best wind that ever blew."

Tom threw a cursory glance toward the battery, which had renewed its fire with a spirit that denoted they saw their object, as he answered: —

"It is never worth a man's while to strive to dodge a shot; for they are all commissioned to do their work, the same as a ship is commissioned to cruise in certain latitudes; but for the winds and the weather they are given for a seafaring man to guard against, by making or shortening sail, as the case may be. Now the headland to the southward stretches full three leagues to windward, and the shoals lie to the north; among which God keep us from ever running this craft again!"

"We will beat her out of the bight, old fellow!" cried the

lieutenant; "we shall have a leg of three leagues in length to do it in."

"I have known longer legs too short," returned the cockswain, shaking his head; "a tumbling sea, with a lee-tide, on a lee-shore, makes a sad lee-way."

The lieutenant was in the act of replying to this saying with a cheerful laugh, when the whistling of a passing shot was instantly succeeded by a crash of splintered wood; and at the next moment the head of the mainmast, after tottering for an instant in the gale, fell toward the deck, bringing with it the mainsail, and the long line of topmast that had been bearing the emblems of America, as the cockswain had expressed it, among the stars of the heavens.

"That was a most unlucky hit!" Barnstable suffered to escape him, in the concern of the moment; but instantly resuming all his collectedness of manner and voice, he gave his orders to clear the wreck and secure the fluttering canvas.

The mournful forebodings of Tom seemed to vanish with the appearance of a necessity for his exertions, and he was foremost among the crew in executing the orders of their commander. The loss of all the sail on the mainmast forced the "Ariel" so much from her course as to render it difficult to weather the point that jutted, under her lee, for some distance into the ocean. This desirable object was, however, effected by the skill of Barnstable, aided by the excellent properties of his vessel; and the schooner, borne down by the power of the gale, from whose fury she had now no protection, passed heavily along the land, heading as far as possible from the breakers, while the seamen were engaged in making their preparations to display as much of their mainsail as the stump of the mast would allow them to spread. The firing from the battery ceased as the "Ariel" rounded the little promontory; but Barnstable, whose gaze was now bent intently on the ocean, soon perceived that, as his cockswain had predicted, he had a much more threatening danger to encounter in the elements. When their damages were repaired, so far as circumstances would permit, the cockswain returned to his wonted station near the lieutenant; and after a momentary pause, during which his eyes roved over the rigging with a seaman's scrutiny, he resumed the discourse.

"It would have been better for us that the best man in the schooner should have been dubb'd of a limb, by that shot, than

that the 'Ariel' should have lost her best leg; a mainsail close-reefed may be prudent canvas as the wind blows, but it holds a poor luff to keep a craft to windward."

"What would you have, Tom Coffin!" retorted his commander. "You see she draws ahead and off shore; do you expect a vessel to fly in the very teeth of the gale? or would you have me ware and beach her at once?"

"I would have nothing, nothing, Captain Barnstable," returned the old seaman, sensibly touched at his commander's displeasure; "you are as able as any man that ever trod a plank to work her into an offing; but, sir, when that soldier-officer told me of the scheme to sink the 'Ariel' at her anchor, there were such feelings come athwart my philosophy as never crossed it afore. I thought I saw her a wrack, as plainly, ay, as plainly as you may see the stump of that mast; and, I will own it, for it 's as natural to love the craft you sail in as it is to love one 's self, I will own that my manhood fetched a heavy lee-lurch at the sight."

"Away with ye, ye old sea-croaker! forward with ye, and see that the head-sheets are trimmed flat. But hold! come hither, Tom; if you have sights of wrecks, and sharks, and other beautiful objects, keep them stowed in your own silly brain; don't make a ghost-parlor of my forecastle. The lads begin to look to leeward now oftener than I would have them. Go, sirrah, go, and take example from Mr. Merry, who is seated on your namesake there, and is singing as if he were a chorister in his father's church."

Ah, Captain Barnstable, Mr. Merry is a boy, and knows nothing, so fears nothing. But I shall obey your orders, sir; and if the men fall astarn this gale, it shan't be for anything they 'll hear from old Tom Coffin."

The cockswain lingered a moment, notwithstanding his promised obedience, and then ventured to request that —

"Captain Barnstable would please call Mr. Merry from the gun, for I know, from having followed the seas my natural life, that singing in a gale is sure to bring the wind down upon a vessel the heavier; for He who rules the tempests is displeased that man's voice shall be heard when He chooses to send His own breath on the water."

Barnstable was at a loss whether to laugh at his cockswain's infirmity or to yield to the impression which his earnest and solemn manner had a powerful tendency to produce amid such

a scene. But making an effort to shake off the superstitious awe that he felt creeping around his own heart, the lieutenant relieved the mind of the worthy old seaman so far as to call the careless boy from his perch to his own side, where respect for the sacred character of the quarter-deck instantly put an end to the lively air he had been humming. Tom walked slowly forward, apparently much relieved by the reflection that he had effected so important an object.

The "Ariel" continued to struggle against the winds and ocean for several hours longer, before the day broke on the tempestuous scene, and the anxious mariners were enabled to form a more accurate estimate of their real danger. As the violence of the gale increased, the canvas of the schooner had been gradually reduced, until she was unable to show more than was absolutely necessary to prevent her driving helplessly on the land. Barnstable watched the appearance of the weather as the light slowly opened upon them with an intense anxiety which denoted that the presentiments of the cockswain were no longer deemed idle. On looking to windward, he beheld the green masses of water that were rolling in toward the land with a violence that seemed irresistible, crowned with ridges of foam; and there were moments when the air appeared filled with sparkling gems, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon the spray that was swept from wave to wave. Toward the land the view was still more appalling. The cliffs, but a short half league under the lee of the schooner, were, at all times, nearly hid from the eye by the pyramids of water, which the furious element, so suddenly restrained in its violence, cast high into the air as if seeking to overleap the boundaries that nature had fixed to its dominion. The whole coast, from the distant headland at the south to the well-known shoals that stretched far beyond their course in the opposite direction, displayed a broad belt of foam into which it would have been certain destruction for the proudest ship that ever swam to enter. Still the "Ariel" floated on the billows lightly and in safety, though yielding to the impulses of the waters and at times appearing to be ingulfed in the yawning chasms which, apparently, opened beneath her to receive the little fabric. The low rumor of acknowledged danger had found its way through the schooner, and the seamen, after fastening their hopeless looks on the small spot of canvas that they were still able to show to the tempest, would turn to view the dreary line of coast that seemed to offer so

gloomy an alternative. Even Dillon, to whom the report of their danger had found its way, crept from his place of concealment in the cabin, and moved about the decks unheeded, devouring with greedy ears such opinions as fell from the lips of the sullen mariners.

At this moment of appalling apprehension the cockswain exhibited the calmest resignation. He knew all had been done that lay in the power of man to urge their little vessel from the land, and it was now too evident to his experienced eyes that it had been done in vain; but, considering himself as a sort of fixture in the schooner, he was quite prepared to abide her fate, be it for better or for worse. The settled look of gloom that gathered around the frank brow of Barnstable was in no degree connected with any considerations of himself, but proceeded from that sort of parental responsibility from which the sea-commander is never exempt. The discipline of the crew, however, still continued perfect and unyielding. There had, it is true, been a slight movement made by one or two of the older seamen which indicated an intention to drown the apprehensions of death in inebriety; but Barnstable had called for his pistols in a tone that checked the procedure instantly, and, although the fatal weapons were, untouched by him, left to lie exposed on the capstan, where they had been placed by his servant, not another symptom of insubordination appeared among the devoted crew. There was even what to a landsman might seem an appalling affectation of attention to the most trifling duties of the vessel; and the men who, it should seem, ought to be devoting the brief moments of their existence to the mighty business of the hour, were constantly called to attend to the most trivial details of their profession. Ropes were coiled, and the slightest damages occasioned by the waves, which, at short intervals, swept across the low decks of the "Ariel," were repaired with the same precision and order as if she yet lay embayed in the haven from which she had just been driven. In this manner the arm of authority was kept extended over the silent crew, not with the vain desire to preserve a lingering though useless exercise of power, but with a view to maintain that unity of action that now could alone afford them even a ray of hope.

"She can make no head against this sea under that rag of canvas," said Barnstable, gloomily, addressing the cockswain, who, with folded arms and an air of cool resignation, was bal-

ancing his body on the verge of the quarter-deck, while the schooner was plunging madly into waves that nearly buried her in their bosom; "the poor little thing trembles like a frightened child as she meets the water."

Tom sighed heavily and shook his head before he answered:

"If we could have kept the head of the mainmast an hour longer, we might have got an offing and fetched to windward of the shoals; but as it is, sir, mortal man can't drive a craft to windward — she sets bodily in to land, and will be in the breakers in less than an hour unless God wills that the wind shall cease to blow."

"We have no hope left us but to anchor; our ground-tackle may yet bring her up."

Tom turned to his commander and replied, solemnly, and with that assurance of manner that long experience only can give a man in moments of great danger: —

"If our sheet-cable was bent to our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home, though nothing but her launch was riding by it. A north-easter in the German Ocean must and will blow itself out, nor shall we get the crown of the gale until the sun falls over the land. Then indeed it may lull; for the winds do often seem to reverence the glory of the heavens too much to blow their might in its very face!"

"We must do our duty to ourselves and the country," returned Barnstable. "Go, get the two bowers spliced, and have a kedge bent to a hawser; we'll back our two anchors together and veer to the better end of two hundred and forty fathoms; it may yet bring her up. See all clear there for anchoring and cutting away the mast! we 'll leave the wind nothing but a naked hull to whistle over."

"Ay, if there was nothing but the wind, we might yet live to see the sun sink behind them hills," said the cockswain; "but what hemp can stand the strain of a craft that is buried half the time to her foremast in the water?"

The order was, however, executed by the crew with a sort of desperate submission to the will of their commander; and when the preparations were completed the anchors and kedge were dropped to the bottom, and the instant that the "Ariel" tended to the wind, the axe was applied to the little that was left of her long, raking masts. The crash of the falling spars, as they came in succession across the decks of the vessel, appeared to produce no sensation amid that scene of complicated danger;

but the seamen proceeded in silence to their hopeless duty of clearing the wrecks. Every eye followed the floating timbers as the waves swept them away from the vessel with a sort of feverish curiosity, to witness the effect produced by their collision with those rocks that lay so fearfully near them; but long before the spars entered the wide border of foam, they were hid from view by the furious element in which they floated. It was now felt by the whole crew of the "Ariel" that their last means of safety had been adopted; and at each desperate and headlong plunge the vessel took into the bosom of the seas that rolled upon her forecastle, the anxious seamen thought that they could perceive the yielding of the iron that yet clung to the bottom, or could hear the violent surge of the parting strands of the cable, that still held them to their anchors. While the minds of the sailors were agitated with the faint hopes that had been excited by the movements of their schooner, Dillon had been permitted to wander about the deck unnoticed; his rolling eyes, hard breathing, and clinched hands excited no observation among the men whose thoughts were yet dwelling on the means of safety. But now, when with a sort of frenzied desperation, he would follow the retiring waters along the decks, and venture his person nigh the group that had collected around and on the gun of the cockswain, glances of fierce or of sullen vengeance were cast at him that conveyed threats of a nature that he was too much agitated to understand.

"If ye are tired of this world, though your time, like my own, is probably but short in it," said Tom to him, as he passed the cockswain in one of his turns, "you can go forward among the men; but if ye have need of the moments to foot up the reck'ning of your doings among men, afore ye 're brought to face your Maker, and hear the log-book of Heaven, I would advise you to keep as nigh as possible to Captain Barnstable or myself."

"Will you promise to save me if the vessel is wrecked?" exclaimed Dillon, catching at the first sounds of friendly interest that had reached his ears since he had been recaptured. "Oh, if you will, I can secure your future ease, yes, wealth, for the remainder of your days!"

"Your promises have been too ill kept afore this, for the peace of your soul," returned the cockswain, without bitterness, though sternly; "but it is not in me to strike even a whale that is already spouting blood."

The intercessions of Dillon were interrupted by a dreadful cry, that arose among the men forward, and which sounded with increased horror, amid the roarings of the tempest. The schooner rose on the breast of a wave at the same instant, and falling off with her broadside to the sea she drove in toward the cliffs, like a bubble on the rapids of a cataract.

"Our ground-tackle has parted," said Tom, with his resigned patience of manner undisturbed; "she shall die as easy as man can make her!" While he yet spoke, he seized the tiller, and gave to the vessel such a direction as would be most likely to cause her to strike the rocks with her bows foremost.

There was, for one moment, an expression of exquisite anguish betrayed in the dark countenance of Barnstable; but, at the next, it passed away, and he spoke cheerfully to his men: —

"Be steady, my lads, be calm; there is yet a hope of life for you — our light draught will let us run in close to the cliffs, and it is still falling water — see your boats clear, and be steady."

The crew of the whale-boat, aroused by this speech from a sort of stupor, sprung into their light vessel, which was quickly lowered into the sea, and kept riding on the foam, free from the sides of the schooner, by the powerful exertions of the men. The cry for the cockswain was earnest and repeated, but Tom shook his head, without replying, still grasping the tiller, and keeping his eyes steadily bent on the chaos of waters into which they were driving. The launch, the largest boat of the two, was cut loose from the "gripes," and the bustle and exertion of the moment rendered the crew insensible to the horror of the scene that surrounded them. But the loud hoarse call of the cockswain, to "look out — secure yourselves!" suspended even their efforts, and at that instant the "Ariel" settled on a wave that melted from under her heavily on the rocks. The shock was so violent as to throw all who disregarded the warning cry from their feet, and the universal quiver that pervaded the vessel was like the last shudder of animated nature. For a time long enough to breathe, the least experienced among the men supposed the danger to be past; but a wave of great height followed the one that had deserted them, and raising the vessel again, threw her roughly still further on the bed of rocks, and at the same time its crest broke over her quarter, sweeping the length of her decks with a fury that was almost resistless. The shuddering sea-

men beheld their loosened boat driven from their grasp, and dashed against the base of the cliffs, where no fragment of her wreck could be traced at the receding of the waters. But the passing billow had thrown the vessel into a position which, in some measure, protected her decks from the violence of those that succeeded it.

"Go, my boys, go," said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed; "you have still the whale-boat, and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore. Go into her, my boys. God bless you, God bless you all! You have been faithful and honest fellows, and I believe He will not yet desert you; go, my friends, while there is a lull."

The seamen threw themselves, in a mass, into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but when they looked around them, Barnstable and Merry, Dillon and the cockswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of the "Ariel." The former was pacing, in deep, and perhaps a bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner, while the boy hung, unheeded, on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again, but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, where he continued, in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no other answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates, than by waving his hand toward the shore.

"Now hear me," said the boy, urging his request, to tears, "if not for my sake, or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hope of God's mercy, go into the boat, for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk, and for a moment he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs; but, at the next instant, his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel, and he answered —

"Never, boy, never; if my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir; the boat will be swamped, alongside the wreck, and their cry is, that without you they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat, to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry, with firmness, "if it be right that a

lieutenant should stay by the wreck, it must also be right for a midshipman; shove off; neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into the arms of the seamen. "Away with ye, and God be with you; there is more weight in you now than can go safe to land.

Still the seamen hesitated, for they perceived the cockswain moving, with a steady tread, along the deck, and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter suddenly in his powerful grasp, and threw him over the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it, and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest: —

"God's will be done with me!" he cried. "I saw the first timber of the 'Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The cockswain still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy, as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried, in a similar manner, to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said, in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence: "Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'T is the wind driving by the vessel!"

"'T is the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing!"

"Why then did you remain here!" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves, to me, are what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I — I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die! — I can not die! — I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion; "you must go, like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me."

"None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye

a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God!"

"God!" echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; "I know no God! there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the "Ariel," at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean in eddies in different places favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance; and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: —

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks, and he was forced into an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state, he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he

involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterward, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

"He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him!" murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the "Ariel" yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept toward the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

Battle of the Fleets.

(From "The Two Admirals.")

The eventful day opened with most of the glories of a summer's morning. The wind alone prevented it from being one of the finest sun-risings in July. That continued fresh at north-west and consequently cool for the season. The seas of the south-west gale had entirely subsided, and were already succeeded by the regular but comparatively trifling swell of the new breeze. For large ships it might be called smooth water; though the "Driver" and "Active" showed by their pitching and unsteadiness, and even the two-deckers by their waving masts, that the unquiet ocean was yet in motion. The wind seemed likely to stand, and was what seamen would be apt to call a six-knot breeze.

To leeward, still distant about a league, lay the French vessels, drawn up in beautiful array and in an order so close and a line so regular as to induce the belief that M. de Vervillin had made his dispositions to receive the expected attack in his present position. All his maintop sails lay flat aback; the topgallant sails were flying loose but with buntlines and clew-lines hauled up; the jibs were fluttering to leeward of their booms, and the courses were hanging in festoons about their yards. This was gallant fighting canvas and it excited the admiration of even his enemies. To increase this feeling, just as Sir Gervaise's foot reached the poop the whole French line displayed their ensigns and the "Le Foudroyant" fired a gun to windward.

"Hey, Greenly!" exclaimed the English commander-in-chief;

"this is a manly defiance, and coming from M. de Vervillin it means something! He wishes to take the day for it; though as I think half that time will answer, we will wash up the cups before we go at it. Make the signals, Bunting, for the ships to heave-to, and then to get their breakfasts as fast as possible. Steady breeze — steady breeze, Greenly, and all we want!"

Five minutes later, while Sir Gervaise was running his eye over the signal-book, the "Plantagenet's" calls were piping the people to their morning meal at least an hour earlier than common; the people repaired to their messes with a sort of stern joy; every man in the ship understanding the reason of a summons so unusual. The calls of the vessels astern were heard soon after, and one of the officers, who was watching the enemy with a glass, reported that he thought the French were breakfasting also. Orders being given to the officers to employ the next half hour in the same manner, nearly everybody was soon engaged in eating, few thinking that the meal might probably be their last. Sir Gervaise felt a concern which he succeeded in concealing, however, at the circumstance that the ships to windward made no more sail; though he refrained from signalling the rear-admiral to that effect from tenderness to his friend and a vague apprehension of what might be the consequences. While the crews were eating, he stood gazing thoughtfully at the noble spectacle the enemy offered to leeward, occasionally turning wistful glances at the division that was constantly drawing nearer to windward. At length Greenly himself reported that the "Plantagenet" had "turned the hands to" again. At this intelligence Sir Gervaise started as from a reverie, smiled, and spoke. We will here remark that now, as on the previous day, all the natural excitability of manner had disappeared from the commander-in-chief, and he was quiet and exceedingly gentle in his deportment. This all who knew him understood to denote a serious determination to engage.

"I have desired Galleygo to set my little table half an hour hence, in the after-cabin, Greenly, and you will share the meal with me. Sir Wycherly will be of our party, and I hope it will not be the last time we may meet at the same board. It is necessary everything should be in fighting order to-day!"

"So I understand it, Sir Gervaise. We are ready to begin as soon as the order shall be received."

"Wait one moment until Bunting comes up from his breakfast. Ah! here he is, and we are quite ready for him, having

bent on the signal in his absence. Show the order, Bunting; for the day advances."

The little flags were fluttering at the main topgallant masthead of the "Plantagenet" in less than one minute, and in another it was repeated by the "Chloe," "Driver," and "Active," all of which were lying-to a quarter of a mile to windward, charged in particular with this among other duties. So well was this signal known that not a book in the fleet was consulted, but all the ships answered the instant the flags could be seen and understood. Then the shrill whistles were heard along the line, calling "All hands" to "clear ship for action, ahoy!"

No sooner was this order given in the "Plantagenet" than the ship became a scene of active but orderly exertion. The topmen were on the yards, stoppering, swinging the yards in chains, and lashing, in order to prevent shot from doing more injury than was unavoidable; bulwarks were knocked down; mess-chests, bags, and all other domestic appliances disappeared below,[1] and the decks were cleared of everything which could be removed, and which would not be necessary in an engagement. Fully a quarter of an hour was thus occupied, for there was no haste, and as it was no moment of mere parade, it was necessary that the work should be effectually done. The officers forbade haste, and nothing important was reported as effected that some one in authority did not examine with his own eyes to see that no proper care had been neglected.

Then Mr. Bury, the first lieutenant, went on the main yard in person to look at the manner in which it had been slung, while he sent the boatswain up forward on the same errand. These were unusual precautions, but the word had passed through the ship "that Sir Jarvy was in earnest;" and whenever it was known that "Sir Jarvy" was in such a humor, every one understood that the day's work was to be hard, if not long.

"Our breakfast is ready, Sir Jarvy," reported Galleygo, "and as the decks are all clear, the b'ys can make a clean run of it for the coppers. I only wants to know when to serve it, your honor."

"Serve it now, my good fellow. Tell the Bowlderos to be nimble, and expect us below. Come, Greenly — come, Wyche-

[1] In the action of the Nile, many of the French ships, under the impression that the enemy must engage on the outside, put their lumber, bags, etc., into the ports and between the guns, in the larboard, or inshore batteries; and when the British anchored inshore of them, these batteries could not be used.

combe — we are the last to eat; let us not be the last at our stations."

"Ship's clear, sir," reported Bury to his captain as the three reached the quarter-deck on their way to the cabin.

"Very well, Bury: when the fleet is signalled to go to quarters, we will obey with the rest."

As this was said Greenly looked at the vice-admiral to catch his wishes. But Sir Gervaise had no intention of fatiguing his people unnecessarily. He had left his private orders with Bunting, as he passed down without an answer or a glance. The arrangements in the after cabin were as snug and as comfortable as if the breakfast-table had been set in a private house, and the trio took their seats and commenced operations with a hearty good-will. The vice-admiral ordered the doors thrown open, and as the port-lids were up, from the place where he sat he could command glimpses both to leeward and to windward that included a view of the enemy, as well as one of his own expected re-enforcements. The Bowlderos were in full livery and more active and attentive than usual even. Their station in battle — for no man on board a vessel of war is an "idler" in the combat — was on the poop, as musketeers, near the person of the master, whose colors they wore, under the ensign of the prince, like vassals of an ancient baron. Notwithstanding the crisis of the morning, however, these men performed their customary functions with the precision and method of English menials, omitting no luxury or usage of the table. On a sofa behind the table was spread a full dress-coat of a vice-admiral, then a neat but plain uniform, without either lace or epaulets, but decorated with a rich star in brilliants, the emblem of the Order of the Bath. This coat Sir Gervaise always wore in battle, unless the weather rendered a "storm uniform," as he used to term a plainer attire, necessary.

The breakfast passed off pleasantly, the gentlemen eating as if no momentous events were near. Just at its close, however, Sir Gervaise leaned forward, and looking through one of the weather-ports of the main-cabin, an expression of pleasure illuminated his countenance as he said —

"Ah! there go Bluewater's signals at last! — a certain proof that he is about to put himself in communication with us."

"I have been a good deal surprised, sir," observed Greenly, a little dryly, though with great respect of manner, "that you have not ordered the rear-admiral to make more sail. He is

jogging along like a heavy wagon, and yet I hardly think he can mistake these five ships for Frenchmen!"

"He is never in a hurry, and no doubt wishes to let his crews breakfast before he closes. I'll warrant ye, now, gentlemen, that his ships are at this moment all as clear as a church five minutes after the blessing has been pronounced."

"It will not be one of our Virginian churches, then, Sir Gervaise," observed Wycherly, smiling; "they serve for an exchange to give and receive news in after the service is over."

"Ay, that's the old rule — pray first, and then gossip. Well, Bunting, what does the rear-admiral say?"

"Upon my word, Sir Gervaise, I can make nothing of the signal, though it is easy enough to make out the flags," answered the puzzled signal-officer. "Will you have the goodness to look at the book yourself, sir? The number is one hundred and forty."

"One hundred and forty! Why, that must have something to do with anchoring! — ay, here it is. 'Anchor, I cannot, having lost my cables.' Who the devil asked him to anchor?"

"That's just it, sir. The signal-officer on board the 'Cæsar' must have made some mistake in his flags; for, though the distance is considerable, our glasses are good enough to read them."

"Perhaps Admiral Bluewater has set the private, personal telegraph at work, sir," quietly observed Greenly.

The commander-in-chief actually changed color at this suggestion. His face at first flushed to crimson; then it became pale like the countenance of one who suffered under acute bodily pain. Wycherly observed this, and respectfully inquired if Sir Gervaise were ill.

"I thank you, young sir," answered the vice-admiral, smiling painfully; "it is over. I believe I shall have to go into dock, and let Magrath look at some of my old hurts, which are sometimes troublesome. Mr. Bunting, do me the favor to go on deck and ascertain by a careful examination, if a short red pennant be not set some ten or twelve feet above the uppermost flag. Now, Greenly, we will take the other cup of tea, for there is plenty of leisure."

Two or three brooding minutes followed. Then Bunting returned to say the pennant was there, a fact he had quite overlooked in his former observations, confounding the narrow flag in question with the regular pennant of the king. This

short red pennant denoted that the communication was verbal, according to a method invented by Bluewater himself, and by means of which, using the ordinary numbers, he was enabled to communicate with his friend without any of the captains, or, indeed, without Sir Gervaise's own signal-officer knowing what was said. In a word, without having recourse to any new flags, but, by simply giving new numbers to the old ones, and referring to a prepared dictionary, it was possible to hold a conversation in sentences, that should be a secret to all but themselves. Sir Gervaise took down the number of the signal that was flying, and directed Bunting to show the answering flag with a similar pennant over it, and to continue this operation so long as the rear-admiral might make his signals. The numbers were to be sent below as fast as received. As soon as Bunting disappeared the vice-admiral unlocked a secretary, the key of which was never out of his own possession, took from it a small dictionary, and laid it by his plate. All this time the breakfast proceeded, signals of this nature frequently occurring between the two admirals. In the course of the next ten minutes, a quartermaster brought below a succession of numbers written on small pieces of paper; after which Bunting appeared himself to say that the "Cæsar" had stopped signalling.

Sir Gervaise now looked out each word by its proper number, and wrote it down with his pencil as he proceeded, until the whole read — "God sake — make no signal. Engage not." No sooner was the communication understood, than the paper was torn into minute fragments, the book replaced, and the vice-admiral, turning with a calm, determined countenance to Greenly, ordered him to beat to quarters as soon as Bunting could show a signal to the fleet to the same effect. On this hint, all but the vice-admiral went on deck, and the Bowlderos instantly set about removing the table and all the other appliances. Finding himself annoyed by the movements of the servants, Sir Gervaise walked out into the great cabin, which, regardless of its present condition, he began to pace as was his wont when lost in thought. The bulkheads being down and the furniture removed, this was in truth walking in sight of the crew. All who happened to be on the main deck could see what passed, though no one presumed to enter a spot that was tabooed to vulgar feet, even when thus exposed. The aspect and manner of "Sir Jarvy," however, were not overlooked, and the men prognosticated a serious time.

Such was the state of things, when the drums beat to quarters,

throughout the whole line. At the first tap, the great cabin sunk to the level of an ordinary battery; the seamen of two guns, with the proper officers, entering within the sacred limits, and coolly setting about clearing their pieces, and making the other preparations necessary for action.

All this time Sir Gervaise continued pacing what would have been the center of his own cabin had the bulkheads stood, the grim-looking sailors avoiding him with great dexterity, and invariably touching their hats as they were compelled to glide near his person, though everything went on as if he were not present. Sir Gervaise might have remained lost in thought much longer than he did, had not the report of a gun recalled him to a consciousness of the scene that was enacting around him.

"What's that?" suddenly demanded the vice-admiral; "is Bluewater signalling. again?"

"No, Sir Gervaise," answered the fourth lieutenant, looking out of a lee port; "it is the French admiral giving us another weather-gun; as much as to ask why we don't go down. This is the second compliment of the same sort that he has paid us already to-day!"

These words were not all spoken before the vice-admiral was on the quarter deck; in half a minute more, he was on the poop. Here he found Greenly, Wychecombe, and Bunting, all looking with interest at the beautiful line of the enemy.

"Monsieur de Vervillin is impatient to wipe off the disgrace of yesterday," observed the first, "as is apparent by the invitations he gives us to come down. I presume Admiral Bluewater will wake up at this last hint."

"By Heaven, he has hauled his wind, and is standing to the northward and eastward!" exclaimed Sir Gervaise, surprise overcoming all his discretion. "Although an extraordinary movement, at such time, it is wonderful in what beautiful order Bluewater keeps his ships!"

All that was said was true enough. The rear-admiral's division having suddenly hauled up, in a close line ahead, each ship followed her leader as mechanically as if they moved by a common impulse. As no one in the least doubted the rear-admiral's loyalty, and his courage was of proof, it was the general opinion that this unusual manœuvre had some connection with the unintelligible signals, and the young officers laughingly inquired among themselves what "Sir Jarvy was likely to do next?"

It would seem, however, that Monsieur de Vervillin suspected

a repetition of some of the scenes of the preceding day; for, no sooner did he perceive that the English rear was hugging the wind, than five of his leading ships filled, and drew ahead, as if to meet that division, manœuvring to double on the head of his line; while the remaining five, with the "Foudroyant," still lay with their topsails to the mast, waiting for their enemy to come down. Sir Gervaise could not stand this long. He determined, if possible, to bring Bluewater to terms, and he ordered the "Plantagenet" to fill. Followed by his own division, he wore immediately, and went off under easy sail, quartering, toward Monsieur de Vervillin's rear, to avoid being raked.

The quarter of an hour that succeeded was one of intense interest, and of material changes; though not a shot was fired. As soon as the Comte de Vervillin perceived that the English were disposed to come nearer, he signaled his own division to bear up, and to run off dead before the wind, under their topsails, commencing astern; which reversed his order of sailing, and brought "Le Foudroyant" in the rear, or nearest to the enemy. This was no sooner done, than he settled all his topsails on the caps. There could be no mistaking this manœuvre. It was a direct invitation to Sir Gervaise to come down, fairly alongside; the bearing up at once removing all risk of being raked in so doing. The English commander-in-chief was not a man to neglect such a palpable challenge; but, making a few signals to direct the mode of attack he contemplated, he set foresail and maintopgallant sail, and brought the wind directly over his own taffrail. The vessels astern followed like clock-work, and no one now doubted that the mode of attack was settled for that day.

As the French, with Monsieur de Vervillin, were still half a mile to the southward and eastward of the approaching division of their enemy, the comte collected all his frigates and corvettes on his starboard hand, leaving a clear approach to Sir Gervaise on his larboard beam. This hint was understood, too, and the "Plantagenet" steered a course that would bring her up on that side of "Le Foudroyant," and at the distance of about one hundred yards from the muzzles of her guns.

This threatened to be close work, and unusual work in fleets, at that day; but it was the game our commander-in-chief was fond of playing, and it was one, also, that promised soonest to bring matters to a result.

These preliminaries arranged, there was yet leisure for the

respective commanders to look about them. The French were still fully a mile ahead of their enemies, and as both fleets were going in the same direction, the approach of the English was so slow as to leave some twenty minutes of that solemn breathing-time which reigns in a disciplined ship previous to the combat. The feelings of the two commanders-in-chief, at this pregnant instant, were singularly in contradiction to each other. The Comte de Vervillin saw that the rear division of his force, under the Comte-Admiral le Vicomte des Prez, was in the very position he desired it to be, having obtained the advantage of the wind by the English division's coming down, and by keeping its own luff. Between the two French officers there was a perfect understanding as to the course each was to take, and both now felt sanguine hopes of being able to obliterate the disgrace of the previous day, and that, too, by means very similar to those by which it had been incurred. On the other hand, Sir Gervaise was beset with doubts as to the course Bluewater might pursue. He could not, however, come to the conclusion that he would abandon him to the joint efforts of the two hostile divisions; and so long as the French rear-admiral was occupied by the English force to windward, it left to himself a clear field and no favor in the action with Monsieur de Vervillin. He knew Bluewater's generous nature too well not to feel certain his own compliance with the request not to signal his inferior would touch his heart, and give him a double chance with all his better feelings. Nevertheless, Sir Gervaise Oakes did not lead into this action without many and painful misgivings. He had lived too long in the world not to know that political prejudice was the most demoralizing of all our weaknesses, veiling our private vices under the plausible concealment of the public weal, and rendering even the well-disposed insensible to the wrongs they commit to individuals, by means of the deceptive flattery of serving the community. As doubt was more painful than the certainty of his worst forebodings, however, and it was not in his nature to refuse a combat so fairly offered, he was resolved to close with the comte at every hazard, trusting the issue to God, and his own efforts.

The "Plantagenet" presented an eloquent picture of order and preparation, as she drew near the French line, on this memorable occasion. Her people were all at quarters, and, as Greenly walked through her batteries, he found every gun on the starboard side loose, leveled, and ready to be fired; while

the opposite merely required a turn or two of the tackles to be cast loose, the priming to be applied, and the loggerhead to follow, in order to be discharged, also. A death-like stillness reigned from the poop to the cock-pit, the older seamen occasionally glancing through their ports in order to ascertain the relative positions of the two fleets, that they might be ready for the collision. As the English got within musket-shot, the French ran their topsails to the mastheads, and their ships gathered fresher way through the water. Still the former moved with the greatest velocity, carrying the most sail, and impelled by the greater momentum. When near enough, however, Sir Gervaise gave the order to reduce the canvas of his own ship. The order was obeyed with machine-like promptitude, and in a few moments the admiral turned again to the captain.

"That will do, Greenly," he said, in a mild, quiet tone. "Let run the topgallant-halyards and haul up the foresail. The way you have, will bring you fairly alongside."

The captain gave the necessary orders, and the master shortened sail accordingly. Still the "Plantagenet" shot ahead, and, in three or four minutes more, her bows doubled so far on "Le Foudroyant's" quarter, as to permit a gun to bear. This was the signal for both sides, each ship opening as it might be in the same breath. The flash, the roar, and the eddying smoke followed in quick succession, and in a period of time that seemed nearly instantaneous. The crash of shot, and the shriek of wounded mingled with the infernal din, for nature extorts painful concessions of human weaknesses at such moments, even from the bravest and firmest.

Bunting was in the act of reporting to Sir Gervaise that no signal could be seen from the "Cæsar" in the midst of this uproar, when a small round shot discharged from the Frenchman's poop passed through his body, literally driving the heart before it, leaving him dead at his commander's feet.

"I shall depend on you, Sir Wycherly, for the discharge of poor Bunting's duty the remainder of the cruise," observed Sir Gervaise, with a smile in which courtesy and regret struggled singularly for the mastery. "Quartermasters, lay Mr. Bunting's body a little out of the way, and cover it with those signals. They are a suitable pall for so brave a man!"

Just as this occurred, the "Warspite" came clear of the "Plantagenet," on her outside, according to orders, and she

opened with her forward guns, taking the second ship in the French line for her target. In two minutes more these vessels also were furiously engaged in the hot strife. In this manner, ship after ship passed on the outside of the "Plantagenet," and sheered into her berth ahead of her who had just been her own leader, until the "Achilles," Lord Morganic, the last of the five, lay fairly side by side with "Le Conquereur," the vessel now at the head of the French line. That the reader may understand the incidents more readily, we will give the opposing lines in the precise form in which they lay, namely : —

Plantagenet	Le Foudroyant,
Warspite,	Le Téméraire,
Blenheim,	Le Dugay Trouin,
Thunderer,	L'Ajax,
Achilles,	Le Conquereur.

The constantly recurring discharges of four hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, within a space so small, had the effect to repel the regular currents of air, and, almost immediately, to lessen a breeze of six or seven knots, to one that would not propel a ship more than two or three. This was the first observable phenomenon connected with the action, but as it had been expected, Sir Gervaise had used the precaution to lay his ships as near as possible in the positions in which he intended them to fight the battle. The next great physical consequence, one equally expected and natural, but which wrought a great change in the aspect of the battle, was the cloud of smoke in which the ten ships were suddenly enveloped. At the first broadside between the two admirals, volumes of light fleecy vapor rolled over the sea, meeting midway, and, rising thence in curling wreaths, left nothing but the masts and sails of the adversary visible in the hostile ship. This, of itself, would have soon hidden the combatants in the bosom of a nearly impenetrable cloud ; but as vessels drove onward they entered deeper beneath the sulphurous canopy, until it spread on each side of them shutting out the view of ocean, skies, and horizon. The burning of the priming below contributed to increase the smoke, until not only was respiration difficult, but those who fought only a few yards apart frequently could not recognize each other's faces. In the midst of this scene of obscurity, and a din that might well have alarmed the caverns of the ocean, the earnest and well drilled seamen toiled at their ponderous guns,

and remedied with ready hands the injuries received in the rigging, each man as intent on his own particular duty as if he wrought in the occupations of an ordinary gale.

"Sir Wycherly," observed the vice-admiral, when the cannonading had continued some twenty minutes, "there is little for a flag-officer to do in such a cloud of smoke. I would give much to know the exact position of the divisions of our two rear-admirals."

"There is but one mode of ascertaining that, Sir Gervaise — if it be your pleasure, I will attempt. By going on the main topgallant yard, one might get a clear view, perhaps."

Sir Gervaise smiled his approbation, and presently saw the young man ascending the main-rigging, though half concealed in smoke. Just at this instant, Greenly ascended to the poop, from making a tour of observation from below. Without waiting for a question, the captain made his report.

"We are doing pretty well, now, Sir Gervaise, though the first broadside of the comte treated us roughly. I think his fire slackens, and Bury says he is certain that his fore topmast is already gone. At all events, our lads are in good spirits, and yet all the sticks keep their places."

"I'm glad of this, Greenly; particularly of the latter, just at this moment. I see you are looking at those signals — they cover the body of poor Bunting."

"And this train of blood to the ladder, sir — I hope our young baronet is not hurt?"

"No, it is one of the Bowlderos, who has lost a leg. I shall have to see that he wants for nothing hereafter."

There was a pause; then both the gentlemen smiled, as they heard the crashing work made by a shot just beneath them, which, by the sounds and the direction, they knew had passed through Greenly's crockery. Still neither spoke. After a few more minutes of silent observation, Sir Gervaise remarked that he thought the flashes of the French guns more distant than they had been at first, though, at that instant, not a trace of their enemy was to be discovered, except in the roar of the guns, and in these very flashes, and their effect on the "Plantagenet."

"If so, sir, the comte begins to find his berth too hot for him; here is the wind still directly over our taffrail, such as it is."

"No, no, we steer as we began: I keep my eye on that compass below, and am certain we hold a straight course. Go forward, Greenly, and see that a sharp lookout is kept ahead. It

is time some of our own ships should be crippled: we must be careful not to run into them. Should such a thing happen, sheer hard to starboard and pass inside."

"Ay, ay, Sir Gervaise, your wishes shall be attended to."

As this was said, Greenly disappeared, and, at the next instant, Wycherly stood in his place.

"Well, sir, I am glad to see you back safe. If Greenly were here now he would inquire about his mast, but I wish to know the position of the ships."

"I am the bearer of bad news, sir. Nothing at all could be seen from the top; but in the cross-trees I got a good look through the smoke, and am sorry to say the French rear-admiral in coming down fast on our larboard-quarter with all his force. We shall have him abeam in five minutes."

"And Bluewater?" demanded Sir Gervaise, quick as lightning.

"I could see nothing of Admiral Bluewater's ships; but knowing the importancc of this intelligence, I came down immediately and by the back-stay."

"You have done well, sir. Send a midshipman forward for Captain Greenly; then pass below yourself, and let the lieutenants in the batteries hear the news. They must divide their people, and by all means give a prompt and well-directed first broadside."

Wycherly waited for no more. He ran below with the activity of his years. The message found Greenly between the knight-heads, but he hurried aft to the poop to ascertain its object. It took Sir Gervaise but a moment to explain it all to the captain.

"In the name of Heaven, what can the other division be about," exclaimed Greenly, "that it lets the French rear-admiral come upon us in a moment like this?"

"Of that, sir it is unnecessary to speak now," answered the commander-in-chief, solemnly. "Our present business is to get ready for this new enemy. Go into the batteries again, and, as you prize victory, be careful not to throw away the first discharge in the smoke."

As time pressed, Greenly swallowed his discontent and departed. The five minutes that succeeded were bitter minutes to Sir Gervaise Oakes. Besides himself there were but five men on the poop, namely, the quartermaster who tended the signals, and three of the Bowlderos. All of these were using muskets

as usual, though the vice-admiral never permitted marines to be stationed at a point which he wished to be as clear of smoke and as much removed from bustle as possible. He began to pace this comparatively vacant little deck with a quick step, casting wistful glances toward the larboard quarter ; but though the smoke occasionally cleared a little in that direction, the firing having much slacked from exhaustion in the men, as well as from injuries given and received, he was unable to detect any signs of a ship.

Such was the state of things when Wycherly returned and reported that his orders were delivered and part of the people were already in the larboard batteries.

" Are you quite sure, Sir Wycherly Wychecombe, that there is not some mistake about the approach of the rear division of the French ? " inquired the vice-admiral, endeavoring to catch some glimpses of the water through the smoke on the larboard hand. " May not some crippled ship of our own have sheered from the line, and been left by us, unknowingly, on that side ? "

" No, Sir Gervaise, there is no mistake ; there can be none, unless I may have been deceived a little in the distance. I saw nothing but the sails and spars, not of a single vessel, but three ships ; and one of them wore the flag of a French rear-admiral at the mizzen. As a proof that I am not mistaken, sir, there it is this minute ! "

The smoke on the off side of the " Plantagenet," as a matter of course, was much less dense than that on the side engaged, and the wind beginning to blow in eddies, as ever happens in a heavy cannonade, there were moments in which he cast aside the " shroud of battle." At that instant an opening occurred through which a single mast and single sail were visible, in the precise spot where Wycherly had stated the enemy might be looked for. It was a mizzen topsail beyond a question and above it was fluttering the little square flag of the rear-admiral.

Sir Gervaise decided on the character of the vessel and on his own course in an instant. Stepping to the edge of the poop, with his natural voice, without the aid of a trumpet of any sort, he called out in tones that rose above the roar of the contest, the ominous but familiar nautical words of " Stand by ! " Perhaps a call from powerful lungs (and the vice-admiral's voice, when he chose to use it, was like the blast of a clarion) is clearer and more impressive, when unaided by instruments, than when it comes disguised and unnatural through a tube. At any rate,

these words were heard even on the lower deck by those who stood near the hatches. Taking them up, they were repeated by a dozen voices with such expressions as "Look out, lads: Sir Jarvy's awake!" "Sight your guns!" "Wait till she's square!" and other similar admonitions that it is usual for the sea-officer to give as he is about to commence the strife. At this critical moment Sir Gervaise again looked up and caught another glimpse of the little flag as it passed into a vast wreath of smoke; he saw that the ship was fairly abeam, and, as if doubling all his powers, he shouted the word "Fire!" Greenly was standing on the lower-deck ladder, with his head just even with the coamings of the hatch, as this order reached him, and he repeated it in a voice scarcely less startling. The cloud on the larboard side was driven in all directions, like dust scattered by wind. The ship seemed on fire, and the missiles of forty-one guns flew on their deadly errand, as it might be at a single flash. The old "Plantagenet" trembled to her heel, and even bowed a little at the recoil, but, like one suddenly relieved from a burden, righted and went on her way none the less active. That timely broadside saved the English commander-in-chief's ship from an early defeat. It took the crew of the "Le Pluton," her new adversary, by surprise; for they had not been able to distinguish the precise position of their enemy; and, besides doing vast injury to both hull and people, drew her fire at an unpropitious moment. So uncertain and hasty, indeed, was the discharge the French ship gave in return, that no small portion of the contents of her guns passed ahead of the "Plantagenet," and went into the larboard quarter of the "Le Téméraire," the French admiral's second ahead.

"That was a timely salute," said Sir Gervaise, smiling, as soon as the fire of his new enemy had been received without material injury. "The first blow is always half the battle. We may now work on with some hopes of success. Ah! here comes Greenly again, God be praised! unhurt!"

The meeting of these two experienced seamen was cordial, but not without great seriousness. Both felt that the situation of not only the ship, but of the whole fleet, was extremely critical, the odds being much too great, and the position of the enemy too favorable not to render the result, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. Some advantage had certainly been obtained thus far; but there was little hope of preserving it long. The circumstances called for very decided and particularly bold measures.

"My mind is made up, Greenly," observed the vice-admiral. "We must go aboard of one of these ships, and make it a hand-to-hand affair. We will take the French commander-in-chief; he is evidently a good deal cut up, by the manner in which his fire slackens, and if we can carry him, or even force him out of the line, it will give us a better chance with the rest. As for Bluewater, God only knows what has become of him! He is not here at any rate, and we must help ourselves."

"You have only to order, Sir Gervaise, to be obeyed. I will lead the boarders myself."

"It must be a general thing, Greenly; I rather think we shall all of us go aboard of the 'Le Foudroyant.' Go, give the necessary orders, and when everything is ready, round in a little on the larboard braces, clap your helm a-port, and give the ship a rank sheer to starboard. This will bring matters to a crisis at once. By letting the foresail fall, and setting the spanker, you might shove the ship ahead a little faster."

Greenly instantly left the poop on this new and important duty. He sent his orders into the batteries, bidding the people remain at their guns, however, to the last moment; and particularly instructing the captain of marines as to the manner in which he was to cover, and then follow the boarding party. This done, he gave orders to brace forward the yards as directed by Sir Gervaise.

The reader will not overlook the material circumstance that all we have related occurred amid the din of battle. Guns were exploding at each instant, the cloud of smoke was both thickening and extending, fire was flashing in the semi-obscurity of its volumes, shots were rending the wood and cutting the rigging, and the piercing shrieks of agony, only so much the more appalling by being extorted from the stern and resolute, blended their thrilling accompaniments. Men seemed to be converted into demons, and yet there was a lofty and stubborn resolution to conquer mingled with all that ennobled the strife and rendered it heroic. The broadsides that were delivered in succession down the line, as ship after ship of the rear division reached her station, however, proclaimed that Monsieur des Prez had imitated Sir Gervaise's mode of closing, the only one by means of which the leading vessel could escape destruction, and that the English were completely doubled on. At this moment the sail-trimmers of the "Plantagenet" handled their braces. The first pull was the last. No sooner were the ropes started than

the fore topmast went over the bows, dragging after it the main, with all its hamper, the mizzen snapping like a pipe-stem at the cap. By this cruel accident, the result of many injuries to shrouds, backstays, and spars, the situation of the "Plantagenet" became worse than ever; for not only was the wreck to be partially cleared, at least, to fight many of the larboard guns, but the command of the ship was in a great measure lost, in the centre of one of the most infernal *mêlées* that ever accompanied a combat at sea.

At no time does the trained seaman ever appear so great as when he meets sudden misfortunes with the steadiness and quiet which it is a material part of the *morale* of discipline to inculcate. Greenly was full of ardor for the assault, and was thinking of the best mode of running foul of his adversary when this calamity occurred; but the masts were hardly down when he changed all his thoughts to a new current, and called out to the sail-trimmers to "Lay over, and clear the wreck."

Sir Gervaise, too, met with a sudden and violent check to the current of his feelings. He had collected his Bowlderos, and was giving his instruction as to the manner in which they were to follow, and keep near his person, in the expected hand-to-hand encounter, when the heavy rushing of the air and the swoop of the mass from above announced what had occurred. Turning to the men he calmly ordered them to aid in getting rid of the incumbrances, and was in the very act of directing Wycherly to join in the same duty when the latter exclaimed —

"See, Sir Gervaise, here comes another of the Frenchmen close upon our quarter. By heavens, they must mean to board!"

The vice-admiral instinctly grasped his sword-hilt tighter and turned in the direction mentioned by his companion. There, indeed, came a fresh ship, shoving the cloud aside, and by the clearer atmosphere that seemed to accompany her, apparently bringing down a current of air stronger than common. When first seen, the jib boom and bowsprit were both enveloped in smoke, but his bellying fore topsail, and the canvas hanging in festoons, loomed grandly in the vapors, the black yard seeming to embrace the wreaths merely to cast them aside. The proximity, too, was fearful, her yard-arms promising to clear those of the "Plantaganet" only by a few feet, as her dark bows brushed along the admiral's side.

"This will be fearful work, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Gervaise.

"A fresh broadside from a ship so near will sweep all from the spars. Go, Wychecombe, tell Greenly to call in — Hold! 'T is an English ship! No Frenchman's bowsprit stands like that! Almighty God be praised! 'T is the 'Cæsar!' there is the old Roman figure-head just shoving out of the smoke!"

This was said with a yell rather than a cry of delight, and in a voice so loud that the words were heard below and flew though the ship like the hissing of an ascending rocket. To confirm the glorious tidings the flash and roar of guns on the off side of the stranger announced the welcome tidings that "Le Pluton" had an enemy of her own to contend with, thus enabling the "Plantagenet's" people to throw all their strength on the starboard guns, and pursue their other necessary work without further molestation from the French rear-admiral.

The gratitude of Sir Gervaise, as the rescuing ship thrust herself in between him and his most formidable assailant, was too deep for language. He placed his hat mechanically before his face, and thanked God, with a fervor of spirit that never before had attended his thanksgivings. This brief act of devotion over, he found the bows of the "Cæsar," which ship was advancing very slowly in order not to pass too far ahead, just abreast of the spot where he stood, and so near that objects were pretty plainly visible. Between her knight-heads stood Bluewater, conning the ship by means of a line of officers, his hat in his hand, waving in encouragement to his own people, while Geoffrey Cleveland held the trumpet at his elbow. At that moment three noble cheers were given by the crews of the two friendly vessels and mingled with the increasing roar of the "Cæsar's" artillery. Then the smoke rose in a cloud over the forecastle of the latter ship, and persons could no longer be distinguished. Nevertheless, like all that thus approached, the relieving ship passed slowly ahead, until nearly her whole length protected the undefended side of her consort, delivering her fire with fearful rapidity. The "Platagenets" seemed to imbibe new life from this arrival, and their starboard guns spoke out again, as if manned by giants. It was five minutes, perhaps, after this seasonable arrival, before the guns of the other ships of the English rear announced their presence on the outside of Monsieur des Prez's force; thus bringing the whole of the two fleets into four lines, all steering dead before the wind, and as it were interwoven with each other. By that time the poops of the "Plantagenet" and "Cæsar" became visible from one

to the other, the smoke now driving principally off from the vessels. There were our two admirals each anxiously watching to get a glimpse of his friend. The instant the place was clear, Sir Gervaise applied the trumpet to his mouth, and called out —

"God bless you, Dick! may God forever bless you — your ship can do it — clap your helm hard a-starboard, and sheer into M. des Prez; you'll have him in five minutes."

Bluewater smiled, waved his hand, gave an order, and laid aside his trumpet. Two minutes later, the "Cæsar" sheered into the smoke on her larboard beam, and the crash of the meeting vessels was heard. By this time the wreck of the "Plantagenet" was cut adrift, and she too, made a rank sheer, though in a direction opposite to that of the "Cæsar's." As she went through the smoke her guns ceased, and when she emerged into the pure air it was found that "Le Foudroyant" had set courses and topgallant sails and was drawing so fast ahead as to render pursuit under the little sail that could be set unprofitable. Signals were out of the question, but this movement of the two admirals converted the whole battle scene into one of inexplicable confusion. Ship after ship changed her position, and ceased her fire from uncertainty what that position was until a general silence succeeded the roar of the cannonade. It was indispensable to pause and let the smoke blow away.

It did not require many minutes to raise the curtain on the two fleets. As soon as the firing stopped the wind increased and the smoke was driven off to leeward in a vast straggling cloud that seemed to scatter and disperse in the air spontaneously. Then a sight of the havoc and destruction that had been done in this short conflict was first obtained.

The two squadrons were intermingled and it required some little time for Sir Gervaise to get a clear idea of the state of his own ships. Generally, it might be said that the vessels were scattering, the French sheering toward their own coast while the English were principally coming by the wind on the larboard tack, or heading toward England. The "Cæsar" and "Le Pluton" were still foul of each other, though a rear-admiral's flag was flying at the mizzen of the first while that which had so lately fluttered at the royal masthead of the other had disappeared.

The "Achilles," Lord Morganic, was still among the French, more to leeward than any other English ship, without a single

spar standing. Her ensigns were flying, notwithstanding, and the "Thunderer" and "Dublin" both in tolerable order, were edging away rapidly to cover their crippled consort; though the nearest French vessel seemed more bent on getting out of the *mêlée*, and into their own line again, than on securing any advantage already obtained. "Le Téméraire" was in the same predicament as the "Achilles" as to spars, though much more injured in her hull, besides having twice as many casualties. Her flag was down; the ship having fairly struck to the "Warspite," whose boats were already alongside of her. "Le Foudroyant," with quite one-third of her crew killed and wounded, was running off to leeward with signals flying for her consorts to rally round her; but, within less than ten minutes after she became visible her main and mizzen masts both went. The "Blenheim" had lost all her topmasts, like the "Plantagenet," and neither the "Elizabeth" nor the "York" had a mizzen mast standing, although engaged but a very short time. Several lower yards were shot away, or so much injured as to compel the ships to shorten sail, this accident having occurred in both fleets. As for the damage done to the standing and running rigging, and to the sails, it is only necessary to say that the shrouds, back and head stays, braces, bow-lines, and lifts, were dangling in all directions, while the canvas that was open exhibited all sorts of rents, from that which had been torn like cloth in the shopman's hands, to the little eyelet holes of the canister and grape. It appeared by the subsequent reports of the two parties that in this short but severe conflict the slain and wounded of the English amounted to seven hundred and sixty-three, including officers; and that of the French, to one thousand four hundred and twelve. The disparity in this respect would probably have been greater against the latter had it not been for the manner in which M. des Prez succeeded in doubling on his enemies.

Little need be said in explanation of the parts of this battle that have not been distinctly related. M. des Prez had manœuvred in the manner he did at the commencement of the affair in the hope of drawing Sir Gervaise down upon the division of the Comte de Vervillin; and no sooner did he see the first fairly enveloped in smoke, than he wore short round and joined in the affair, as has been mentioned. At this sight, Bluewater's loyalty to the Stuarts could resist no longer. Throwing out a general signal to engage, he squared away, set everything that would

draw on the "Cæsar," and arrived in time to save his friend. The other ships followed, engaging on the outside for want of room to imitate their leader.

Two more of the French ships, at least, in addition to "Le Téméraire" and "Le Pluton," might have been added to the list of prizes, had the actual condition of their fleet been known. But at such moments a combatant sees and feels his own injuries, while he has to conjecture many of those of his adversaries; and the English were too much occupied in making the provisions necessary to save their remaining spars, to risk much in order to swell an advantage that was already so considerable. Some distant firing passed between the "Thunderer" and "Dublin," and "L'Ajax," "Le Dugay Trouin," and "L'Hector," before the two former succeeded in getting Lord Morganic out of his difficulties, but it led to no material result; merely inflicting new injuries on certain spars that were sufficiently damaged before, and killing and wounding some fifteen or twenty men quite uselessly. As soon as the vice-admiral saw what was likely to be the effect of this episode, he called off Captain O'Neil of the "Dublin," by signal, he being an officer of a "hot temper," as the soldier said of himself at Waterloo. The compliance with this order may be said to have terminated the battle.

The reader will remember that the wind at the commencement of the engagement was at north-west. It was nearly "killed," as seamen express it, by the cannonade; then it revived a little as the concussions of the guns gradually diminished. But the combined effect of the advance of the day, and the rushing of new currents of air to fill the vacuums produced by the burning of so much powder, was a sudden shift of wind; a breeze coming out strong, and as it might be, in an instant, from the eastward.

This unexpected alteration in the direction and power of the wind cost the "Thunderer" her foremast, and did other damage to different ships; but, by dint of great activity and careful handling, all the English vessels got their heads round to the northward, while the French filled the other way, and went off free, steering nearly south east, making the best of their way for Brest. The latter suffered still more than their enemies by the change just mentioned; and when they reached port, as did all but one on the following day, no less than three were towed in without a spar standing, bowsprits excepted.

The exception was "Le Calton," which ship M. de Vervillin

set fire to and blew up on account of her damages, in the course of the afternoon. Thus of twelve noble two-decked ships with which this officer sailed from Cherbourg only two days before he reached Brest with but seven.

Nor were the English entirely without their embarrassments. Although the "Warspite" had compelled "Le Téméraire" to strike, she was kept afloat herself with a good deal of difficulty, and that, too, not without considerable assistance from the other vessels. The leaks, however, were eventually stopped, and then the ship was given up to the care of her own crew. Other vessels suffered, of course, but no English ship was in as much jeopardy as this.

The first hour after the action ceased was one of great exertion and anxiety to our admiral. He called the "Chloe" alongside by signal, and, attended by Wycherly and his own quartermasters, Galleygo, who went without orders, and the Bowlderos who were unhurt, he shifted his flag to that frigate. Then he immediately commenced passing from vessel to vessel, in order to ascertain the actual condition of his command. The "Achilles" detained him some time, and he was near her, or to leeward, when the wind shifted, which was bringing him to windward in the present state of things. Of this advantage he availed himself by urging the different ships off as fast as possible; and long before the sun was in the meridian all the English vessels were making the best of their way toward the land with the intention of fetching into Plymouth if possible; if not, into the nearest and best anchorage to leeward. The progress of the fleet was relatively slow, as a matter of course, though it got along at the rate of some five knots by making a free wind of it.

The master of the "Chloe" had just taken the sun in order to ascertain his latitude, when the vice-admiral commanded Denham to set topgallant sails, and go within hail of the "Cæsar." The ship had got clear of the "Le Pluton" half an hour after the action ceased, and she was now leading the fleet, with her three topsails on the caps. Aloft she had suffered comparatively little; but Sir Gervaise knew that there must have been a serious loss of men in carrying, hand to hand, a vessel like that of M. des Pres. He was anxious to see his friend, and hear the manner in which his success had been obtained, and, we might add, to remonstrate with Bluewater on a course that had led the latter to the verge of a most dangerous abyss.

The "Chloe" was half an hour running through the fleet, which was a good deal extended, and was sailing without any regard to a line. Sir Gervaise had many questions to ask, too, of the different commanders in passing. At last the frigate overtook the "Le Téméraire," which vessel was following the "Cæsar" under easy canvas. As the "Chloe" came up abeam, Sir Gervaise appeared in the gangway of the frigate, and, hat in hand, he asked with an accent that was intelligible, though it might not have absolutely stood the test of criticism —

"Le Vice-amiral Oakes demande comment se porte-il, le Contre-amiral, le Vincomte des Prez?"

A little elderly man, dressed with extreme care, with a powdered head, but of a firm step and perfectly collected expression of countenance, appeared on the verge of the "Le Téméraire's" poop, trumpet in hand, to reply.

"Le Vincomte des Pres remercie bien Monsieur le Chevalier Oakes, et désire vivement de savoir comment se porte Monsieur le Vice-amiral?"

Mutual waves of trumpets served as replies to the questions, and then, after taking a moment to muster his French, Sir Gervaise continued —

"J'espère voir Monsieur le Contre-amiral à diner à cinq heures, précis."

The vicomte smiled at this characteristic manifestation of good-will and courtesy; and after pausing an instant to choose an expression to soften his refusal, and to express his own sense of the motive of the invitation, he called out: —

"Veuillez bien recevoir nos excuses pour aujourd'hui, Monsieur le Chevalier. Nous n'avons pas encore digéré le repas si noble reçu à vos mains comme déjeuner."

The "Chloe" passing ahead bows, terminated the interview. Sir Gervaise's French was at fault, for what between the rapid, neat pronunciation of the Frenchman, the trumpet, and the turn of the expression he did not comprehend the meaning of the *Contre-amiral.*

"What does he say, Wychecombe?" he asked eagerly of the young man. "Will he come or not?"

"Upon my word, Sir Gervaise, French is a sealed language to me. Never having been a prisoner, no opportunity has offered for acquiring the language. As I understood, you intended to ask him to dinner; I rather think, from his countenance, he meant to say he was not in spirits for the entertainment."

"Pooh! we would have put him in spirits, and Bluewater could have talked to him in his own tongue by the fathom. We will close with the 'Cæsar' to leeward, Denham; never mind rank on an occasion like this. It 's time to let the topgallant halyards run; you 'll have to settle your topsails too, or we shall shoot past her. Bluewater may take it as a salute to his gallantry in carrying so fine a ship in so handsome a manner."

Several minutes now passed in silence, during which the fleet was less and less rapidly closing with the larger vessel, drawing ahead toward the last, as it might be, foot by foot. Sir Gervaise got upon one of the quarter-deck guns, and steadying himself against the hammock-cloths, he was in readiness to exchange the greetings he was accustomed to give and to receive from his friend in the same heartfelt manner as if nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their feelings. The single glance of the eye, the waving of the hat, and the noble manner in which Bluewater interposed between him and his most dangerous enemy, were still present to his mind, and disposed him even more than common to the kindest feeling of his nature. Stowel was already on the poop of the "Cæsar," and as the "Chloe" came slowly on, he raised his hat in deference to the commander-in-chief. It was a point of delicacy with Sir Gervaise never to interfere with any subordinate flag-officer's vessel any more than duty rigidly required; consequently his communications with the captain of the "Cæsar" had usually been of a general nature, verbal orders and criticisms being studiously avoided. The circumstances rendered the commander-in-chief even a greater favorite than common with Stowel, who had all his own way in his own ship, in consequence of the rear-admiral's indifference to such matters.

"How do you do, Stowel?" called out Sir Gervaise cordially. "I am delighted to see you on your legs, and hope the old Roman is not much the worse for this day's treatment."

"I thank you, Sir Gervaise, we are both afloat yet, though we have passed through warm times. The ship is damaged, sir, as you may suppose, and, though it stands so bravely and looks so upright, that foremast of ours is as good as a condemned spar. One thirty-two through the heart of it, about ten feet from the deck, an eighteen in the hounds, and a double-header sticking in one of the hoops! A spar cannot be counted for much that has as many holes in it as those, sir!"

"Deal tenderly with it, my old friend, and spare the canvas;

those chaps at Plymouth will set all to rights again in a week. Hoops can be had for asking, and as for holes in the heart, many a poor fellow has had them, and lived through it all. You are a case in point; Mrs. Stowel not having spared you in that way, I 'll answer for it."

"Mrs. Stowel commands ashore, Sir Gervaise, and I command afloat; and in that way we keep a quiet ship and a quiet house, I thank you, sir; and I endeavor to think of her at sea as little as possible."

"Ay, that 's the way with you doting husbands, always ashamed of your own lively sensibilities. But what has become of Bluewater? Does he know that we are alongside?"

Stowel looked round, cast his eyes up at the sails, and played with the hilt of his sword. The rapid eye of the commander-in-chief detected this embarrassment, and quick as thought he demanded what had happened.

"Why, Sir Gervaise, you know how it is with some admirals who like to be in everything. I told our respected and beloved friend that he had nothing to do with boarding; that if either of us was to go, *I* was the proper man; but that we ought both to stick by the ship. He answered something about lost honor and duty, and you know, sir, what legs he has when he wishes to use them! One might as well think of stopping a deserter by halloo; away he went, with the first party, sword in hand, a sight I never saw before and never wish to see again! Thus you see how it was, sir."

The commander-in-chief compressed his lips until his features, and indeed his whole form was a picture of desperate resolution, though his face was as pale as death and the muscles of his mouth twitched in spite of all his physical self-command.

"I understand you, sir," he said, in a voice that seemed to issue from his chest; "you wish to say that Admiral Bluewater is killed."

"No, thank God! Sir Gervaise, not quite as bad as that, though sadly hurt; yes, indeed, very sadly hurt!"

Sir Gervaise Oakes groaned and for a few minutes he leaned his head on the hammock-cloths, veiling his face from the sight of men. Then he raised his person erect, and said, steadily:—

"Run your topsails to the mast-head, Captain Stowel, and round your ship to. I will come on board of you."

An order was given to Denham to take room, when the

"Chloe" came to the wind on one tack, and the "Cæsar" on the other. This was contrary to rule, as it increased the distance between the ships; but the vice-admiral was impatient to be in his barge. In ten minutes he was mounting the "Cæsar's" side, and in two more he was in Bluewater's main-cabin. Geoffrey Cleveland was seated by the table, with his face buried in his arms. Touching his shoulder, the boy raised his head and showed a face covered with tears.

"How is he, boy?" demanded Sir Gervaise, hoarsely. "Do the surgeons give any hopes?"

The midshipman shook his head, and then, as if the question renewed his grief, he again buried his face in his arms. At this moment the surgeon of the ship came from the rear-admiral's state-room, and following the commander-in-chief into the after-cabin, they had a long conference together.

Minute after minute passed, and the "Cæsar" and the "Chloe" still lay with their main topsails aback. At the end of half an hour, Denham wore round and laid the head of his frigate in the proper direction. Ship after ship came up, and went on to the northward, fast as her crippled state would allow, yet no sign of movement was seen in the "Cæsar." Two sail had appeared in the south-eastern board, and they, too, approached and passed without bringing the vice-admiral even on deck. These ships proved to be the "Carnatic" and her prize, the "La Scipion," which latter ship had been intercepted and easily captured by the former. The steering of M. de Vervillin to the south-west had left a clear passage to the two ships, which were coming down with a free wind at a handsome rate of sailing. This news was sent into the "Cæsar's" cabin, but it brought no person and no answer out of it. At length, when everything had gone ahead, the barge returned to the "Chloe." It merely took a note, however, which was no sooner read by Wycherly than he summoned the Bowlderos and Galleygo, had all the vice-admiral's luggage passed into the boat, struck his flag, and took his leave of Denham. As soon as the boat was clear of the frigate, the latter made all sail after the fleet, to resume her ordinary duties of a lookout and a repeating-ship.

As soon as Wycherly reached the "Cæsar," that ship hoisted in the vice-admiral's barge. A report was made to Sir Gervaise of what had been done, and then an order came on deck that occasioned all in the fleet to stare with surprise. The red

flag of Sir Gervaise Oakes was run up at the fore royal-mast-head of the "Cæsar," while the white flag of the rear-admiral was still flying at her mizzen. Such a thing had never before been known to happen, if it has ever happened since; and to the time when she was subsequently lost, the "Cæsar" was known as the double flag-ship.

The Doom of Abiram White.

(From "The Prairie.")

Abiram gave his downcast partner a glance of his eye, and withdrew towards a distant roll of the land which bounded the view towards the east. The meeting of the pair in this naked spot was like an interview held above the grave of their murdered son. Ishmael signed to his wife to take a seat beside him on a fragment of rock, and then followed a space during which neither seemed disposed to speak.

"We have journeyed together long, through good and bad," Ishmael at length commenced: "much have we had to try us, and some bitter cups have we been made to swallow, my woman; but nothing like this has ever been before lain in my path."

"It is a heavy cross for a poor, misguided, and sinful woman to bear!" returned Esther, bowing her head to her knees, and partly concealing her face in her dress. "A heavy and a burdensome weight is this to be laid upon the shoulders of a sister and a mother!"

"Ay; therein lies the hardship of the case. I had brought my mind to the punishment of that houseless trapper with no great strivings, for the man had done me few favors, and God forgive me if I suspected him wrongfully of much evil! This is, however, bringing shame in at one door of my cabin in order to drive it out at the other. But shall a son of mine be murdered, and he who did it go at large? — the boy would never rest!"

"Oh, Ishmael, we pushed the matter far! Had little been said, who would have been the wiser? Our consciences might then have been quiet."

"Esther," said the husband, turning on her a reproachful but still a dull regard, "the hour has been, my woman, when you thought another hand had done this wickedness."

"I did, I did! the Lord gave me the feeling as a punishment for my sins! but his mercy was not slow in lifting the veil; I looked into the Book, Ishmael, and there I found the words of comfort."

"Have you that book at hand, woman? it may happen to advise in such a dreary business."

Esther fumbled in her pocket, and was not long in producing the fragment of a Bible which had been thumbed and smoke-dried till the print was nearly illegible. It was the only article in the nature of a book that was to be found among the chattels of the squatter, and it had been preserved by his wife as a melancholy relic of more prosperous, and possibly of more innocent days. She had long been in the habit of resorting to it under the pressure of such circumstances as were palpably beyond human redress, though her spirit and resolution rarely needed support under those that admitted of reparation through any of the ordinary means of reprisal. In this manner Esther had made a sort of convenient ally of the Word of God; rarely troubling it for counsel, however, except when her own incompetency to avert an evil was too apparent to be disputed. We shall leave casuists to determine how far she resembled any other believers in this particular, and proceed directly with the matter before us.

"There are many awful passages in these pages, Ishmael," she said, when the volume was opened and the leaves were slowly turning under her finger, "and some there are that teach the rules of punishment."

Her husband made a gesture for her to find one of those brief rules of conduct which have been received among all Christian nations as the direct mandates of the Creator, and which have been found so just that even they who deny their high authority admit their wisdom. Ishmael listened with grave attention as his companion read all those verses which her memory suggested, and which were thought applicable to the situation in which they found themselves. He made her show him the words, which he regarded with a sort of strange reverence. A resolution once taken was usually irrevocable in one who was moved with so much difficulty. He put his hand upon the book and closed the pages himself, as much as to apprise his wife that he was satisfied. Esther, who so well knew his character, trembled at the action, and casting a glance at his steady eye, she said:—

"And yet, Ishmael, my blood and the blood of my children is in his veins! Cannot mercy be shown?"

"Woman," he answered, sternly, "when we believed that miserable old trapper had done this deed, nothing was said of mercy!"

Esther made no reply, but folding her arms upon her breast she sat silent and thoughtful for many minutes. Then she once more turned her anxious gaze upon the countenance of her husband, where she found all passion and care apparently buried in the coldest apathy. Satisfied now that the fate of her brother was sealed, and possibly conscious how well he merited the punishment that was meditated, she no longer thought of mediation. No more words passed between them. Their eyes met for an instant, and then both arose and walked in profound silence towards the encampment.

The squatter found his children expecting his return in the usual listless manner with which they awaited all coming events. The cattle were already herded, and the horses in their gears in readiness to proceed, so soon as he should indicate that such was his pleasure. The children were already in their proper vehicle, and in short, nothing delayed the departure but the absence of the parents of the wild brood.

"Abner," said the father, with the deliberation with which all his proceedings were characterized, "take the brother of your mother from the wagon, and let him stand on the 'arth."

Abiram issued from his place of concealment, trembling, it is true, but far from destitute of hopes as to his final success in appeasing the just resentment of his kinsman. After throwing a glance around him with the vain wish of finding a single countenance in which he might detect a solitary gleam of sympathy, he endeavored to smother those apprehensions that were by this time reviving in their original violence, by forcing a sort of friendly communication between himself and the squatter: —

"The beasts are getting jaded, brother," he said; "and as we have made so good a march already, is it not time to camp? To my eye you may go far before a better place than this is found to pass the night in."

"'T is well you like it. Your tarry here ar' likely to be long. My sons, draw nigh and listen. Abiram White," he added, lifting his cap, and speaking with a solemnity and steadiness that rendered even his dull mien imposing, "you

have slain my first-born, and according to the laws of God and man must you die!"

The kidnapper started at this terrible and sudden sentence, with the terror that one would exhibit who unexpectedly found himself in the grasp of a monster from whose power there was no retreat. Although filled with the most serious forebodings of what might be his lot, his courage had not been equal to look his danger in the face, and with the deceitful consolation with which timid tempers are apt to conceal their desperate condition from themselves, he had rather courted a treacherous relief in his cunning, than prepared himself for the worst.

"Die!" he repeated, in a voice that scarcely issued from his chest; "a man is surely safe among his kinsmen?"

"So thought my boy," returned the squatter, motioning for the team that contained his wife and the girls to proceed, as he very coolly examined the priming of his piece. "By the rifle did you destroy my son; it is fit and just that you meet your end by the same weapon."

Abiram stared about him with a gaze that bespoke an unsettled reason. He even laughed, as if he would not only persuade himself but others that what he heard was some pleasantry intended to try his nerves. But nowhere did his frightful merriment meet with an answering echo. All around was solemn and still. The visages of his nephews were excited, but cold towards him, and that of his former confederate frightfully determined. This very steadiness of mien was a thousand times more alarming and hopeless than any violence could have proved. The latter might possibly have touched his spirit and awakened resistance, but the former threw him entirely on the feeble resources of himself.

"Brother," he said, in a hurried unnatural whisper, "did I hear you?"

"My words are plain, Abiram White: thou hast done murder, and for the same must thou die!"

"Esther! sister, sister! will you leave me? O sister! do you hear my call?"

"I hear one speak from the grave!" returned the husky tones of Esther, as the wagon passed the spot where the criminal stood. "It is the voice of my first-born calling aloud for justice! God have mercy, God have mercy on your soul!"

The team slowly pursued its route, and the deserted Abiram now found himself deprived of the smallest vestige of hope.

Still he could not summon fortitude to meet his death, and had not his limbs refused to aid him he would yet have attempted to fly. Then by a sudden revolution from hope to utter despair he fell upon his knees and commenced a prayer, in which cries for mercy to God and to his kinsman were wildly and blasphemously mingled. The sons of Ishmael turned away in horror at the disgusting spectacle, and even the stern nature of the squatter began to bend before so abject misery.

"May that which you ask of him be granted," he said; "but a father can never forget a murdered child."

He was answered by the most humble appeals for time. A week, a day, an hour, were each implored with an earnestness commensurate to the value they receive when a whole life is compressed into their short duration. The squatter was troubled, and at length he yielded in part to the petitions of the criminal. His final purpose was not altered, though he changed the means. "Abner," he said, "mount the rock and look on every side that we may be sure none are nigh."

While his nephew was obeying this order, gleams of reviving hope were seen shooting across the quivering features of the kidnapper. The report was favorable; nothing having life, the retiring teams excepted, was to be seen. A messenger was however coming from the latter in great apparent haste. Ishmael awaited its arrival. He received from the hands of one of his wondering and frighted girls a fragment of that Book which Esther had preserved with so much care. The squatter beckoned his child away, and placed the leaves in the hands of the criminal.

"Esther has sent you this," he said, "that in your last moments you may remember God."

"Bless her, bless her! a good and kind sister has she been to me! But time must be given that I may read; time, my brother, time!"

"Time shall not be wanting. You shall be your own executioner, and this miserable office shall pass away from my hands."

Ishmael proceeded to put his new resolution in force. The immediate apprehensions of the kidnapper were quieted by an assurance that he might yet live for days, though his punishment was inevitable. A reprieve to one abject and wretched as Abiram temporarily produced the same effects as a pardon. He was even foremost in assisting in the appalling arrange-

ments; and of all the actors in that solemn tragedy, his voice alone was facetious and jocular.

A thin shelf of the rock projected beneath one of the ragged arms of the willow. It was many feet from the ground, and admirably adapted to the purpose which in fact its appearance had suggested. On this little platform the criminal was placed, his arms bound at the elbows behind his back, beyond the possibility of liberation, with a proper cord leading from his neck to the limb of the tree. The latter was so placed that when suspended the body could find no foothold. The fragment of the Bible was placed in his hands, and he was left to seek his consolation as he might from its pages.

"And now, Abiram White," said the squatter, when his sons had descended from completing this arrangement, "I give you a last and solemn asking. Death is before you in two shapes. With this rifle can your misery be cut short, or by that cord, sooner or later, must you meet your end."

"Let me yet live! O Ishmael, you know not how sweet life is when the last moment draws so nigh!"

"'T is done," said the squatter, motioning for his assistants to follow the herds and teams. "And now, miserable man, that it may prove a consolation to your end, I forgive you my wrongs and leave you to your God."

Ishmael turned and pursued his way across the plain at his ordinary sluggish and ponderous gait. Though his head was bent a little towards the earth, his inactive mind did not prompt him to cast a look behind. Once indeed he thought he heard his name called in tones that were a little smothered, but they failed to make him pause.

At the spot where he and Esther had conferred he reached the boundary of the visible horizon from the rock. Here he stopped, and ventured a glance in the direction of the place he had just quitted. The sun was near dipping into the plains beyond, and its last rays lighted the naked branches of the willow. He saw the ragged outline of the whole drawn against the glowing heavens, and he even traced the still upright form of the being he had left to his misery. Turning the roll of the swell, he proceeded with the feelings of one who had been suddenly and violently separated from a recent confederate forever.

Within a mile the squatter overtook his teams. His sons had found a place suited to the encampment for the night, and

merely awaited his approach to confirm their choice. Few words were necessary to express his acquiescence. Everything passed in a silence more general and remarkable than ever. The chidings of Esther were not heard among her young, or if heard, they were more in the tones of softened admonition than in her usual upbraiding key.

No questions nor explanations passed between the husband and his wife. It was only as the latter was about to withdraw among her children for the night, that the former saw her taking a furtive look at the pan of his rifle. Ishmael bade his sons seek their rest, announcing his intention to look to the safety of the camp in person. When all was still, he walked out upon the prairie with a sort of sensation that he found his breathing among the tents too straitened. The night was well adapted to heighten the feelings which had been created by the events of the day.

The wind had risen with the moon, and it was occasionally sweeping over the plain in a manner that made it not difficult for the sentinel to imagine strange and unearthly sounds were mingling in the blasts. Yielding to the extraordinary impulses of which he was the subject, he cast a glance around to see that all were slumbering in security, and then he strayed towards the swell of land already mentioned. Here the squatter found himself at a point that commanded a view to the east and to the west. Light fleecy clouds were driving before the moon, which was cold and watery, though there were moments when its placid rays were shed from clear blue fields, seeming to soften objects to its own mild loveliness.

For the first time, in a life of so much wild adventure, Ishmael felt a keen sense of solitude. The naked prairies began to assume the forms of illimitable and dreary wastes, and the rushing of the wind sounded like the whisperings of the dead. It was not long before he thought a shriek was borne past him on a blast. It did not sound like a call from earth, but it swept frightfully through the upper air, mingled with the hoarse accompaniment of the wind. The teeth of the squatter were compressed and his huge hand grasped the rifle, as if it would crush the metal. Then came a lull, a fresher blast, and a cry of horror that seemed to have been uttered at the very portals of his ears. A sort of echo burst involuntarily from his own lips, as men shout under unnatural excitement, and

throwing his rifle across his shoulder, he proceeded towards the rock with the strides of a giant.

It was not often that the blood of Ishmael moved at the rate with which the fluid circulates in the veins of ordinary men; but now he felt it ready to gush from every pore in his body. The animal was aroused, in his most latent energies. Ever as he advanced he heard those shrieks, which sometimes seemed ringing among the clouds, and sometimes passed so nigh as to appear to brush the earth. At length there came a cry in which there could be no delusion, or to which the imagination could lend no horror. It appeared to fill each cranny of the air, as the visible horizon is often charged to fullness by one dazzling flash of the electric fluid. The name of God was distinctly audible, but it was awfully and blasphemously blended with sounds that may not be repeated. The squatter stopped, and for a moment he covered his ears with his hands. When he withdrew the latter, a low and husky voice at his elbow asked in smothered tones: —

"Ishmael, my man, heard ye nothing?"

"Hist!" returned the husband, laying a powerful arm on Esther, without manifesting the smallest surprise at the unlooked-for presence of his wife. "Hist, woman! if you have the fear of Heaven, be still!"

A profound silence succeeded. Though the wind rose and fell as before, its rushing was no longer mingled with those fearful cries. The sounds were imposing and solemn, but it was the solemnity and majesty of nature.

"Let us go on," said Esther; "all is hushed."

"Woman, what has brought you here?" demanded her husband, whose blood had returned into its former channels, and whose thoughts had already lost a portion of their excitement.

"Ishmael, he murdered our first-born: but it is not meet that the son of my mother should lie upon the ground like the carrion of a dog."

"Follow!" returned the squatter, again grasping his rifle and striding towards the rock. The distance was still considerable; and their approach, as they drew nigh the place of execution, was moderated by awe. Many minutes had passed before they reached a spot where they might distinguish the outlines of the dusky objects.

"Where have you put the body?" whispered Esther. "See,

here are pick and spade, that a brother of mine may sleep in the bosom of the earth!"

The moon broke from behind a mass of clouds, and the eye of the woman was enabled to follow the finger of Ishmael. It pointed to a human form swinging in the wind, beneath the ragged and shining arm of the willow. Esther bent her head and veiled her eyes from the sight. But Ishmael drew nigher, and long contemplated his work in awe, though not in compunction. The leaves of the sacred book were scattered on the ground, and even a fragment of the shelf had been displaced by the kidnapper in his agony. But all was now in the stillness of death. The grim and convulsed countenance of the victim was at times brought full into the light of the moon, and again, as the wind lulled, the fatal rope drew a dark line across its bright disk. The squatter raised his rifle with extreme care, and fired. The cord was cut, and the body came lumbering to the earth, a heavy and insensible mass.

Until now Esther had not moved nor spoken. But her hand was not slow to assist in the labor of the hour. The grave was soon dug. It was instantly made to receive its miserable tenant. As the lifeless form descended, Esther, who sustained the head, looked up into the face of her husband with an expression of anguish, and said: —

"Ishmael, my man, it is very terrible! I cannot kiss the corpse of my father's child!"

The squatter laid his broad hand on the bosom of the dead, and said: —

"Abiram White, we all have need of mercy; from my soul do I forgive you! May God in heaven have pity on your sins!"

The woman bowed her face, and imprinted her lips long and fervently on the pallid forehead of her brother. After this came the falling clods and all the solemn sounds of filling a grave. Esther lingered on her knees, and Ishmael stood uncovered while the woman muttered a prayer. All was then finished.

On the following morning the teams and herds of the squatter were seen pursuing their course towards the settlements. As they approached the confines of society the train was blended among a thousand others. Though some of the numerous descendants of this peculiar pair were reclaimed from their lawless and semi-barbarous lives, the principals of the family themselves were never heard of more.

The Escape of Wharton with Harvey Birch.

(From "The Spy.")

The person who was ushered into the apartment, preceded by Cæsar, and followed by the matron, was a man beyond the middle age, or who might rather be said to approach the downhill of life. In stature he was above the size of ordinary men, though his excessive leanness might contribute in deceiving as to his height; his countenance was sharp and unbending, and every muscle seemed set in rigid compression. No joy, or relaxation, appeared ever to have dwelt on features that frowned habitually, as if in detestation of the vices of mankind. The brows were beetling, dark, and forbidding, giving the promise of eyes of no less repelling expression, but the organs were concealed beneath a pair of enormous green goggles, through which they glared around with a fierceness that denounced the coming day of wrath. All was fanaticism, uncharitableness, and denunciation. Long, lank hair, a mixture of gray and black, fell down his neck, and in some degree obscured the sides of his face, and parting on his forehead, fell in either direction in straight and formal screens. On the top of this ungraceful exhibition was laid, impending forward, so as to overhang in some measure the whole fabric, a large hat of three equal cocks. His coat was of a rusty black, and his breeches and stockings were of the same color; his shoes without lustre, and half-concealed beneath huge plated buckles.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in dignified silence. For several minutes no one broke this ominous pause in the conversation, — Henry feeling a repugnance to his guest that he was vainly endeavoring to conquer, and the stranger himself drawing forth occasional sighs and groans, that threatened a dissolution of the unequal connection between his sublimated soul and its ungainly tenement. During this death-like preparation, Mr. Wharton, with a feeling nearly allied to that of his son, led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain, who began to hum the air of a popular psalm-tune, giving it the full richness of the twang that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Cæsar," said Miss Peyton, "hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride."

"My strength is not in the things of this life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Thrice have I this day held forth in my Master's service, and fainted not; still it is prudent to help this frail tenement of clay, for, surely, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Opening a pair of enormous jaws, he took a good measure of the proffered brandy, and suffered it to glide downwards with that sort of facility with which man is prone to sin.

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman!" exclaimed the stranger with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But 'judge not lest ye be judged,' and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay," returned the maiden, meekly, and slightly disgusted with his jargon, "I pretend not to judge of either events or the intentions of my fellow-creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"'Tis well, woman, 'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong, like 'unto the besom of destruction.'"

Surprised at this extraordinary deportment, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred subjects, even when perhaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton replied:—

"There is a Power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth."

The stranger turned a lowering look at the speaker, and then composing himself into an air of self-abasement, he continued in the same repelling tones:—

"It is not every one that crieth out for mercy that will be heard. The ways of Providence are not to be judged by men — 'many are called, but few chosen.' It is easier to talk of humility than to feel it. Are you so humble, vile worm, as to wish to glorify God by your own damnation? If not, away with you for a publican and a pharisee!"

Such gross fanaticism was uncommon in America, and Miss Peyton began to imbibe the impression that her guest was

deranged; but remembering that he had been sent by a well-known divine, and one of reputation, she discarded the idea, and, with some forbearance, observed: —

"I may deceive myself, in believing that mercy is proffered to all, but it is so soothing a doctrine that I would not willingly be undeceived."

"Mercy is only for the elect," cried the stranger, with an unaccountable energy: "and you are in the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Are you not a follower of idle ceremonies, which belong to the vain Church that our tyrants would gladly establish here, along with their stamp-acts and tea-laws? Answer me that, woman: and remember that heaven hears your answer: are you not of that idolatrous communion?"

"I worship at the altars of my fathers," said Miss Peyton, motioning to Henry for silence; "but bow to no other idol than my own infirmities."

"Yes, yes, I know ye, self-righteous and papal as ye are — followers of forms, and listeners to bookish preaching; think you, woman, that holy Paul had notes in his hand to propound the word to the believers?"

"My presence disturbs you," said Miss Peyton, rising; "I will leave you with my nephew, and offer those prayers in private that I did wish to mingle with his."

So saying she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked, and somewhat surprised by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance; for, although the good woman believed that Miss Peyton and her whole Church were on the high road to destruction, she was by no means accustomed to hear such offensive and open avowals of their fate.

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation excited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings: —

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian; and one who, by feeling his own weaknesses, knew how to pity the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a spirit."

The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following

with his eyes, in a kind of scornful pity, the retiring females, and suffered the expostulation of the youth to be given, as if unworthy of his notice. A third voice, however, spoke — "Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has answered the purpose well enough as it is."

"Who 's that?" cried the prisoner, in amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good heavens — Harvey!"

"Silence," said the pedler, solemnly; "'t is a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused and gazed around him for a moment, with an emotion exceeding the base passion of fear, and then continued in a gloomy tone, "There are a thousand halters in that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him."

"No," said Henry, with a glow of generous feeling on his cheek; "if the risk to yourself be so heavy, retire as you came, and leave me to my fate. Dunwoodie is making, even now, powerful exertions in my behalf; and if he meets with Mr. Harper in the course of the night, my liberation is certain."

"Harper!" echoed the pedler, remaining with his hands raised, in the act of replacing the spectacles, "what do you know of Harper? and why do you think he will do you service?"

"I have his promise; — you remember our recent meeting in my father's dwelling, and then he gave an unasked promise to assist me."

"Yes — but do you know him? that is — why do you think he has the power? — or what reason have you for believing he will remember his word?"

"If there ever was a stamp of truth, or simple, honest benevolence, in the countenance of man, it shone in his," said Henry; "besides, Dunwoodie has powerful friends in the rebel army, and it would be better that I take the chance where I am, than thus to expose you to certain death if detected."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, looking guardedly around, and speaking with impressive seriousness of manner, "if I fail you, all fail you. No Harper nor Dunwoodie can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die to-morrow on the gallows of a murderer. Yes, such are their laws; the man who fights and kills and plunders, is honored, but he who serves his country as a spy, no matter how faithfully, no matter how honestly, lives to be reviled, or dies like the vilest criminal!"

"You forget, Mr. Birch," said the youth, a little indignantly, "that I am not a treacherous, lurking spy, who deceives to betray; but innocent of the charge imputed to me."

The blood rushed over the pale, meagre features of the pedler, until his face was one glow of fire, but it passed quickly away, and he replied: —

"I have told you the truth. Cæsar met me, as he was going on his errand this morning, and with him I have laid the plan which, if executed as I wish, will save you — otherwise you are lost; and I again tell you, that no other power on earth, not even Washington, can save you."

"I submit," said the prisoner, yielding to his earnest manner, and goaded by the fears that were thus awakened anew.

The pedler beckoned him to be silent, and walking to the door, opened it, with the stiff, formal air with which he had entered the apartment. "Friend, let no one enter," he said to the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone."

"I don't know that any will wish to interrupt you," returned the soldier with a waggish leer of his eye; "but, should they be so disposed, I have no power to stop them, if they be of the prisoner's friends; I have my orders, and must mind them whether the Englishman goes to heaven or not."

"Audacious sinner!" said the pretended priest, "have you not the fear of God before your eyes? I tell you, as you will dread punishment at the last day, to let none of the idolatrous communion enter, to mingle in the prayers of the righteous."

"Whew — ew — ew — what a noble commander you 'd make for Sergeant Hollister! You 'd preach him dumb in a roll-call. Hark 'ee, I'll thank you not to make such a noise when you hold forth, as to drown our bugles, or you may get a poor fellow a

short horn at his grog, for not turning out to evening parade; if you want to be alone, have you no knife to stick over the door-latch, that you must have a troop of horse to guard your meeting-house?"

The pedler took the hint, and closed the door immediately, using the precaution suggested by the dragoon.

"You overact your part," said young Wharton, in constant apprehension of discovery; "your zeal is too intemperate."

"For a foot-soldier and them Eastern militia it might be," said Harvey turning a bag upside down, that Cæsar now handed him; "but these dragoons are fellows that you must brag down. A faint heart, Captain Wharton, would do but little here: but come, here is a black shroud for your good-looking countenance," taking, at the same time, a parchment mask, and fitting it to the face of Henry. "The master and the man must change places for a season."

"I don't tink he look a bit like me," said Cæsar, with disgust, as he surveyed his young master with his new complexion.

"Stop a minute, Cæsar," said the pedler with the lurking drollery that at times formed part of his manner, "till we get on the wool."

"He worse than ebber now," cried the discontented African. "A think colored man like a sheep. I nebber see such a lip, Harvey; he most as big as a sausage!"

Great pains had been taken in forming the different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, under the skilful superintendence of the pedler, they formed together such a transformation that would easily escape detection from any but an extraordinary observer. The mask was stuffed aud shaped in such a manner as to preserve the peculiarities, as well as the color, of the African visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool as to imitate the pepper-and-salt color of Cæsar's own head, and to exact plaudits from the black himself, who thought it an excellent counterfeit in everything but quality.

"There is but one man in the American army who could detect you, Captain Wharton," said the pedler, surveying his work with satisfaction, "and he is just now out of our way."

"And who is he?"

"The man who made you a prisoner. He would see your white skin through a plank. But strip, both of you; your clothes must be exchanged from head to foot."

Cæsar, who had received minute instructions from the pedler in their morning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, which the youth took up, and prepared to invest himself with, unable, however, to repress a few signs of loathing. In the manner of the pedler there was an odd mixture of care and humor; the former was the result of a perfect knowledge of their danger, and the means necessary to be used in avoiding it; and the latter proceeded from the unavoidably ludicrous circumstances before him, acting on an indifference which sprung from habit and long familiarity with such scenes as the present.

"Here, captain," he said, taking up some loose wool, and beginning to stuff the stockings of Cæsar, which were already on the leg of the prisoner; "some judgment is necessary in shaping this limb. You will have to display it on horseback, and the southern dragoons are so used to the brittle shins, that should they notice your well-turned calf, they 'd know at once it never belonged to a black."

"Golly!" said Cæsar with a chuckle, that exhibited a mouth open from ear to ear, "Massa Harry breeches fit."

"Anything but your leg," said the pedler, coolly pursuing the toilet of Henry. "Slip on the coat, captain, over all. Upon my word you would pass well at a pinkster frolic; and here, Cæsar, place this powdered wig over your curls, and be careful and look out of the window, whenever the door is opened, and on no account speak, or you will betray all."

"I s'pose Harvey tink a colored man an't got a tongue like oder folk," grumbled the black as he took the station assigned him.

Everything now was arranged for action, and the pedler very deliberately went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. The captain he conjured to dispense with his erect military carriage, and for a season to adopt the humble paces of his father's negro; and Cæsar he enjoined to silence and disguise, so long as he could possibly maintain them. Thus prepared, he opened the door, and called aloud to the sentinel, who had retired to the farthest end of the passage, in order to avoid receiving any of that spiritual comfort, which he felt was the sole property of another.

"Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions."

Cæsar sunk his face between his hands; and when the soldier looked into the apartment, he thought he saw his charge in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good woman of the house. She hastened to the summons with earnest zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of a death-bed repentance.

"Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you in the house 'The Christian Criminal's Last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity, for them who die a violent death'?"

"I never heard of the book!" said the matron in astonishment.

"'T is not unlikely; there are many books you have never heard of: it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in peace, without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching."

"Bless me, what a treasure to possess! — when was it put out?"

"It was first put out at Geneva in the Greek language, and then translated at Boston. It is a book, woman, that should be in the hands of every Christian, especially such as die upon the gallows. Have a horse prepared instantly for this black, who shall accompany me to my Brother ——, and I will send down the volume yet in season. Brother, compose thy mind; you are now in the narrow path to glory." Cæsar wriggled a little in his chair, but he had sufficient recollection to conceal his face with hands that were, in their turn, concealed by gloves. The landlady departed, to comply with this very reasonable request, and the group of conspirators were again left to themselves.

"This is well," said the pedler, "but the difficult task is to deceive the officer who commands the guard — he is a lieutenant to Lawton, and has learned some of the captain's own cunning in these things. "Remember, Captain Wharton," continued he, with an air of pride, "that now is the moment when everything depends on our coolness."

"My fate can be made but little worse than it is at present, my worthy fellow," said Henry: "but for your sake I will do all that in me lies."

"And wherein can I be more forlorn and persecuted than I now am?" asked the pedler, with that wild incoherence which often crossed his manner. "But I have promised *one* to save you, and to him I have never yet broken my word."

"And who is he?" said Henry, with awakened interest.

"No one."

The man soon returned, and announced that the horses were at the door. Henry gave the captain a glance, and led the way downstairs, first desiring the woman to leave the prisoner to himself, in order that he might digest the wholesome mental food that he had so lately received. A rumor of the odd character of the priest had spread from the sentinel at the door to his comrades; so that when Harvey and Wharton reached the open space before the building, they found a dozen idle dragoons loitering about, with the waggish intention of quizzing the fanatic, and employed in affected admiration of the steeds.

"A fine horse!" said the leader in this plan of mischief; "but a little low in flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your calling."

"My calling may be laborsome to both myself and this faithful beast, but then a day of settling is at hand, that will reward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the stirrup and preparing to mount.

"You work for pay, then, as we fight for 't!" cried another of the party.

"Even so — 'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?'"

"Come, suppose you give us a little preaching; we have a leisure moment just now, and there 's no telling how much good you might do a set of reprobates like us, in a few words; here, mount this horse-block, and take your text where you please."

The men gathered in eager delight around the pedler, who, glancing his eye expressively toward the captain, who had been suffered to mount, replied —

"Doubtless, for such is my duty. But, Cæsar, you can ride up the road and deliver the note — the unhappy prisoner will be wanting the book, for his hours are numbered."

"Ay — ay, go along, Cæsar, and get the book," shouted half a dozen voices, all crowding eagerly around the ideal priest, in anticipation of a frolic.

The pedler inwardly dreaded that in their unceremonious handling of himself and garments his hat and wig might be displaced, when detection would be certain. He was therefore fain to comply with their request. Ascending the horse-block, after hemming once or twice, and casting several glances at the captain, who continued immovable, he commenced as follows: —

"I shall call your attention, my brethren, to that portion of Scripture which you will find in the second book of Samuel, and which is written in the following words: '*And the King lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him.*' Cæsar, ride forward, I say, and obtain the book as directed; thy master is groaning in spirit even now for the want of it."

"An excellent text!" cried the dragoons. "Go on — go on — let the snowball stay; he wants to be edified as well as another."

"What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Lieutenant Mason, as he came in sight from a walk he had taken, to sneer at the evening parade of the regiment of militia; "away with every man of you to your quarters, and let me find that each horse is cleaned and littered, when I come round." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm, and no priest could desire more silent congregation, although he might possibly have wished for one that was more numerous. Mason had not done speaking when it was reduced to the image of Cæsar only. The pedler took that opportunity to mount, but he had to preserve the gravity of his movements, for the remark of the troopers upon the condition of their beasts was but too just, and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentleman?"

"There is evil in thy conversation, profane man," cried the priest, raising his hands and casting his eyes upward in holy horror; "so I will depart from thee unhurt, as Daniel was liberated from the lion's den."

"Off with you, for a hypocritical, psalm-singing, canting rogue in disguise," said Mason, scornfully; "by the life of Washington! it worries an honest fellow to see such voracious beasts of prey ravaging a country for which he sheds his blood. If I had you on a Virginia plantation for a quarter of an hour, I 'd teach you to worm the tobacco with the turkeys."

"I leave you, and shake the dust off my shoes, that no remnant of this wicked hole may tarnish the vestments of the godly."

"Start, or I will shake the dust from your jacket, designing knave! A fellow to be preaching to my men! There's Hollister put the devil in them by his exhorting; the rascals were getting too conscientious to strike a blow that would raise the skin. But hold! whither do you travel, master blackey, in such goodly company?"

"He goes," said the minister, hastily speaking for his companion, "to return with a book of much condolence and virtue to the sinful youth above, whose soul will speedily become white even as his outwards are black and unseemly. Would you deprive a dying man of the consolations of religion?"

"No, no, poor fellow, his fate is bad enough; a famous good breakfast his prime body of an aunt gave us. But harkee, Mr. Revelations, if the youth must die, *secundum artem*, let it be under a gentleman's directions; and my advice is, that you never trust that skeleton of yours among us again, or I will take the skin off, and leave you naked."

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Cæsar; "but I leave thee, and that behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Damn him," muttered the trooper; "the fellow rides like a stake, and his legs stick out like the cocks of his hat. I wish I had him below these hills, where the law is not over-particular, I'd —"

"Corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!" shouted the sentinel in the passage to the chambers; "corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern fled up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry.

The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought: —

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him he don't look as he used to do — but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day he had the last brush with the enemy."

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting

whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sirrah? Who the devil do you think it can be else?"

"I don't know who else it can be," returned the fellow, sullenly: "but he is grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague.

This was but too true. Cæsar was an alarmed auditor of this short conversation, and, from congratulating himself upon the dexterous escape of his young master, his thoughts were very naturally beginning to dwell upon the probable consequences to his own person. The pause that succeeded the last remark of the sentinel in no degree contributed to the restoration of his faculties. Lieutenant Mason was busied in examining with his own eyes the suspected person of the black, and Cæsar was aware of the fact by stealing a look through a passage under one of his arms, that he had left expressly for the purpose of reconnoitring. Captain Lawton would have discovered the fraud immediately, but Mason was by no means so quick-sighted as his commander. He therefore turned rather contemptuously to the soldier, and, speaking in an undertone, observed: —

"That Anabaptist, Methodistical, Quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrago about flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black."

The truth was, that Cæsar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, and having every fear aroused in him by what had already passed, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears, in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object, and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, or, in short, forgetting everything but the censure that might alight on his corps, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat; for no sooner had Cæsar heard his color named, than he knew his discovery was certain; and at the first sound of Mason's heavy boot on the floor, he arose from his seat, and retreated precipitately to a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall, at each interrogatory; "who the devil are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I 'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

Cæsar continued firm. Neither the threats nor the blows could extract any reply, until the lieutenant, by a very natural transition in the attack, sent his heavy boot forward in a direction that brought it in direct contact with the most sensitive part of the negro — his shin. The most obdurate heart could not have exacted further patience, and Cæsar instantly gave in. The first words he spoke were: —

"Golly! Massa, you t'ink I got no feelin'?"

"By Heavens!" shouted the lieutenant, "it is the negro himself! scoundrel! where is your master, and who was the priest?" While speaking he made a movement as if about to renew the attack; but Cæsar cried aloud for mercy, promising to tell all he knew.

"Who was the priest?" repeated the dragoon, drawing back his formidable leg, and holding it in threatening suspense.

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Cæsar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey who, you black villain?" cried the impatient lieutenant, as he executed a full measure of vengeance, by letting his leg fly.

"Birch!" shrieked Cæsar, falling on his knees, the tears rolling in large drops over his shining face.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurling the black from him, and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! fifty guineas for the life of the pedler-spy — give no quarter to either. Mount, mount! to arms! to horse!"

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the dragoons, who all rushed tumultuously to their horses, Cæsar rose from the floor where he had been thrown by Mason and began to examine into his injuries. Happily for himself, he had alighted on his head, and consequently sustained no material damage.

DIRK VOLKERSZOON COORNHERT.

COORNHERT, DIRK VOLKERSZOON, Dutch poet; born at Amsterdam, 1551; died at Gouda in 1590. He is said to have established, in his prose writings, at least, the literary language of Holland. His works have been collected into three large folio volumes. Among his poetical works are, "The Death of Abraham" and the "Comedy of the Blind Man of Jericho."

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

MAIDEN! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
It is light around as the day can be.
But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou 'rt away
Though the sun be emitting its loveliest ray,
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,
Since my day and my night by *thee* are made?

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

(Bowring and Van Dyk's translation.)

WHAT 's the world's liberty to him
  Whose soul is firmly bound
With numberless and deadly sins
  That fetter it around?

What the world's thraldom to the soul
  Which in itself is free? —
Nought! with his master's bonds he stands
  More privileged, more great,
Than many a golden-fettered fool
  With outward pomp elate;
For chains grace virtue, while they bring
  Deep shame on tyranny.

FRANÇOIS ÉDOUARD JOACHIM COPPÉE.

Coppée, François Édouard Joachim, French poet; born at Paris, January 12, 1842. As early as 1866 he gained repute in the great throng of youthful French poets which, about the middle of the second empire, had become known as *Parnassiens.* Their name was from *Le Parnasse Contemporain,* a large collection of poems illustrative of their principles. Coppée after some years became wearied of a worship so self-destructive, and took his place as one of the most popular French contemporary poets. He achieved success also in dramatic authorship. His first volume of poems was "Le Reliquaire" (1866), followed by "Intimités." Among his later poems are "Les Humbles" (1872); "L'Exilée" (1876); "Les Moix" (1877); "La Marchande de Journaux" (1880); "Contes en vers et poésies diverses" (1881); "L'Enfant de la Balle" (1883); "Arrière Saison" (1887). In drama he produced "Le Passant" (1869); "L'Abandonnée" and "Fais ce que dois" (1871); "Le Bijou de la Délivrance" (1872); "Le Luthier de Crémone" — his most popular play (at the Théâtre Français, 1877); "Madame de Maintenon" (1881); "Servero Torelli" (1883); "Les Jacobites" (1885). Among his stories are "Contes en Prose" (1882); "Contes Rapides" (1883); "Toute une Jeunesse" (1890); "Ten Simple Tales" (1891); "True Riches" (1893). Publication of his collected works was begun 1885. For several years he was employed in the library of the Senate-house; in 1878 he was appointed keeper of records at the "Comédie Française." In 1884 he was made member of the "Académie Française;" and in 1888 officer of the Legion of Honor.

The Parricide.

The scene represents a rocky plateau in the Balkans. In the background and centre of the stage, a ruined Roman triumphal arch. A huge signal-pyre is prepared for firing, near the path. Beside it burns a torch, stuck into the rock. On all sides are pine-trees and crags. In the distance are the Balkans, with snowy summits. It is the middle of a fine starlight night. Michael Brancomir, *solus:* —

I have promised — have sworn. 'T is the moment, the place —
Michael, naught is left but to hold to thy oath.

What calm! Far below there, the torrent scarce drips —
Othorgul soon will come: I shall speedily hear
On the old Roman high-road the tramp of the horse;
I shall see him approach, he, the foe, 'neath the arch
Built by Dacia's conqueror, Trajan the great.
What matters it? Ripe for all daring am I,
Basilide! Ah, thy amorous arms, whence I come,
Have embraces to stifle and smother remorse.
Yes, thy hand have I kissed, pointing out shame's abyss;
With joy throbs my heart that I love thee to crime!
And since crime must ensue that thy pleasure be done,
I feel in such treason an awful content.
Enmeshed in the night of thy locks, I have sworn
That in place of the Turk, should the Prince of the Pit
Rise up with a sneer and stretch forth to my hand
This crown I desire, all with hell-fires aglow,
To thee, Basilide, my seared hand should it bring!
Starry night! All thy splendors undaunted I meet.

[*Perceiving his son* CONSTANTINE *suddenly approaching over the rocks at the right hand, exclaims, loud and harshly:* —]

What 's there? Do I dream? Near the crag there 's a man!
Ho, prowler! stand off, 't is forbid to approach!
Further back, and at once! The command is most strict.
Further back there, I say!

CONSTANTINE. [*drawing nearer.*] Fear not, father! 'T is I.

MICHAEL. Constantine! Thou, my son!

CONSTANTINE. Yes.

MICHAEL. What brings thee here, — say, —
To this waste at this hour of the night? Tell me, too,
Why so trembling thy lip? why so pallid thy face?
What thy errand?

CONSTANTINE. Say, rather, what doest *thou* here?

MICHAEL. First, my answer! My patience thou bring'st to an end!
Say, what brings thee thus here?

CONSTANTINE. Duty, father. I *know.*

MICHAEL. [*starting back.*] What "knowest" thou, boy?

CONSTANTINE. That the clamor of arms
In the Balkans will rise — the Turk comes — that yon pyre
Has beside it this moment no warder of faith —
That this night, if all Christendom's world shall be saved,
I shall fire yonder signal, in spite even of — you!

MICHAEL. [*aside.*] Just God! To a demon defiance I cast —
And the spirit of hell takes the shape of my son!
[*Aloud.*] What madness inspires thee? What folly, what dream?

CONSTANTINE. Nay, spare thyself, father, the shame of a lie.

Thy bargain is made — thy throne offered — the Turk
Meets thee here. I know — I have heard *all*, I say!
MICHAEL. Damnation!
CONSTANTINE. — Or no! Let it be, 't is not true!
Let it be I 'm abused — that a horror I dream;
That a madness beset me; that truth is with thee;
That when such a compact of shame thou didst make,
Thy aim was deceiving the traitress, whose kiss
Thou hadst wiped from thy lips, rushing forth into night.
I divine it — thy traitorous part is a ruse!
'T is alone for thy country, the war for the Cross,
That the mask of disloyalty shadows thy face.
To fire with thine own hand yon signal thou 'rt here.
Othorgul in an ambush shall fall and be crushed;
On the Balkans, the girdle of fire — our defence —
Shall flare from Iskren to remote Kilander —
Ah, I wake! I cast from me this nightmare of shame.
Take the torch, light the pyre — let it burst to its blaze!
MICHAEL. So suspected I stand? So my son is a spy?
A new order, sooth! What, the heir of my name
Dares to ask to my face if a treason I work!
Since when did a father endure to be told
That his son sets his ears to the cracks of the door?
Say, when did I ask *thy* opinions? Since when
Does the chief take his orderly's counsels in war?
I deign no reply to thy insolent charge.
Thou hast not now to learn that my frown means "Obey."
Hearken then: 't is my wish to abide here alone
This night at the post. To the fortress at once!
Choose the path the most short! Get thee hence, boy, I say.
The signal I light when shall seem to me good.
In the weal of our land I am not to be taught.
I have spoken. Return to thy post, sir. Obey!
CONSTANTINE. It is true, then! No hideous dream of disgrace!
The villainy ripe to its finish! I stay.
MICHAEL. Thou darest?
CONSTANTINE. Ay, father, thy wrath I can brook.
It is love, yes, the last throbs of love for thyself
That have drawn me to seek thee alone on these heights,
To stand between thee and that hideous crime.
Filial duty? Obedience unto my chief?
To the winds with them both! In my heart rules one thought —
I would save thee — to God must I render account —
I must rescue my country, must pluck thee from shame.
Give place there, I say! Stand aside from that torch!

Let the mountain heights glow with their fires!
MICHAEL. No, by God!
CONSTANTINE. O father, bethink thee! O father, beware!
From above God looks down, and the eyes of the stars.
Of myself I have asked, when thy treason I knew,
What by honor was set? — where lay duty from me?
Alas, it was clear! To denounce to the world
Thy plot — and thyself — and that woman most vile;
To unmask too thy spy. But for thee this means death!
(Death held in reserve through the torture's dread scenes)
— It means in an instant thy glory effaced.
I have pictured thy end at the gibbet, through me.
I could not denounce thee! I held back in dread
From the part of a son who to death yields a sire.
I could not endure that thy name so renowned
Should be scorned — that thy glory should take such dark flight.
But at present I act as I must. Time is swift.
I shall kindle yon signal, I say. Give me place!
Calm the woes of thy country! — appease Heaven's wrath!
Think, think, that my silence has turned from thyself
A death on a scaffold, and tortures before.
Think, think that my silence had meant for thee chains,
And the doomsman's dread hand laying clutch upon thee. . . .
O father, thou wilt not that I should — regret!
MICHAEL. Too late. Regret now to have saved thus my life.
O son too devoted, best gained were thy wish
Hadst thou told all — hadst seen me a Judas, disgraced,
Cut down by my soldiers before thine own eyes.
The worse now for thee! Thy heart questions, disputes;
That thing whereon mine is resolved, that I do.
Who has nothing foreseen, he can nothing prevent:
I permit that no hand yonder beacon shall fire.
CONSTANTINE. Thou wouldst yield, then, defenceless, our ancient frontier?
Thou wilt suffer the Turk to make Europe his prey,
To all Christendom's ruin —
MICHAEL. 'T is ingrate to me.
CONSTANTINE. And thy Christ, and thy God?
MICHAEL. Has God made of me king?
Spite of God, king I would be, will be!
CONSTANTINE. Say — *perhaps.*
Oft a crown is too large for a traitorous head.
It can suddenly prove a garrote — for the stake.
MICHAEL. Thou insultest! The folly is passing all bounds!

CONSTANTINE [*in sudden emotion*]. Ah yes, I am wrong! O my father, forgive! —
What I utter I know not; for aid I must call!
To my help, then, O memories great of days sped,
Ye evenings of rapture that followed fights won.
Come, turmoils of booty, flags snatched as in sheaves,
Shouts of joy and of pride when from fray I returned
And felt on my forehead, blood-scarred, his hot kiss! —
O ye visions like these, of past glory, crowd thick!
The valor of old years, of old time the deeds,
Quick, rank yourselves here, face this wretchedest man,
Bring a blush to his face at his treason so vile!
Speak, speak to him! Say that at morn, in the town,
The standards that hang at the gates of his halls
Will stoop, as he passes, to smite at his face.
Say, oh say, to this hero become renegade,
That the soldiers long dead on his battle-fields past
In this hour know the crime unexampled he plots, —
That they whisper in dread, 'twixt themselves, 'neath the earth,
And if passes some wanderer to-night by their graves,
Indignant the murmur is breathed through the grass.
No, no! to such falsity thou wilt not go;
Even now you repent — all unwilling to leave
A name to be cursed in the memories of all!
Seest thou not, O my father, thy victories come
Like suppliants imploring, to close round your knees?
Will you hold them in hate, will you drive them away? —
The triumphs that all this West-world has acclaimed,
Will you treat them as prostitutes, bowed, to be scorned?
No, this crime so debased you will dare not commit!
It cannot be, father — it never must be!
See me cast at your feet, in last hope, in last prayer;
I shall find the lost hero — the father I 've lost!
You will catch up the torch, you will fire yon dry pile:
With an effort supreme from your heart you will tear
This project unspeakable, — promise debased;
You will cast them away to the pyre's fiercest glow
As one burns into naught some foul herb, root and fruit:
You will stand purified as by fire, and the wind
Of the night will bear off on its wings this dark dream
In a whirlwind uproaring of sparks and of flame.

MICHAEL. 'T is enough, I say! Up! By all devils in hell,
Of the hills and the plains of this land I 'll be king!
Ay, and crown my fair queen — be revenged on the priest.
As that sky is unstained, so shall all this be done.

Thy heroics thou wastest — thy insolence too.
Go, dispute with the lion the quarry he holds
When thou seest him tear with his talons the prey.
Of no use all thy menaces — vain sobs, vain prayers:
Be sure once for all that thy childishness fails.
While I live, no man kindles this signal to-night!

CONSTANTINE. While thou *livest!* What word do I catch from thy mouth?

While thou *livest?* O bloody and terrible thought!
In my brain is set loose worse than horror, than death!

MICHAEL. I guess not thy meaning. Wouldst see me a corpse?

CONSTANTINE. I dream in this moment that one thou — *shouldst* be —

By a doom full of shame, by the traitor's own fate!

MICHAEL. What dost mean?

CONSTANTINE. Ah, I think, while we parley so long,
Othorgul and his Turks in the valleys approach —
Each instant that's spent makes accomplice of — me!
I think of the duty that I must fulfil.

MICHAEL. What "duty"?

CONSTANTINE [*with desperate resolution*]. I say to myself that, unjust,
I have wished from the chastisement — death — thee to save.
Lo, thy life is a menace, escaping the axe,
A menace to all. And I have here my sword!

MICHAEL [*in horror*]. Thou! Thy sword!

CONSTANTINE. Yes, of old, without blemish, my blade
Has known well how to stand between death and thy brow;
Still witness to that is the wound that I bear —
But since such keen envy, such ignoble love,
Have made of my hero a creature so base;
Since to scorn of all men, toward the Turk thou dost turn,
To beg at his hands for the crown thou usurp'st —
See, my sword, in its honor, leaps out from its sheath
And commands me thy judge and thy doomsman to be.

[*He draws his sword.*]

MICHAEL [*drawing his sword in turn.*] My sword then behold! It is fearless of thine!

CONSTANTINE. 'T is my land I defend — Christian Europe I keep,
And my duty as soldier, the truth of my line;
But you, 't is for treason alone that you draw.
God beholds us. He watches the lists. Let him judge!
Traitor, die!

[*Constantine leaps at his father. The swords cross for a moment in quick combat. Then Michael receives a stroke full in the breast and expires.*]

MICHAEL. Ah!
CONSTANTINE. My God! What a deed!
MICHAEL [*on the ground expiring*]. Parricide!
Be cursed! [*He dies.*
CONSTANTINE. First the signal! The fire to the pile!

[*He takes the torch and sets the signal blaze burning, which soon mounts high. Then gradually one sees far along the mountain-chain the other signals flashing out, and alarm-guns begin to be heard below.*]

CONSTANTINE. O ye stars, eyes of God! Be the witnesses, ye!
But before yonder corpse in the face of that flame,
I dare to look up and to show you my soul.
My father his country, his faith would betray.
I have killed him, O stars! Have I sinned? Ye shall say!

THE REPAYMENT.

"I ADORE my son. He reminds me of my poor Julia and of my happy time. He is eight years of age and I take great care of him. I took him to this party and he helped, with the other boys, to strip the fir-tree loaded with sweets and toys. I looked on, sipping my tea, feeling happy in his mirth. Although I am without religion, I could not help reflecting on the delights of Christian society, procured by this feast — this children's feast in which the happiness of the young seemed to communicate innocence to the men of ripe age, or to old men who have more or less lost it. For the first time after many years — since I began my feverish existence of a gambler and a rake, or my new life of very hard work — I felt something sweet and yet bitter softening my heart.

"At this moment my boy, my little Toto, tired of playing and laughing, came and sat on my knee and settled himself to sleep. I had prepared a fine surprise for him for the next morning. I said: 'Dear boy, don't forget, before going to bed, to put your shoes in the chimney.' He opened his eyes languidly, saying, 'Oh, no fear! Do you know, papa, what I should like little Christmas to bring me? Well, a box of leaden soldiers: you know, soldiers in red trousers, as I used to see them alive in the garden, where my nurse used to take me

when I was very little — you know the big garden opposite the street, with the arcades, with statues and trees in green cases — do you recollect? When I wore petticoats like a little girl, and my name was Toto Renaudel.' He fell asleep after that word. I felt dumfounded, and a sudden shiver passed through me. Thus Victor, scarcely four years of age at the time of our flight, remembered his childhood; he recollected the name I had dishonored. Ah! Abbé Moulin, I spent that night in meditation — in watching by his bed. I then said to myself that I, the unpunished criminal, was enjoying a happiness of which I was not worthy, and that one day, no doubt, retribution would reach me through this child. I reflected that, as Victor had not forgotten his true name, the slightest chance would suffice to inform him that it was the name of an unpunished robber. This thought that my son would have to blush for my crimes — that he would abhor me — was an intolerable burden; then I swore to myself that I would restitute all that I had stolen, with compound interest, and get receipts. Victor may be told one day that his father was a thief. I shall then be able to answer: 'Yes, but I have restored all the money.' I may then be pardoned. I resolved to sell all that I possessed. Alas! the total was still very far from the amount of the debt. For the last year, I worked very hard, and to-day I can pay everybody. I have still in reserve some few thousand dollars. Yes, my dear son, I shall build up another fortune for you!"

MARIE CORELLI.

MACKAY, MINNIE ["Marie Corelli"], a popular English novelist, adopted daughter of Charles Mackay, the poet; born 1864. Among her works are: "A Romance of Two Worlds" (1886); "History of a Vendetta" (1886); "Thelma" (1887), a society novel; "Ardath," the story of a dead self; "Barabbas" (1893); "Jane" (1897); etc.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

(From "A Romance of Two Worlds.")

THE morning of the next day dawned rather gloomily. A yellowish fog obscured the air, and there was a closeness and sultriness in the atmosphere that was strange for that wintry season. I had slept well, and rose with the general sense of ease and refreshment that I had always experienced since I had been under the treatment of Heliobas. Those whose unhappy physical condition causes them to awake from uneasy slumber feeling almost more fatigued than when they retired to rest can scarcely have any idea of the happiness it engenders to open untired, glad eyes with the morning light; to feel the very air a nourishment; to stand with lithe, rested limbs in the bath of cool, pure water, finding that limpid element obediently adding its quota to the vigor of perfect health; to tingle from head to foot with the warm current of life running briskly through the veins, making the heart merry, the brain clear, and all the powers of body and mind in active working condition. This is indeed most absolute enjoyment. Add to it the knowledge of the existence of one's own inner Immortal Spirit — the beautiful germ of Light in the fostering of which no labor is ever taken in vain — the living, wondrous thing that is destined to watch an eternity of worlds bloom and fade to bloom again, like flowers, while itself, superior to them all, shall become ever more strong and radiant — with these surroundings and prospects, who shall say life is not worth living?

Dear Life! sweet Moment! gracious Opportunity! brief Journey so well worth the taking; gentle Exile so well worth endur-

ing! — thy bitterest sorrows are but blessings in disguise: thy sharpest pains are brought upon us by ourselves, and even then are turned to warnings for our guidance; while above us, through us, and around us radiates the Supreme Love, unalterably tender!

These thoughts, and others like them, all more or less conducive to cheerfulness, occupied me till I had finished dressing. Melancholy was now no part of my nature, otherwise I might have been depressed by the appearance of the weather and the murkiness of the air. But since I learned the simple secrets of physical electricity, atmospheric influences have had no effect upon the equable poise of my temperament — a fact for which I cannot be too grateful, seeing how many of my fellow-creatures permit themselves to be affected by changes in the wind, intense heat, intense cold, or other things of the like character.

I went down to breakfast, singing softly on my way, and I found Zara already seated at the head of her table, while Heliobas was occupied in reading and sorting a pile of letters that lay beside his plate. Both greeted me with their usual warmth and heartiness.

During the repast, however, the brother and sister were strangely silent, and once or twice I fancied that Zara's eyes filled with tears, though she smiled again so quickly and radiantly that I felt I was mistaken.

A piece of behavior on the part of Leo, too, filled me with dismay. He had been lying quietly at his master's feet for some time, when he suddenly arose, sat upright, and lifting his nose in air, uttered a most prolonged and desolate howl. Anything more thoroughly heartbroken and despairing than that cry I have never heard. After he had concluded it, the poor animal seemed ashamed of what he had done, and creeping meekly along, with drooping head and tail, he kissed his master's hand, then mine, and lastly Zara's. Finally, he went into a distant corner and lay down again, as if his feelings were altogether too much for him.

"Is he ill?" I asked pityingly.

"I think not," replied Heliobas. "The weather is peculiar to-day — close, and almost thunderous; dogs are very susceptible to such changes."

At that moment the page entered bearing a silver salver on which lay a letter, which he handed to his master and immediately retired.

Heliobas opened and read it.

"Ivan regrets he cannot dine with us to-day," he said, glancing at his sister; "he is otherwise engaged. He says, however, that he hopes to have the pleasure of looking in during the latter part of the evening."

Zara inclined her head gently, and made no other reply.

A few seconds afterwards we rose from table, and Zara, linking her arm through mine, said: —

"I want to have a talk with you while we can be alone. Come to my room."

We went upstairs together, followed by the wise yet doleful Leo, who seemed determined not to let his mistress out of his sight. When we arrived at our destination, Zara pushed me gently into an easy-chair, and seated herself in another one opposite.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," she began; "because I know you will do anything to please me or Casimir. Is it not so?"

I assured her she might rely upon my observing with the truest fidelity any request of hers, small or great.

She thanked me and resumed: —

"You know I have been working secretly in my studio for some time past. I have been occupied in the execution of two designs — one is finished, and is intended as a gift to Casimir. The other" — she hesitated — "is incomplete. It is the colossal figure which was veiled when you first came in to see my little statue of 'Evening.' I made an attempt beyond my powers — in short, I cannot carry out the idea to my satisfaction. Now, dear, pay great attention to what I say. I have reason to believe that I shall be compelled to take a sudden journey — promise me that when I am gone you will see that unfinished statue completely destroyed — utterly demolished."

I could not answer her for a minute or two, I was so surprised by her words.

"Going on a journey, Zara?" I said. "Well, if you are, I suppose you will soon return home again; and why should your statue be destroyed in the meantime? You may yet be able to bring it to final perfection."

Zara shook her head and smiled half sadly.

"I told you it was a favor I had to ask of you," she said; "and now you are unwilling to grant it."

"I am not unwilling — believe me, dearest, I would do any-

thing to please you," I assured her; "but it seems so strange to me that you should wish the result of your labor destroyed, simply because you are going on a journey."

"Strange as it seems, I desire it most earnestly," said Zara; "otherwise — but if you will not see it done for me, I must preside at the work of demolition myself, though I frankly confess it would be most painful to me."

I interrupted her.

"Say no more, Zara!" I exclaimed; "I will do as you wish. When you are gone, you say —"

"When I am gone," repeated Zara firmly, "and before you yourself leave this house, you will see that particular statue destroyed. You will thus do me a very great service."

"Well," I said, "and when are you coming back again? Before I leave Paris?"

"I hope so — I think so," she replied evasively; "at any rate, we shall meet again soon."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She smiled. Such a lovely, glad, and triumphant smile!

"You will know my destination before to-night has passed away," she answered. "In the meanwhile I have your promise?"

"Most certainly."

She kissed me, and as she did so, a lurid flash caught my eyes and almost dazzled them. It was a gleam of fiery luster from the electric jewel she wore.

The day went on its usual course, and the weather seemed to grow murkier every hour. The air was almost sultry, and when during the afternoon I went into the conservatory to gather some of the glorious Maréchal Niel roses that grew there in such perfection, the intense heat of the place was nearly insupportable. I saw nothing of Heliobas all day, and after the morning, very little of Zara. She disappeared soon after luncheon, and I could not find her in her rooms nor in her studio, though I knocked at the door several times. Leo, too, was missing. After being alone for an hour or more, I thought I would pay a visit to the chapel. But on attempting to carry out this intention I found its doors locked — an unusual circumstance which rather surprised me. Fancying that I heard the sound of voices within, I paused to listen. But all was profoundly silent. Strolling into the hall, I took up at random from a side-table a little volume of poems, unknown to me, called "Pygmalion in Cyprus;" and seating myself in one of the luxurious Oriental easy-chairs near the

silvery sparkling fountain, I began to read. I opened the book I held at "A Ballad of Kisses," which ran as follows:

"There are three kisses that I call to mind,
And I will sing their secrets as I go, —
The first, a kiss too courteous to be kind,
Was such a kiss as monks and maidens know,
As sharp as frost, as blameless as the snow.

"The second kiss, ah God! I feel it yet, —
And evermore my soul will loathe the same, —
The toys and joys of fate I may forget,
But not the touch of that divided shame;
It clove my lips — it burnt me like a flame.

"The third, the final kiss, is one I use
Morning and noon and night, and not amiss.
Sorrow be mine if such I do refuse!
And when I die, be Love enrapt in bliss
Re-sanctified in heaven by such a kiss!"

This little gem, which I read and re-read with pleasure, was only one of many in the same collection. The author was assuredly a man of genius. I studied his word-melodies with intense interest, and noted with some surprise how original and beautiful were many of his fancies and similes. I say I noted them with surprise, because he was evidently a modern Englishman, and yet unlike any other of his writing species. His name was not Alfred Tennyson, nor Edwin Arnold, nor Matthew Arnold, nor Austin Dobson, nor Martin Tupper. He was neither plagiarist nor translator — he was actually an original man. I do not give his name here, as I consider it the duty of his own country to find him out and acknowledge him, which, as it is so proud of its literary standing, of course it will do in due season. On this, my first introduction to his poems, I became speedily absorbed in them, and was repeating to myself softly a verse which I remember now: —

"Hers was sweetest of sweet faces,
Hers the tenderest eyes of all;
In her hair she had the traces
Of a heavenly coronal,
Bringing sunshine to sad places
Where the sunlight could not fall."

Then I was startled by the sound of a clock striking six. I bethought myself of the people who were coming to dinner, and decided to go to my room and dress. Replacing the "Pygmalion" book on the table whence I had taken it, I made my way upstairs, thinking as I went of Zara and her strange request, and wondering what journey she was going upon. I could not come to any satisfactory conclusion on this point; besides, I had a curious disinclination to think about it very earnestly, though the subject kept recurring to my mind. Yet always some inward monitor seemed to assure me, as plainly as though the words were spoken in my ear:—

"It is useless for you to consider the reason of this, or the meaning of that. Take things as they come in due order: one circumstance explains the other, and everything is always for the best."

I prepared my Indian crêpe dress for the evening, the same I had worn for Madame Didier's party at Cannes; only, instead of having lilies of the valley to ornament it with, I arranged some clusters of the Maréchal Niel roses I had gathered from the conservatory — lovely blossoms with their dewy pale-gold centres forming perfect cups of delicious fragrance. These, relieved by a few delicate sprays of the maiden-hair fern, formed a becoming finish to my simple costume. As I arrayed myself, and looked at my own reflection in the long mirror, I smiled out of sheer gratitude. For health, joyous and vigorous, sparkled in my eyes, glowed on my cheeks, tinted my lips, and rounded my figure. The face that looked back at me from the glass was a perfectly happy one, ready to dimple into glad mirth or bright laughter. No shadow of pain or care remained upon it to remind me of past suffering, and I murmured half aloud: "Thank God!"

"Amen!" said a soft voice, and, turning round, I saw Zara.

But how shall I describe her? No words can adequately paint the glorious beauty in which, that night, she seemed to move as in an atmosphere of her own creating. She wore a clinging robe of the richest, softest white satin, caught in at the waist by a zone of pearls — pearls which, from their size and purity, must have been priceless. Her beautiful neck and arms were bare, and twelve rows of pearls were clasped round her slender throat, supporting in their centre the electric stone which shone with a soft, subduedradiance, like the light of the young moon. Her rich dark hair was arranged in its usual fashion —

that is, hanging down in one thick plait, which on this occasion was braided in and out with small pearls. On her bosom she wore a magnificent cluster of natural orange-blossoms; and of these, while I gazed admiringly at her, I first spoke:—

"You look like a bride, Zara! You have all the outward signs of one — white satin, pearls, and orange-blossoms!"

She smiled.

"They are the first cluster that has come out in our conservatory," she said; "and I could not resist them. As to the pearls, they belonged to my mother, and are my favorite ornaments; and white satin is now no longer exclusively for brides. How soft and pretty that Indian crêpe is! Your toilette is charming and suits you to perfection. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite," I answered.

She hesitated and sighed. Then she raised her lovely eyes with a sort of wistful tenderness.

"Before we go down I should like you to kiss me once," she said.

I embraced her fondly, and our lips met with a lingering sisterly caress.

"You will never forget me, will you?" she asked almost anxiously; "never cease to think of me kindly?"

"How fanciful you are to-night, Zara dear!" I said. "As if I could forget you! I shall always think of you as the loveliest and sweetest woman in the world."

"And when I am out of the world — what then?" she pursued.

Remembering her spiritual sympathies, I answered at once:

"Even then I shall know you to be one of the fairest of the angels. So you see, Zara darling, I shall always love you."

"I think you will," she said meditatively; "you are one of us. But come! I hear voices downstairs. I think our expected guests have arrived, and we must be in the drawing-room to receive them. Good-bye, little friend!" And she again kissed me.

"Good-bye," I repeated in astonishment; "why good-bye?"

"Because it is my fancy to say the word," she replied with quiet firmness. "Again, dear little friend, good-bye!"

I felt bewildered, but she would not give me time to utter another syllable. She took my hand and hurried me with her downstairs, and in another moment we were both in the drawing-room, receiving and saying polite nothings to the Everards and Challoners, who had all arrived together, resplendent in

evening costume. Amy Everard, I thought, looked a little tired and fagged, though she rejoiced in a superb "arrangement" by Worth of ruby velvet and salmon-pink. But, though a perfect dress is consoling to most women, there are times when even that fails of its effect; and then Worth ceases to loom before the feminine eye as a sort of demi-god, but dwindles insignificantly to the level of a mere tailor, whose prices are ruinous. And this, I think, was the state of mind in which Mrs. Everard found herself that evening; or else she was a trifle jealous of Zara's harmonious grace and loveliness. Be this as it may, she was irritable, and whisperingly found fault with me for being in such good health.

"You will have too much color if you don't take care," she said almost pettishly, "and nothing is so unfashionable."

"I know!" I replied with due meekness. "It is very bad style to be quite well — it is almost improper."

She looked at me and a glimmering smile lighted her features. But she would not permit herself to become good-humored, and she furled and unfurled her fan of pink ostrich feathers with some impatience.

"Where did that child get all those pearls from?" she next inquired, with a gesture of her head toward Zara.

"They belonged to her mother," I answered, smiling as I heard Zara called a *child*, knowing, as I did, her real age.

"She is actually wearing a small fortune on her person," went on Amy; "I wonder her brother allows her. Girls never understand the value of things of that sort. They should be kept for her till she is old enough to appreciate them."

I made no reply; I was absorbed in watching Heliobas, who at that moment entered the room accompanied by Father Paul. He greeted his guests with warmth and unaffected heartiness, and all present were, I could see, at once fascinated by the dignity of his presence and the charm of his manner. To an uninstructed eye there was nothing unusual about him, but to me there was a change in his expression which, as it were, warned and startled me. A deep shadow of anxiety in his eyes made them look more sombre and less keen; his smile was not so sweet as it was stern, and there was an undefinable *something* in his very bearing that suggested — what? Defiance? Yes, defiance; and it was this which, when I had realized it, curiously alarmed me. For what had he, Heliobas, to do with even the thought of defiance? Did not all his power come from the

knowledge of the necessity of obedience to the spiritual powers, within and without? Quick as light the words spoken to me by Azul regarding him came back to my remembrance: "Even as he is my Beloved, so let him not fail to hear my voice." What if he *should* fail? A kind of instinct came upon me that some immediate danger of this threatened him, and I braced myself up to a firm determination that, if this was so, I, out of my deep gratitude to him, would do my utmost best to warn him in time. While these thoughts possessed me, the hum of gay conversation went on, and Zara's bright laughter ever and again broke like music on the air. Father Paul, too, proved himself to be of quite a festive and jovial disposition, for he made himself agreeable to Mrs. Challoner and her daughters, and entertained them with the ease and *bonhomie* of an accomplished courtier and man of the world.

Dinner was announced in the usual way — that is, with the sound of music played by the electric instrument devoted to that purpose, a performance which elicited much admiration from all the guests. Heliobas led the way into the dining-room with Mrs. Everard; Colonel Everard followed, with Zara on one arm and the eldest Miss Challoner on the other; Mr. Challoner and myself came next; and Father Paul, with Mrs. Challoner and her other daughter Effie, brought up the rear. There was a universal murmur of surprise and delight as the dinner-table came in view; and its arrangement was indeed a triumph of art. In the centre was placed a large round of crystal in imitation of a lake, and on this apparently floated a beautiful gondola steered by the figure of a gondolier, both exquisitely wrought in fine Venetian glass. The gondola was piled high with a cargo of roses; but the wonder of it all was, that the whole design was lit up by electricity. Electric sparkles, like drops of dew, shone on the flowers; the gondola was lit from end to end with electric stars, which were reflected with prismatic brilliancy in the crystal below; the gondolier's long pole glittered with what appeared to be drops of water tinged by the moonlight, but which was really an electric wire, and in his cap flashed an electric diamond. The whole ornament scintillated and glowed like a marvellous piece of curiously contrived jewel-work. And this was not all. Beside every guest at table a slender vase, shaped like a long-stemmed Nile lily, held roses and ferns, in which were hidden tiny electric stars, causing the blossoms to shine with transparent and almost fairy-like lustre.

Four graceful youths, clad in the Armenian costume, stood waiting silently round the table till all present were seated, and then they commenced the business of serving the viands, with swift and noiseless dexterity. As soon as the soup was handed round, tongues were loosened, and the Challoners, who had been gazing at everything in almost open-mouthed astonishment, began to relieve their feelings by warm expressions of unqualified admiration, in which Colonel and Mrs. Everard were not slow to join.

"I do say, and I will say, this beats all I've ever seen," said good Mrs. Challoner, as she bent to examine the glittering vase of flowers near her plate.

"And this is real electric light? And is it perfectly harmless?

Heliobas smilingly assured her of the safety of his table decorations.

"Electricity," he said, "though the most powerful of masters, is the most docile of slaves. It is capable of the smallest as well as of the greatest uses. It can give with equal certainty life or death; in fact, it is the key-note of creation."

"Is that your theory, sir?" asked Colonel Everard.

"It is not only my theory," answered Heliobas, "it is a truth, indisputable and unalterable, to those who have studied the mysteries of electric science."

"And do you base all your medical treatment on this principle?" pursued the Colonel.

"Certainly. Your young friend here, who came to me from Cannes, looking as if she had but a few months to live, can bear witness to the efficacy of my method."

Every eye was now turned upon me, and I looked up and laughed.

"Do you remember, Amy," I said, addressing Mrs. Everard, "how you told me I looked like a sick nun at Cannes? What do I look like now?"

"You look as if you had never been ill in your life," she replied.

"I was going to say," remarked Mr. Challoner in his deliberate manner, "that you remind me very much of a small painting of Diana that I saw in the Louvre the other day. You have the same sort of elasticity in your movements, and the same bright healthy eyes."

I bowed, still smiling. "I did not know you were such a flatterer, Mr. Challoner! Diana thanks you!"

The conversation now became general, and turned, among other subjects, upon the growing reputation of Raffaello Cellini.

"What surprises me in that young man," said Colonel Everard, "is his coloring. It is simply marvellous. He was amiable enough to present me with a little landscape scene; and the effect of light upon it is so powerfully done that you would swear the sun was actually shining through it."

The fine sensitive mouth of Heliobas curved in a somewhat sarcastic smile.

"Mere trickery, my dear sir — a piece of clap-trap," he said lightly. "That is what would be said of such pictures — in England at least. And it will be said by many oracular, long-established newspapers, while Cellini lives. As soon as he is dead — ah! *c'est autre chose!* — he will then most probably be acknowledged the greatest master of the age. There may even be a Cellini 'School of Coloring,' where a select company of daubers will profess to know the secret that has died with him. It is the way of the world!"

Mr. Challoner's rugged face showed signs of satisfaction, and his shrewd eyes twinkled.

"Right you are, sir!" he said, holding up his glass of wine, "I drink to you! Sir, I agree with you! I calculate there 's a good many worlds flying round in space, but a more ridiculous, feeble-minded, contrary sort of world than this one, I defy any archangel to find!"

Heliobas laughed, nodded, and after a slight pause resumed:—

"It is astonishing to me that people do not see to what an infinite number of uses they could put the little re-discovery they have made of *luminous paint.* In that simple thing there is a secret, which as yet they do not guess — a wonderful, beautiful scientific secret, which may perhaps take them a few hundred years to find out. In the meantime they have got hold of one end of the thread; they can make luminous paint, and with it they can paint light-houses, and, what is far more important — ships. Vessels in mid-ocean will have no more need of fog-signals and different-colored lamps; their own coat of paint will be sufficient to light them safely on their way. Even rooms can be so painted as to be perfectly luminous at night. A friend of mine, residing in Italy, has a luminous ball-room, where the ceiling is decorated with a moon and stars in electric light. The effect is exceedingly lovely; and though people think a great deal of money must have been laid out upon it, it is per-

ZARA

haps the only great ball-room in Italy that has been really cheaply fitted up. But as I said before, there is another secret behind the invention or discovery of luminous paint — a secret which, when once unveiled, will revolutionize all the schools of art in the world."

"Do you know this secret?" asked Mrs. Challoner.

"Yes, madam — perfectly."

"Then why don't you disclose it for the benefit of everybody?" demanded Effie Challoner.

"Because, my dear young lady, no one would believe me if I did. The time is not yet ripe for it. The world must wait till its people are better educated."

"Better educated!" exclaimed Mrs. Everard. "Why there is nothing talked of nowadays but education and progress! The very children are wiser than their parents!"

"The children!" returned Heliobas, half inquiringly, half indignantly. "At the rate things are going there will soon be no children left; they will all be tired little men and women before they are in their teens. The very babies will be born old. Many of them are being brought up without any faith in God or religion; the result will be an increase of vice and crime. The purblind philosophers, miscalled wise men, who teach the children by the light of poor human reason only, and do away with faith in spiritual things, are bringing down upon the generations to come an unlooked-for and most terrific curse. Childhood, the happy, innocent, sweet, unthinking, almost angelic age at which Nature would have us believe in fairies and all the delicate aërial fancies of poets, who are, after all, the only true sages — childhood, I say, is being gradually stamped out under the cruel iron heel of the Period — a period not of wisdom, health, or beauty, but one of drunken delirium, in which the world rushes feverishly along, its eyes fixed on one hard, glittering, stony-featured idol — Gold. Education! Is it education to teach the young that their chances of happiness depend on being richer than their neighbors? Yet that is what it all tends to. Get on! — be successful! Trample on others, but push forward yourself! Money, money! — let its chink be your music; let its mellow shine be fairer than the eyes of love or friendship! Let its piles accumulate and ever accumulate! There are beggars in the streets, but they are impostors! There is poverty in many places, but why seek to relieve it? Why lessen the sparkling heaps of gold by so much as a coin? Accu

mulate and ever accumulate! Live so, and then — die! And then — who knows what then?"

His voice had been full of ringing eloquence as he spoke, but at these last last words it sank into a low, thrilling tone of solemnity and earnestness. We all looked at him, fascinated by his manner, and were silent.

Mr. Challoner was the first to break the impressive pause.

"I'm not a speaker, sir," he observed slowly, "but I've got a good deal of feeling somewheres; and you'll allow me to say that I feel your words — I think they're right true. I've often wanted to say what you've said, but haven't seen my way clear to it. Anyhow, I've had a very general impression about me that what we call Society has of late years been going, per express service, direct to the devil — if the ladies will excuse me for plain speaking. And as the journey is being taken by choice and free will, I suppose there's no hindrance or stoppage possible. Besides, it's a downward line, and curiously free from obstructions."

"Bravo, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Challoner. "You are actually coming out! I never heard you indulge in similes before."

"Well, my dear," returned her husband, somewhat gratified, "better late than never. A simile is a good thing if it isn't overcrowded. For instance, Mr. Swinburne's similes are laid on too thick sometimes. There is a verse of his, which, with all my admiration for him, I never could quite fathom. It is where he earnestly desires to be as '*any leaf of any tree*' or, failing that, he wouldn't mind becoming 'as bones *under the deep, sharp sea.*' I tried hard to see the point of that, but couldn't fix it."

We all laughed. Zara, I thought, was especially merry, and looked her loveliest. She made an excellent hostess, and exerted herself to the utmost to charm — an effort in which she easily succeeded.

The shadow on the face of her brother had not disappeared, and once or twice I noticed that Father Paul looked at him with a certain kindly anxiety.

The dinner approached its end. The dessert, with its luxurious dishes of rare fruit, such as peaches, plantains, hothouse grapes, and even strawberries, was served, and with it a delicious, sparkling, topaz-tinted wine of Eastern origin called Krula, which was poured out to us in Venetian glass goblets, wherein lay diamond-like lumps of ice. The air was so exceedingly

oppressive that evening that we found this beverage most refreshing. When Zara's goblet was filled, she held it up smiling, and said: —

"I have a toast to propose."

"Hear, hear!" murmured the gentlemen, Heliobas excepted.

"To our next merry meeting!" and as she said this she kissed the rim of the cup, and made a sign as though wafting it towards her brother.

He started as if from a reverie, seized his glass, and drained off its contents to the last drop.

Everyone responded with heartiness to Zara's toast and then Colonel Everard proposed the health of the fair hostess, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

After this Zara gave the signal, and all the ladies rose to adjourn to the drawing-room. As I passed Heliobas on my way out, he looked so sombre and almost threatening of aspect, that I ventured to whisper: —

"Remember Azul!"

"She has forgotten *me!*" he muttered.

"Never — never!" I said earnestly. "Oh, Heliobas! what is wrong with you?"

He made no answer, and there was no opportunity to say more, as I had to follow Zara. But I felt very anxious, though I scarcely knew why, and I lingered at the door and glanced back at him. As I did so, a low, rumbling sound, like chariot-wheels rolling afar off, broke suddenly on our ears.

"Thunder," remarked Mr. Challoner quietly. "I thought we should have it. It has been unnaturally warm all day. A good storm will clear the air."

In my brief backward look at Heliobas, I noted that when that far-distant thunder sounded, he grew very pale. Why? He was certainly not one to have any dread of a storm — he was absolutely destitute of fear. I went in to the drawing-room with a hesitating step — my instincts were all awake and beginning to warn me, and I murmured softly a prayer to that strong, invisible, majestic spirit which I knew must be near me — my guardian Angel. I was answered instantly — my foreboding grew into a positive certainty that some danger menaced Heliobas, and that if I desired to be his friend, I must be prepared for an emergency. Receiving this, as all such impressions should be received, as a direct message sent me for my guidance, I grew calmer, and braced up my energies to oppose something, though I knew not what.

Zara was showing her lady visitors a large album of Italian photographs, and explaining them as she turned the leaves. As I entered the room, she said eagerly to me: —

"Play to us, dear! Something soft and plaintive. We all delight in your music, you know."

"Did you hear the thunder just now?" I asked irrelevantly.

"It was thunder? I thought so!" said Mrs. Everard. "Oh, I do hope there is not going to be a storm! I am so afraid of a storm!"

"You are nervous?" questioned Zara kindly, as she engaged her attention with some very fine specimens, among the photographs, consisting of views from Venice.

"Well, I suppose I am," returned Amy, half laughing. "Yet I am plucky about most things, too. Still I don't like to hear the elements quarrelling together — they are too much in earnest about it — and no person can pacify them."

Zara smiled, and gently repeated her request to me for some music — a request in which Mrs. Challoner and her daughters eagerly joined. As I went to the piano I thought of Edgar Allan Poe's exquisite poem: —

"In Heaven a spirit doth dwell,
Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars, so legends tell,
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice — all mute."

As I poised my fingers above the keys of the instrument, another long, low ominous roll of thunder swept up from the distance and made the room tremble.

"Play — play, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Everard; "and then we shall not be obliged to fix our attention on the approaching storm!"

I played a few soft opening arpeggio passages, while Zara seated herself in an easy-chair near the window, and the other ladies arranged themselves on sofas and ottomans to their satisfaction. The room was exceedingly close, and the scent of the flowers that were placed about in profusion was almost too sweet and overpowering.

"And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire

Is owing to that lyre,
By which he sits and sings, —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings."

How these verses haunted me! With them floating in my mind, I played — losing myself in mazes of melody, and travelling harmoniously in and out of the different keys with that sense of perfect joy known only to those who can improvise with ease, and catch the unwritten music of nature, which always appeals most strongly to emotions that are unspoilt by contact with the world, and which are quick to respond to what is purely instinctive art. I soon became thoroughly absorbed, and forgot that there were any persons present. In fancy I imagined myself again in view of the glory of the Electric Ring —again I seemed to behold the opaline radiance of the Central Sphere : —

"Where Love 's a grown-up God,
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star."

By and by I found my fingers at the work of tenderly unraveling a little skein of major melody, as soft and childlike as the innocent babble of a small brooklet flowing under ferns. I followed this airy suggestion obediently, till it led me of itself to its fitting end, when I ceased playing. I was greeted by a little burst of applause, and looking up, saw that all the gentlemen had come in from the dining-room, and were standing near me. The stately figure of Heliobas was the most prominent in the group ; he stood erect, one hand resting lightly on the framework of the piano, and his eyes met mine fixedly.

"You were inspired," he said with a grave smile, addressing me ; "you did not observe our entrance."

I was about to reply, when a loud, appalling crash of thunder rattled above us, as if some huge building had suddenly fallen into ruins. It startled us all into silence for a moment, and we looked into each other's faces with a certain degree of awe.

"That was a good one," remarked Mr. Challoner. "There was nothing undecided about that clap. Its mind was made up."

Zara suddenly rose from her seat, and drew aside the window-curtains.

"I wonder if it is raining," she said.

Amy Everard uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"O, don't open the blinds!" she exclaimed. "It is really dangerous!"

Heliobas glanced at her with a little sarcastic smile.

"Take a seat on the other side of the room, if you are alarmed, madame," he said quietly, placing a chair in the position he suggested, which Amy accepted eagerly.

She would, I believe, have gladly taken refuge in the coal-cellar had he offered it. Zara, in the meantime, who had not heard Mrs. Everard's exclamation of fear, had drawn up one of the blinds, and stood silently looking out upon the night. Instinctively we all joined her with the exception of Amy, and looked out also. The skies were very dark; a faint moaning wind stirred the tops of the leafless trees; but there was no rain. A dry volcanic heat pervaded the atmosphere — in fact we all felt the air so stifling, that Heliobas threw open the window altogether, saying as he did so: —

"In a thunderstorm, it is safer to have the window open than shut; besides, one cannot suffocate."

A brilliant glare of light flashed suddenly upon our vision. The heavens seemed torn open from end to end, and a broad lake of pale-blue fire lay quivering in the heart of the mountainous black clouds — for a second only. An on-rushing, ever-increasing, rattling roar of thunder ensued, that seemed to shake the very earth, and all was again darkness.

"This is magnificent!" cried Mrs. Challoner, who, with her family, had travelled a great deal, and was quite accustomed to hurricanes and other inconveniences caused by the unaccommodating behavior of the elements. "I don't think I ever saw anything like it, John dear; even that storm we saw at Chamounix was not any better than this."

"Well," returned her husband meditatively, "you see we had the snow mountains there, and the effect was pretty lively. Then there were the echoes — those cavernous echoes were grand! What was that passage in Job, Effie, that I used to say they reminded me of?"

"'The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at His reproof . . . The thunder of His power, who can understand?'" replied Effie Challoner reverently.

"That's it!" he replied. "I opine that Job was pretty correct in his ideas — don't you, reverend sir?" turning to Father Paul.

The priest nodded, and held up his finger warningly.

"That lady — Mrs. Everard — is going to sing or play, I think," he observed. "Shall we not keep silence?"

I looked towards Amy in some surprise. I knew she sang very prettily, but I had thought she was rendered too nervous by the storm to do aught but sit quiet in her chair. However, there she was at the piano, and in another moment her fresh, sweet mezzo-soprano rang softly through the room in Tosti's plaintive song, "Good-bye!" We listened, but none of us moved from the open window where we still inhaled what air there was, and watched the lowering sky.

"Hush! a voice from the far-away,
'Listen and learn,' it seems to say;
'All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,'"

sang Amy with pathetic sweetness Zara suddenly moved, as if oppressed, from her position among us as we stood clustered together, and stepped out through the French window into the outside balcony, her head uncovered to the night.

"You will catch cold!" Mrs. Challoner and I both called to her simultaneously. She shook her head, smiling back at us; and, folding her arms lightly on the stone balustrade, leaned there and looked up at the clouds.

"The link must break, and the lamp must die;
Good-bye to Hope! Good-bye — good-bye!"

Amy's voice was a peculiarly thrilling one, and on this occasion sounded with more than its usual tenderness. What with her singing and the invisible presence of the storm, an utter silence possessed us — not one of us cared to move.

Heliobas once stepped to his sister's side in the open balcony, and said something, as I thought, to warn her against taking cold; but it was a very brief whisper, and he almost immediately returned to his place amongst us. Zara looked very lovely out there; the light coming from the interior of the room glistened softly on the sheen of her satin dress and its ornaments of pearls; and the electric stone on her bosom shone faintly, like a star on a rainy evening. Her beautiful face, turned upwards to the angry sky, was half in light and half in shade; a smile parted her lips, and her eyes were bright with a look of interest and expectancy. Another sudden glare, and the clouds were again broken asunder; but this time in

a jagged and hasty manner, as though a naked sword had been thrust through them and immediately withdrawn.

"That was a nasty flash," said Colonel Everard, with an observant glance at the lovely Juliet-like figure on the balcony. "Mademoiselle, had you not better come in?"

"When it begins to rain I will come in," she said, without changing her posture. "I hear the singing so well out here. Besides, I love the storm."

A tumultuous crash of thunder, tremendous for its uproar and the length of time it was prolonged, made us look at each other again with anxious faces.

> "What are we waiting for? Oh, my heart!
> Kiss me straight on the brows and part!
> Again! again, my heart, my heart!
> What are we waiting for, you and I?
> A pleading look — a stifled cry!
> Good-bye forever —"

Horror! what was that? A lithe, swift serpent of fire twisting venomously through the dark heavens! Zara raised her arms, looked up, smiled, and fell — senseless! With such appalling suddenness that we had scarcely recovered from the blinding terror of that forked lightning-flash, when we saw her lying prone before us on the balcony where one instant before she had stood erect and smiling! With exclamations of alarm and distress we lifted and bore her within the room and laid her tenderly down upon the nearest sofa. At that moment a deafening, terrific thunder-clap — one only — as if a huge bomb-shell had burst in the air, shook the ground under our feet; and then with a swish and swirl of long pent-up and suddenly-released wrath, down came the rain.

Amy's voice died away in a last "Good-bye!" and she rushed from the piano, with pale face and trembling lips, gasping out:

"What has happened? What is the matter?"

"She has been stunned by a lightning-flash," I said, trying to speak calmly, while I loosened Zara's dress and sprinkled her forehead with eau-de-Cologne from a scent-bottle Mrs. Challoner had handed to me. "She will recover in a few minutes."

But my limbs trembled under me, and tears, in spite of myself, forced their way into my eyes.

Heliobas meanwhile — his countenance white and set as a marble mask — shut the window fiercely, pulled down the blind, and drew the heavy silken curtains close. He then approached his sister's senseless form, and, taking her wrist tenderly, felt for her pulse. We looked on in the deepest anxiety. The Challoner girls shivered with terror, and began to cry. Mrs. Everard, with more self-possession, dipped a handkerchief in cold water and laid it on Zara's temples; but no faint sigh parted her set yet smiling lips — no sign of life was visible. All this while the rain swept down in gusty torrents and rattled furiously against the window-panes; while the wind, no longer a moan, had risen into a shriek, as of baffled yet vindictive anger. At last Heliobas spoke.

"I should be glad of other medical skill than my own," he said, in low and stifled accents. "This may be a long fainting-fit."

Mr. Challoner at once proffered his services.

"I 'll go for you anywhere you like," he said cheerily; "and I think my wife and daughters had better come with me. Our carriage is sure to be in waiting. It will be necessary for the lady to have perfect quiet when she recovers, and visitors are best away. You need not be alarmed, I am sure. By her color it is evident she is only in a swoon. What doctor shall I send?"

Heliobas named one Dr. Morini, 10, Avenue de l'Alma.

"Right! He shall be here straight. Come, wife — come, girls! Mrs. Everard, we 'll send back our carriage for you and the Colonel. Good-night! We 'll call to-morrow and inquire after mademoiselle."

Heliobas gratefully pressed his hand as he withdrew, and his wife and daughters, with whispered farewells, followed him. We who were left behind all remained near Zara, doing everything we could think of to restore animation to that senseless form.

Some of the servants, too, hearing what had happened, gathered in a little cluster at the drawing-room door, looking with pale and alarmed faces at the death-like figure of their beautiful mistress. Half an hour or more must have passed in this manner; within the room there was a dreadful silence — but outside the rain poured down in torrents, and the savage wind howled and tore at the windows like a besieging army.

Suddenly Amy Everard, who had been quietly and skilfully assisting me in rubbing Zara's hands and bathing her forehead,

grew faint, staggered, and would have fallen had not her husband caught her on his arm.

"I am frightened," she gasped. "I cannot bear it — she looks so still, and she is growing — rigid, like a corpse! Oh, if she should be dead!" And she hid her face on her husband's breast.

At that moment we heard the grating of wheels on the gravel outside; it was the Challoners' carriage returned. The coachman, after depositing his master and family at the Grand Hotel, had driven rapidly back in the teeth of the stinging sleet and rain to bring the message that Dr. Morini would be with us as soon as possible.

"Then," whispered Colonel Everard gently to me, "I 'll take Amy home. She is thoroughly upset, and it 's no use having her going off into hysterics. I 'll call with Challoner to-morrow;" and with a kindly parting nod of encouragement to us all, he slipped softly out of the room, half leading, half carrying his trembling wife; and in a couple of minutes we heard the carriage again drive away.

Left alone at last with Heliobas and Father Paul, I, kneeling at the side of my darling Zara, looked into their faces for comfort, but found none. The dry-eyed despair on the countenance of Heliobas pierced me to the heart; the pitying, solemn expression of the venerable priest touched me as with icy cold. The lovely, marble-like whiteness and stillness of the figure before me filled me with a vague terror. Making a strong effort to control my voice, I called in a low, clear tone:

"Zara! Zara!"

No sign — not the faintest flicker of an eyelash! Only the sound of the falling rain and the moaning wind — the thunder had long ago ceased. Suddenly a something attracted my gaze, which first surprised and then horrified me. The jewel — the electric stone on Zara's bosom no longer shone! It was like a piece of dull unpolished pebble. Grasping at the meaning of this, with overwhelming instinctive rapidity, I sprang up and caught the arm of Heliobas.

"You — you!" I whispered hurriedly. "*You* can restore her! Do as you did with Prince Ivan; you can — you must! That stone she wears — the light has gone out of it. If that means — and I am sure it does — that life has for a little while gone out of *her*, *you* can bring it back. Quick — Quick! You have the power!"

He looked at me with burning, grief-haunted eyes; and a sigh that was almost a groan escaped his lips.

"I have *no* power," he said. "Not over her. I told you she was dominated by a higher force than mine. What can I do? Nothing — worse than nothing — I am utterly helpless."

I stared at him in a kind of desperate horror.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said slowly, "that she is dead — really dead?"

He was about to answer, when one of the watching servants announced in a low tone: "Dr. Morini."

The new-comer was a wiry, keen-eyed little Italian; his movements were quick, decisive, and all to the point of action. The first thing he did was to scatter the little group of servants right and left, and send them about their business. The next, to close the doors of the room against all intrusion. He then came straight up to Heliobas and pressing his hand in a friendly manner, said briefly:

"How and when did this happen?"

Heliobas told him in as few words as possible. Dr. Morini then bent over Zara's lifeless form, and examined her features attentively. He laid his ear against her heart and listened. Finally he caught sight of the round, lustreless pebble hanging at her neck suspended by its strings of pearls. Very gently he moved this aside; looked, and beckoned us to come and look also. Exactly on the spot where the electric stone had rested, a small circular mark, like a black bruise, tainted the fair soft skin — a mark no longer than a small finger-ring.

"Death by electricity," said Dr. Morini quietly. "Must have been instantaneous. The lightning flash, or downward electric current, lodged itself here, where this mark is, and passed directly through the heart. Perfectly painless, but of course fatal. She has been dead some time."

And, replacing the stone ornament in its former position, he stepped back with a suggestive glance at Father Paul. I listened and saw — but I was in a state of stupefaction. Dead? My beautiful, gay, strong Zara dead? Impossible! I knelt beside her; I called her again and again by every endearing and tender name I could think of; I kissed her sweet lips. Oh, they were cold as ice, and chilled my blood! As one in a dream, I saw Heliobas advance; he kissed her forehead and mouth; he reverently unclasped the pearls from about her throat, and with them took off the electric stone. Then Father

Paul stepped slowly forward, and in place of that once brilliant gem, now so dim and destitute of fire, he laid a crucifix upon the fair and gentle breast, motionless forever.

At sight of this sacred symbol, some tense cord seemed to snap in my brain, and I cried out wildly,

"Oh, no, no! Not that! That is for the dead; Zara is not dead! It is all a mistake — a mistake! She will be quite well presently; and she will smile and tell you how foolish you were to think her dead! Dead? She cannot be dead; it is impossible — quite impossible!" And I broke into a passion of sobs and tears.

Very gently and kindly Dr. Morini drew me away, and by dint of friendly persuasion, in which there was also a good deal of firm determination, led me into the hall, where he made me swallow a glass of wine. As I could not control my sobs, he spoke with some sternness: —

"Mademoiselle, you can do no good by giving way in this manner. Death is a very beautiful and solemn thing, and it is irreverent to show unseemly passion in such a great Presence. You loved your friend — let it be a comfort to you that she died painlessly. Control yourself, in order to assist in rendering her the last few gentle services necessary; and try to console the desolate brother, who looks in real need of encouragement."

These last words roused me. I forced back my tears, and dried my eyes.

"I will, Dr. Morini," I said, in a trembling voice. "I am ashamed to be so weak. I know what I ought to do, and I will do it. You may trust me."

He looked at me approvingly.

"That is well," he said briefly. "And now, as I am of no use here, I will say good-night. Remember, excessive grief is mere selfishness; resignation is heroism."

He was gone. I nerved myself to the task I had before me, and within an hour the fair casket of what had been Zara lay on an open bier in the little chapel, lights burning round it, and flowers strewn above it in mournful profusion.

We left her body arrayed in its white satin garb; the cluster of orange-blossoms she had gathered still bloomed upon the cold breast, where the crucifix lay; but in the tresses of the long dark hair I wove a wreath of lilies instead of the pearls we had undone.

And now I knelt beside the bier absorbed in thought. Some of the weeping servants had assembled, and knelt about in little groups. The tall candles on the altar were lit, and Father Paul, clad in mourning priestly vestments, prayed there in silence. The storm of rain and wind still raged without, and the windows of the chapel shook and rattled with the violence of the tempest.

A distant clock struck *One!* with a deep clang that echoed throughout the house. I shuddered. So short a time had elapsed since Zara had been alive and well; now, I could not bear to think that she was gone from me forever. Forever, did I say? No, not forever — not so long as love exists — love that shall bring us together again in that far-off Sphere where —

Hush! what was that? The sound of the organ? I looked around me in startled wonderment. There was no one seated at the instrument; it was shut close. The lights on the altar and round the bier burnt steadily; the motionless figure of the priest before the tabernacle; the praying servants of the household — all was unchanged. But certainly a flood of music rolled grandly on the ear — music that drowned for a moment the howling noise of the battering wind. I rose softly, and touched one of the kneeling domestics on the shoulder.

"Did you hear the organ?" I said.

The woman looked up at me with tearful, alarmed eyes.

"No, mademoiselle."

I paused, listening. The music grew louder and louder, and surged round me in waves of melody. Evidently no one in the chapel heard it but myself. I looked about for Heliobas, but he had not entered. He was most probably in his study, whither he had retired to grieve in secret when we had borne Zara's body to its present couch of dreamless sleep.

These sounds were meant for me alone, then? I waited, and the music gradually died away; and as I resumed my kneeling position by the bier all was again silence, save for the unabated raging of the storm.

A strange calmness now fell on my spirits. Some invisible hand seemed to hold me still and tearless. Zara was dead. I realized it now. I began to consider that she must have known her fate beforehand. This was what she had meant when she said she was going on a journey. The more I thought of this the quieter I became, and I hid my face in my hands and prayed earnestly.

A touch roused me — an imperative, burning touch. An airy brightness, like a light cloud with sunshine falling through it, hovered above Zara's bier! I gazed breathlessly; I could not move my lips to utter a sound. A face looked at me — a face angelically beautiful! It smiled. I stretched out my hands; I struggled for speech, and managed to whisper: —

"Zara, Zara! you have come back!"

Her voice, so sweetly familiar, answered me:

"To life? Ah, never, never again! I am too happy to return. But save him — save my brother! Go to him; he is in danger; to you is given the rescue. Save him; and for me rejoice, and grieve no more!"

The face vanished, the brightness faded, and I sprang up from my knees in haste. For one instant I looked at the beautiful dead body of the friend I loved, with its set mouth and placid features, and then I smiled. This was not Zara — *she* was alive and happy; this fair clay was but clay doomed to perish, but *she* was imperishable.

"Save him — save my brother!" These words rang in my ears. I hesitated no longer — I determined to seek Heliobas at once. Swiftly and noiselessly I slipped out of the chapel. As the door swung behind me I heard a sound that first made me stop in sudden alarm, and then hurry on with increased eagerness. There was no mistaking it — it was the clash of steel!

A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

I rushed to the study-door, tore aside the velvet hangings, and faced Heliobas and Prince Ivan Petroffsky. They held drawn weapons, which they lowered at my sudden entrance, and paused irresolutely.

"What are you doing?" I cried, addressing myself to Heliobas. "With the dead body of your sister in the house you can fight! you, too!" and I looked reproachfully at Prince Ivan; "you also can desecrate the sanctity of death, and yet — you loved her!"

The prince spoke not, but clenched his sword-hilt with a fiercer grasp, and glared wildly on his opponent. His eyes had a look of madness in them — his dress was much disordered — his hair wet with drops of rain — his face ghastly white, and his whole demeanor was that of a man distraught with grief and passion. But he uttered no word. Heliobas

spoke; he was coldly calm, and balanced his sword lightly on his open hand as if it were a toy.

"This *gentleman*," he said, with deliberate emphasis, "happened, on his way hither, to meet Dr. Morini, who informed him of the fatal catastrophe which has caused my sister's death. Instead of respecting the sacredness of my solitude under the circumstances, he thrust himself rudely into my presence, and, before I could address him, struck me violently in the face, and accused me of being my sister's murderer. Such conduct can only meet with one reply. I gave him his choice of weapons: he chose swords. Our combat has just begun — we are anxious to resume it; therefore if you, mademoiselle, will have the goodness to retire — "

I interrupted him.

"I shall certainly not retire," I said firmly. "This behavior on both your parts is positive madness. Prince Ivan, please to listen to me. The circumstances of Zara's death were plainly witnessed by me and others — her brother is as innocent of having caused it as I am."

And I recounted to him quietly all that had happened during that fatal and eventful evening. He listened moodily, tracing out the pattern of the carpet with the point of his sword. When I had finished he looked up, and a bitter smile crossed his features.

"I wonder, mademoiselle," he said, "that your residence in this accursed house has not taught you better. I quite believe all you say, that Zara, unfortunate girl that she was, received her death by a lightning-flash. But answer me this: Who made her capable of attracting atmospheric electricity? Who charged her beautiful delicate body with a vile compound of electrical fluid, so that she was as a living magnet, bound to draw towards herself electricity in all its forms? Who tampered with her fine brain and made her imagine herself allied to a spirit of air? Who but *he — he!* — yonder unscrupulous wretch! — he who, in pursuit of his miserable science, practised his most dangerous experiments on his sister, regardless of her health, her happiness, her life! I say he is her murderer — her remorseless murderer, and a thrice-damned villain!"

And he sprang forward to renew the combat. I stepped quietly, unflinchingly between him and Heliobas.

"Stop!" I exclaimed; "this cannot go on. Zara herself forbids it!"

The prince paused, and looked at me in a sort of stupefaction.

"Zara forbids it!" he muttered. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I went on, "that I have seen Zara since her death; I have spoken to her. She herself sent me here."

Prince Ivan stared, and then burst into a fit of wild laughter.

"Little fool!" he cried to me; "he has maddened you too, then! You are also a victim! Miserable girl! out of my path! Revenge — revenge! while I am yet sane!"

Then pushing me roughly aside, he cast away his sword, and shouted to Heliobas.

"Hand to hand, villain! No more of these toy-weapons! Hand to hand!"

Heliobas instantly threw down his sword also, and rushing forward simultaneously, they closed together in savage conflict. Heliobas was the taller and more powerful of the two, but Prince Ivan seemed imbued with the spirit of a hundred devils, and sprang at his opponent's throat with the silent, breathless ferocity of a tiger. At first Heliobas appeared to be simply on the defensive, and his agile, skilful movements were all used to parry and ward off the other's grappling eagerness. But as I watched the struggle, myself speechless and powerless, I saw his face change. Instead of its calm and almost indifferent expression, there came a look which was completely foreign to it, — a look of savage determination bordering on positive cruelty. In a moment I saw what was taking place in his mind. The animal passions of the mere *man* were aroused — the spiritual force was utterly forgotten. The excitement of the contest was beginning to tell, and the desire of victory was dominant in the breast of him whose ideas were generally — and should have been now — those of patient endurance and large generosity. The fight grew closer, hotter, and more terrible. Suddenly the prince swerved aside and fell, and within a second Heliobas held him down, pressing one knee firmly against his chest. From my point of observation I noted with alarm that little by little Ivan ceased his violent efforts to rise, and that he kept his eyes fixed on the over-shadowing face of his foe with an unnatural and curious pertinacity. I stepped forward. Heliobas pressed his whole weight heavily down on the young man's prostrate body, while with both hands he held him by the shoulders, and gazed with terrific meaning into his fast paling countenance. Ivan's lips turned blue; his eyes appeared to start from their sockets; his throat rattled. The

spell that held me silent was broken; a flash of light, a flood of memory swept over my intelligence. I knew that Heliobas was exciting the whole battery of his inner electric force, and that thus employed for the purposes of vengeance, it must infallibly cause death. I found my speech at last.

"Heliobas!" I cried. "Remember, remember Azul! When Death lies like a gift in your hand, withhold it. Withhold it, Heliobas; and give Life instead!"

He started at the sound of my voice, and looked up. A strong shudder shook his frame. Very slowly, very reluctantly, he relaxed his position; he rose from his kneeling posture on the prince's breast — he left him and stood upright. Ivan at the same moment heaved a deep sigh, and closed his eyes, apparently insensible.

Gradually one by one the hard lines faded out of the face of Heliobas, and his old expression of soft and grave beneficence came back to it as graciously as sunlight after rain. He turned to me, and bent his head in a sort of reverential salutation.

"I thank and bless you," he said; "you reminded me in time! Another moment and it would have been too late. You have saved me."

"Give him his life," I said, pointing to Ivan.

"He has it," returned Heliobas; "I have not taken it from him, thank God! He provoked me; I regret it. I should have been more patient with him. He will revive immediately. I leave him to your care. In dealing with him, I ought to have remembered that human passion like his, unguided by spiritual knowledge, was to be met with pity and forbearance. As it is, however, he is safe. For me, I will go and pray for Zara's pardon, and that of my wronged Azul."

As he uttered the last words, he started, looked up, and smiled.

"My beautiful one! Thou hast pardoned me? Thou wilt love me still? Thou art with me, Azul, my beloved? I have not lost thee, oh my best and dearest! Wilt thou lead me? Whither? Nay — no matter whither — I come!"

And as one walking in sleep, he went out of the room, and I heard his footsteps echoing in the distance on the way to the chapel.

Left alone with the prince, I snatched a glass of cold water from the table, and sprinkled some of it on his forehead and hands. This was quite sufficient to revive him; and he drew a

long breath, opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him. Seeing no one but me he grew bewildered, and asked:

"What has happened?"

Then catching sight of the drawn swords lying still on the ground where they had been thrown, he sprang to his feet, and cried:

"Where is the coward and murderer?"

I made him sit down and hear with patience what I had to say. I reminded him that Zara's health and happiness had always been perfect, and that her brother would rather have slain himself than her. I told him plainly that Zara had expected her death, and had prepared for it — had even bade me good-bye, although then I had not understood the meaning of her words. I recalled to his mind the day when Zara had used her power to repulse him.

"Disbelieve as you will in electric spiritual force," I said. "Your message to her then through me was — *Tell her I have seen her lover.*"

At these words a sombre shadow flitted over the prince's face.

"I tell you," he said slowly, "that I believe I was on that occasion the victim of an hallucination. But I will explain to you what I saw. A superb figure, like, and yet unlike, a man, but of a much larger and grander form, appeared to me, as I thought, and spoke. 'Zara is mine,' it said — 'mine by choice; mine by free will; mine till death; mine after death; mine through eternity. With her thou hast naught in common; thy way lies elsewhere. Follow the path allotted to thee, and presume no more upon an angel's patience.' Then this strange majestic-looking creature, whose face, as I remember it, was extraordinarily beautiful, and whose eyes were like self-luminous stars, vanished. But, after all, what of it? The whole thing was a dream."

"I am not so sure of that," I said quietly.

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

CORNEILLE, PIERRE, a distinguished French dramatist; born at Rouen, June 6, 1606; died at Paris, October 1, 1684. He was educated at the Jesuits' College, studied law, and in 1624 took the oaths. It is said that his first play, "Mélite," produced in 1629, was founded on personal experience. It was followed by "Clitandre," "La Veuve," "La Galerie du Palais," "La Suivante," and "La Place Royale." In 1635 appeared "Medea;" in 1636, he produced his tragedy, "The Cid." In 1639 he published "Horace," with a dedication to Richelieu. "Cinna" also appeared in 1639, and "Polyeucte" in 1640. These plays are regarded as Corneille's masterpieces. "La Mort de Pompée," and the comedy "Le Menteur," followed in 1642, and "Rodogune" in 1644. "Théodore," the poet's next play, was a failure. His remaining plays are: "Heraclius" (1647); "Andromède," and "Don Sancho d'Aragon" (1650); "Nicomède" (1651); "Pertharite" (1653); "Œdipe" (1659); "La Toison d'Or" (1660); "Sertorius" (1662); "Sophonisbe" (1663); "Othon" (1664); "Agésilas" (1666); "Attila" (1667); "Tite et Bérénice" (1670); "Pulchérie" (1672); and "Suréna" (1674). Between 1653 and 1659 he wrote three "Discourses on Dramatic Poetry," the "Examens," printed at the end of his plays, and made a metrical translation of the "Imitation of Christ."

In 1647 Corneille was made a member of the Academy, and in 1663 he was allowed a pension of 2000 livres. The pension was suspended from 1674 to 1681, and again in 1683, and the poet suffered all the pangs of poverty.

THE LOVERS.

(From "The Cid.")

The scene is an apartment in the house of CHIMÈNE'S *father in Seville.* CHIMÈNE *and* ELVIRE *are conversing, after* CHIMÈNE *has learned that her father, the* COUNT DE GORMAS, *has lost his life in a duel with* DON RODRIGUE, *the son of an aged nobleman insulted by* DE GORMAS.

CHIMÈNE. At stake is my honor; revenge must be mine;
Whate'er the desire love may flattering stir,
To the soul nobly born all excuse is disgrace.

ELVIRE. Thou lov'st Don Rodrigue; he can never offend.
CHIMÈNE. I admit it.
ELVIRE. Admitting it, how canst thou act?
CHIMÈNE. By sustaining my honor, by casting my care —
Pursue him, destroy him, and after him — die.
DON RODRIGUE [*entering as she speaks the last words*]. 'T is well!
Without taking the pains of pursuit,
Be secure in the pleasure of ending my days.
CHIMÈNE. Elvire, oh where are we? What, what do I see?
Rodrigue in this house! Before me, Rodrigue!
DON RODRIGUE. Oh, spare not my blood; unresisted, pray taste
Of my ruin the sweetness, of vengeance the joy.
CHIMÈNE. Alas!
DON RODRIGUE. Hear me, lady!
CHIMÈNE. I die!
DON RODRIGUE. But one word —
CHIMÈNE. Go, I say; let me die!
DON RODRIGUE. Ah, vouchsafe me a word!
And once I have spoke, make reply with — this sword.
CHIMÈNE. What! The sword e'en now red with the blood of my sire!
DON RODRIGUE. Chimène, my Chimène!
CHIMÈNE. Hide that hideous steel,
That rebuketh my eyes for thy crime and thy life.
DON RODRIGUE. Nay, rather behold it, thy hate to excite,
Thy wrath to increase — and my doom so to speed.
CHIMÈNE. It is tinged with my blood.
DON RODRIGUE. Plunge it then into mine,
That so it may lose the dread tint of thy veins.
CHIMÈNE. Ah, fate all too cruel! that slays in one day
The father by steel, and the daughter by sight!
Take away, as I bid, what I cannot endure;
Thou will'st that I hearken — and kill'st me meantime!
DON RODRIGUE. What thou wishest I do; but with no less desire
That my life, now deplorable, ends by your hand;
For expect not, I beg, from my passion itself
A coward's repentance of deed so deserved.
From thy father's rash hand came a blow — past recall;
It dishonored my sire in his honored old age.
What are blows to a man of due honor thou knowest.
In the shame I had part, and its author must seek;
Him I saw — both my father and honor I 'venged;
I would do it again, if I had it to do.
Yet think not 'gainst duty to father and self
My love for thee, lady, no contest has made;

Of thy power in this moment do thou be the judge.
Too well might I doubt if such vengeance I dared.
Bound to please thee, Chimène, or to suffer affront,
Too rash seemed my arm — I would fain hold it back;
With a deed all too violent blamed I myself:
Thy beauty had weighed down the balance at last,
Had I not, to thy charms, countervailing, opposed
That a man lost to honor could not thee deserve;
That once having loved me when blameless I lived,
She who cared for me stainless must hate me disgraced;
That to hearken to love, to obey its soft voice,
Was to find myself shameful — thy favor to stain.
Again do I tell thee — and while I shall breathe
Unchanged shall I think and unchanging will say —
I have done thee offence, but I could not halt back,
A disgrace to remove and thyself to deserve.
But now, quits with honor, and quits toward my sire,
'T is thee, thee alone, I would fain satisfy;
'T is to proffer my blood that thou seest me here.
I have done what I should — what is left I would do.
Well I know that thy father's death arms thee toward mine;
Not thee have I wished of thy victim to cheat.
Boldly immolate, now, the blood he has spilled —
The being who glories that such was his deed.

CHIMÈNE. Ah, Rodrigue! True it is that though hostile I am,
No blame can I speak that disgrace thou hast fled;
Howe'er from my lips this my dolor break forth,
I dare not accuse thee — I weep for my woes.
I know that thy honor, on insult so deep,
Demanded of ardor a valorous proof.
Thou hast done but the duty enjoined on the brave:
Yet more, in its doing 't is mine thou hast taught.
By thy courage funest, and thy conquest, I 'm schooled;
Thy father avenged and thine honor upheld,
Like care, see, is mine; for to load me with grief,
I must father avenge, *I* must honor uphold!
Alas, 't is thy part here that brings me despair.
Had aught other misfortune bereft me of sire,
My heart in the joy of beholding thyself
The sole solace that heart could receive would have found
Against my affliction a charm would be strong,
My tears would be dried by the dearest of hands.
But lo! I must lose thee, my father a loss;
And the more that my soul may in torment be thrown,
My star has decreed that I compass thy end.

Expect not, in turn, from the passion I own,
That my hand I shall stay from thy punishment meet;
Thy direful offence makes thee worthy of me;
By thy death I shall show myself worthy of thee.

(Unrhymed literal version in the metre of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson.)

Don Rodrigue describes to King Fernando his Victory over the Moors.

(From "The Cid.")

Under me, then, the troop made advance,
With soldierly confidence marked on each brow.
Five hundred we started, but soon reinforced,
Three thousand we were when the port we had reached;
So much did mere sight of our numbers, our mien,
New courage revive in all timorous hearts.
Two-thirds did I ambush, as soon as arrived,
In the vessels in harbor, that ready were found;
But the others, whose numbers each hour did increase,
With impatience on fire, all about me encamped,
Stretched out on the earth passed the beauteous night.
In the harbor, I order the guards to like watch;
Their concealment my stratagem further assists; —
I dared to declare, Sire, as thine the command
That I so followed out, and enjoined upon all.
In the radiance pallid that fell from the stars,
At last, with the flood-tide we spy thirty sails;
Beneath swells the wave, and in movement therewith,
The sea and the Moors into harbor advance.
We permit them a passage — to them all seemed calm,
Our soldiers unseen, and the walls without ward.
Our silence profound well deluded their wit;
No longer they doubt our surprise is achieved;
Without fear they draw nearer — they anchor — they land —
They run to the hands that are waiting to strike.
Then rise we together, and all in a breath
Utter clamorous shoutings that heavenward rise.
From the ships to such signal our troops make response;
They stand forth in arms, and the Moors are dismayed;
By dread they are seized when but half-disembarked;
Ere the battle 's begun they have deemed themselves lost.
They have come but to pillage — 't is fight that they meet.
We assail them on sea, we assail them on land;
On the ground runs the blood we set flowing in streams
Ere a soul can resist — or fly back to his post.

But soon in our spite the chiefs rallied their host,
Their courage awoke, and their fear was o'ercome:
The shame of their dying without having fought,
Their disorder arrests, and their valor restores.
A firm stand they take, and their swords are unsheathed;
The land and the stream, ay, the fleet and the port,
Are a field where, triumphant o'er carnage, is death.
Oh, many the deeds, the exploits worthy fame,
In that horror of darkness are buried for aye,
When each, the sole witness of blows that he struck,
Could not guess whither Fortune the conflict would steer!
I flew to all sides to encourage our force,
Here to push into action, and there to restrain,
To enrank the newcoming, to spur them in turn,
Yet naught could I know till the breaking of day.
But with dawn and the light, our advantage was plain;
The Moors saw their ruin; their courage declined;
And beholding new succor approach to our side,
Changed their ardor for battle to sheer dread of death.
Their vessels they seek, — every cable is cut;
For farewells to our ears are sent up their wild cries;
Their retreat is a tumult — no man ever heeds
If their princes and kings have made good their escape.
Even duty itself yields to fear so extreme.
On the flood-tide they came, the ebb bears them away;
Meantime their two Kings with our host still engaged,
'Mid a handful of followers, slashed by our blows,
In valiance contending, are selling life dear.
In vain to surrender I beg them — entreat,
With the cimeter gripped, not a word will they hear:
But at sight of their troops falling dead at their feet,
The brave who alone make so vain a defence,
Our chief they demand; and to me they submit.
To you, O my Sire, have I sent them, each one —
And the combatants lacking, the combat was done.

The Wrath of Camilla.

(From the "Horace.")

Horatius, *the only survivor of the combat, advances to meet his sister* Camilla *with* Proculus *at his side, bearing the swords of the three slain* Curatii — *one of whom was* Camilla's *betrothed.* Camilla *surveys him with horror and disdain as he advances.*

Horatius. Lo, sister, the arm that hath brothers avenged! —
The arm that our fate so contrary has checked,
The arm that makes Alba our own; and to-day

By one deed the lot of two nations hath fixed.
See these tokens of honor — my glory's attest.
Do thou pay the tribute now due to my fame.

CAMILLA. Receive then my tears: for my tears are thy due.

HORATIUS. Nay, Rome likes them not, after action so bold.
Our brothers, both slain by the combat's dark fate,
Are avenged by this blood — no more weeping demand.
If a loss be so paid, then the loss is no more.

CAMILLA. Since thou deemest my brothers by blood so appeased,
I will cease to show sign of my grief for their death;
But who shall avenge me my lover's death, say?
And make me forget in one moment such loss?

HORATIUS. What sayest thou, unhappy?

CAMILLA. O beloved Curiace!

HORATIUS. O boldness disgraceful, from sister disgraced!
The name on thy lips and the love in thy heart
Of the foe of our people, whose conquest is mine!
Thy criminal flame to such vengeance aspires!
Thou darest to utter such thought of thy heart!
Follow passion the less, better rule thy desire:
Make me not so to blush that thy sighs are not hid;
From this moment thou owest to smother thy flame,
Free thy heart from them — dwell on these trophies instead,
And make *them* from this hour thy sole pleasure in life.

CAMILLA. Nay, first give me, cruel, a heart hard as thine,
And if thou wilt seek all my spirit to read,
Give me back Curiace, or my passion let glow.
My joy and my grief of his lot are a part;
Him living I loved — him in death I deplore.
No more find me sister — deserted by thee!
Behold in me only a woman outraged,
Who — like to some Fury pursuing thy steps —
Unceasing shall charge thee with trespass so great!
O tiger, blood-gorged, who forbiddest my tears,
Who would see me find joy in this death thou hast wrought,
Who vauntest to Heaven itself such a deed,
Shall I by approval bring death to him — twice?
Misfortunes so dire, may they follow thy life
That thou fallest to envying even my own!
Oh, soon by some cowardice mayest thou blot
This glory thy brutal soul reckons so dear!

HORATIUS. O heavens! hath any an equal rage seen?
Dost thou think I could brook, all unmoved, such offence?
That race could endure a dishonor so deep?
Love, love thou the death which means good to thy State,

Prefer to thy passion and thoughts of this man
The sentiment due to a daughter of Rome!

CAMILLA. Rome! Object supreme of the wrath that I feel!
This Rome, to whose aid came thy arm — and my loss;
Rome, city that bore thee — by thee so adored!
Rome, hated the more for its honoring thee!
Oh may each of her neighbors together in league
Sap every foundation, as yet so unsure!
Nay, if Italy be not enough to the fall,
Let the East and the West for her ruin unite;
Let peoples conjoined from the four winds of heaven,
Be met to her downfall; let hills aid, and seas;
O'erthrown on her walls may she prostrate be cast,
Torn out by her own hands, her entrails be strewn!
May the anger of Heaven, here kindled by me,
Rain down on her dwellings a deluge of fire!
Oh grant that mine own eyes such thunderbolt see! —
See her mansions in ashes, her laurels in dust,
See the latest of Romans yielding his last breath,
I cause of it all — I dying of joy!

[*With the last words* CAMILLA *rushes from the apartment.* HORACE *snatches his sword and pursues her, exclaiming:* —]

Oh too much! Even reason to passion gives place.
Go, weep thou thy lost Curiace in the shades!

[*After an instant is heard behind the scenes the shriek of the wounded* CAMILLA:] Ah! traitor!

HORACE [*returning to the stage*]. Receive thou quick chastisement, due
Whomsoever shall dare Roman foe to lament.

CHARLES COTTON.

COTTON, CHARLES, an English poet; born at Beresford, Staffordshire, in England, April 28, 1630; died at Westminster in February, 1687. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At twenty-eight he succeeded to the family estates. which, though nominally large, had become greatly encumbered by the extravagance of his father. He became the adopted son of Izaak Walton, and lived the life of a jolly country gentleman, always in want of more money than he had. He wrote a good deal of verse, either original or translated from the French and Italian. He wrote an addition to the "Complete Angler" of Walton. Most of his poems were the result of his close intimacy with his foster-father. His reputation rests chiefly upon his translations, the most notable of which was that of Montaigne's "Essays." In 1671 he published a translation of Corneille's "Horace." Among his other publications were "Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie" (1664); "A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque" (1670); a translation of Gerard's "Life of the Duke of Espernon" (1670); and of the "Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France" (1674).

INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,
  Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks,
  The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
  Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
  Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
  We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please,
We live to see another May,
We 'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We 'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then — should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

No Ills but what we Make.

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health;
That persecution which is grace;
That poverty which is true wealth;
And that dishonor which is praise.
Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 't is spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of unbeaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 't is odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Cowley, Abraham, an English poet and essayist; born at London in 1618; died at Chertsey, Surrey, July 28, 1667. While very young he began to write verses. In his tenth year he composed a "Tragicall History of Piramus and Thisbe," and two years later "Constantia and Philetus." He wrote in his thirteenth year an "Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton." At eighteen, Cowley entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he wrote one book of the "Davideis," of which three other books were afterward written. "Love's Riddle," and a Latin comedy, the "Naufragium Joculare," were printed in 1638, and in 1641 was printed "The Guardian," a dramatic work. In 1646 he followed the queen to Paris, where he remained ten years. In 1647, a collection of his love-verses, entitled "The Mistress," was published. In 1656 Cowley published a volume of his collected poems, and found himself the most highly esteemed poet of his time. On the death of Cromwell, he escaped to France, and returned to England only at the Restoration. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser. His poems, so highly praised in his lifetime, are now little read.

A Supplication.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake;
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by;
Bid thy strings silent lie;
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

Epitaph on a Living Author.

Here, passenger, beneath this shed,
Lies Cowley, though entombed, not dead;
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all th' impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great,
With Gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say, he has resigned
His breath, to this small cell confined?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave:

Strew roses here as on his hearse,
And reckon this his funeral verse;
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving poet's urn.

On the Death of Crashaw.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses, thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah, wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the same poet which thou 'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they, kind spirits! shall all rejoice, to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell;
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we,
Vain men! the monster woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place. . . .

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For e'en in error seen no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great Saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppressed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance;
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like, but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness,
Lo! here I beg — I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love —

Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And when my muse soars with so strong a wing,
'T will learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

The Grasshopper.

(*After Anacreon.*)

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among —
Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal! —
Satiate with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Cowper, William, a renowned English poet; born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, November 15, 1731; died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. His mother died when William, her eldest living boy, was six years old. At seventeen he was articled to a London solicitor; but he paid no attention to legal studies. When he came of age he received, through the influence of an uncle, a small government appointment, and took chambers in the Inner Temple, ostensibly to study law, and at the age of twenty-four was formally called to the bar, but with no purpose of practising the profession. In December, 1763, Cowper was placed by his friends in a private asylum for lunatics, at St. Albans. Here he remained for two years, and by slow degrees regained his sanity. Almost by accident he made the acquaintance of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman. The Unwins were persuaded to receive Cowper as a boarder, and a warm attachment sprung up between them which was only broken by death. His works include: "Poems" (1782); "The Task" (1785); "Homer's Iliad and Odyssey" (1791); "Poems" (1798); etc. "John Gilpin" first appeared in book form with "The Task." Some of his hymns are among the best known of English religious pieces.

John Gilpin.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button falling both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

From Painting by Thomas Stothard

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him: —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke: —

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Human Frailty.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'T is here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view,
And while his tongue the charge denies
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heaven must swell the sail
Or all the toil is lost.

Verses

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

1782.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast has laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

A Review of Schools.

In early days the Conscience has in most
A quickness which in later life is lost:
Preserved from guilt by salutary fears,
Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care
To feed our infant minds with proper fare,
And wisely store the nursery by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease.
Neatly secured from being soiled or torn,
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'T is called a book, though but a single page)
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons — when they preach.
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next
Through moral narrative, or sacred text,
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marred, and who has ransomed man;
Points, which, unless the Scripture made them plain,
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.

. . . . . .

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,

Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee,
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life,
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to escape,
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all — till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics* ('t is a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway,
Resolves that where he played his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shone
Just in the scene where he displayed his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought,
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah happy designation, prudent choice,
The event is sure, expect it, and rejoice!
Soon see your wish fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.
The great, indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excused the incumbrance of more solid worth,
Are best disposed of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
Which though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With so much reason all expect from them.
But families of less illustrious fame,

Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs, their honors none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that, with so little care
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there?
They dream of little Charles or William graced
With wig prolix, down-flowing to his waist,
They see the attentive crowds his talents draw,
They hear him speak — the oracle of law.
The father who designs his babe a priest,
Dreams him episcopally such at least,
And while the playful jockey scours the room,
Briskly, astride upon the parlor broom,
In fancy sees him more superbly ride
In coach with purple lined, and mitres on its side,
Events improbable and strange as these,
Which only a parental eye foresees,
A public school shall bring to pass with ease,
But how? resides such virtue in that air,
As must create an appetite for prayer?
And will it breathe into him all the zeal
That candidates for such a prize should feel,
To take the lead and be the foremost still
In all true worth and literary skill?
"Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
Church ladders are not always mounted best
By learned clerks, and Latinists professed.
The exalted prize demands an upward look,
Not to be found by poring on a book.
Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
Is more than adequate to all I seek.
Let erudition grace him or not grace,
I give the bauble but the second place,
His wealth, fame, honors, all that I intend,
Subsist and centre in one point — a friend.
A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
His intercourse with peers, and sons of peers —
There dawns the splendor of his future years,
In that bright quarter his propitious skies
Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise."

. . . . . .

Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man,
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest

A piece of mere church-furniture at best;
To live estranged from God his total scope,
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
But fair although and feasible it seem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For Providence, that seems concerned to exempt
The hallowed bench from absolute contempt,
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace;
And therefore 't is, that, though the sight be rare,
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a different cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he that seemed our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world,
If, therefore, even when honest in design,
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
'T were wiser sure to inspire a little heart
With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
Than set your son to work at a vile trade
For wages so unlikely to be paid.
  Our public hives of puerile resort,
That are of chief and most approved report,
To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestioned, though the jewel be but glass,
That with a world, not often over-nice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice.

Genesis of the Sofa.

(From "The Task.")

I sing *The Sofa.* I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and *Charity,* and touched with awe

The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme:
The theme though humble, yet august, and proud
The occasion — for the Fair commands the song.
Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their old painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile.
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of invention, weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood: — three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms;
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen, but perforated sore
And drilled in holes the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.
At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuffed
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish, severed into stripes
That interlaced each other; these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,

Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich; the rest, whom fate had placed
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel in the cushion fixed:
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous, and fixed by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived,
And some ascribe the invention to a priest,
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side and elevated high
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The Ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow; it received,
United yet divided, twain at once,
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And so two citizens who take the air
Close packed and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days; — so slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplished *Sofa* last.

On Slavery.

(From "The Task.")

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart —
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.
And worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

Domestic Happiness.

(From "The Task.")

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,

Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.

To Winter.

(From "The Task.")

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

The Games of Kings.

(From "The Task.")

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.

Some have amused the dull sad years of life,
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war 's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

True Liberty.

(From "The Task.")

There is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away;
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more;
'T is liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,
And are august, but this transcends them all.

Nose *vs.* Eyes: *in re* Spectacles.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had Spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the Spectacles up to the Court —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear Spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the Court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but —
"That, whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight — Eyes should be shut!"

Light Shining in Darkness.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

The Pious Cottager and Voltaire.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door —
Pillow and bobbins all her little store —
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Had little understanding and no wit;
Receives no praise, but though her lot be such —
Toilsome and indigent — she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true —
A truth the witty Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She, never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS.

Cozzens, Frederick Swartwout, an American humorous writer, was born in New York City, March 5, 1818; died in Brooklyn, December 23, 1869. He was a contributor to the magazines of his day; especially to the "Knickerbocker" and to "Putnam." His contributions to the former of these magazines were gathered into a volume and published under the title "Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde," in 1853; and three years later his famous "Sparrowgrass Papers," which had been printed serially in "Putnam's Magazine," were issued in book form. Other writings of his, some of them evincing genuine humor, as well as grace of composition, were: "Acadia" (1859); "Sayings of Doctor Bushwhacker" (1867); "Poems" (1867); "Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck" (1868).

Living in the Country.

(From "The Sparrowgrass Papers.")

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis — the great brickery we call "the city" — and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds, and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some

preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor in Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark — with the sun — while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

> "Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
> They laid in the bed till the clock struck ten:
> Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky:
> O Brother Robin! the sun's *very* high!"

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes — the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what, with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamusses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamusses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter: at the end of the season, I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me

one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, "Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow." "Crow!" said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! that grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises, he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning, I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees had vanished.

And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

I have bought me a horse! A horse is a good thing to have in the country. In the city, the persevering streets have pushed the Bloomingdale road out of reach. Riding-habits and rosy cheeks, bright eyes, round hats and feathers, are banished from the metropolis. There are no more shady by-paths, a little way out of town to tempt equestrians. There are no visions of Die Vernon and Frank Osbaldiston at "Burnam's" now. Romance no longer holds the bridle-rein while the delicate slipper is withdrawn from the old red morocco stirrup. A whirl of dust, a glitter of wheels, a stretch of tag-rag and bobtail horses, and the young Potiphars are contesting time with Dusty Bob and the exquisite Mr. Farobank. That is the picture of the Bloomingdale road now. It is the everyday picture too. Go when you will, you see the tag-rag and bobtail horses, the cloud of dust, the whirl of wheels, the young Potiphars, Dusty Bob, and the elegant Mr. Farobank.

There was a time when I could steal away from the dusky counting-room to inhale the fragrant hartshorn of the stable, while the hostler was putting the saddle on "Fanny." Fanny was a blooded filly, a descendant of the great Sir Henry. Her education had been neglected. She had been broken by a couple of wild Irishmen, who used to "*hurrup*" her, barebacked, morning and evening, through the lonely little street in the lower part of the city, where the stable was situated. As a consequence, the contest between her high blood and low breeding made her slightly vicious. The first time I backed her, she stood still for half an hour, no more moved by the whip than a brass filly would have been; then deliberately walked up the street, turned the corner with a jump that almost threw me on the curb-stone, then ran away, got on the sidewalk, and stopped suddenly, with her forefeet planted firmly in front of a steep flight of area steps, which happened to be filled with children. I dismounted, and, in no time, was the centre of an angry swarm of fathers

and mothers, who were going to immolate me on the spot for trying to ride down their ragged offspring. There is much difficulty in making an *explanation* under such circumstances. As the most abusive person in the crowd happened to be a disinterested stranger who was passing by, it soon became a personal matter between two of us. Accordingly, I asked him to step aside, which he did, when I at once hired him to lead the filly to the ferry. Once on a country road, I was at home in the saddle, and a few days' training made Fanny tractable. She would even follow me with great gentleness, like a trained dog, and really behaved in a very exemplary way, after throwing me twice or so. Then Fanny and I were frequently on the Bloomingdale road, in summer evenings and mornings, and so were ladies and gentlemen. I do not think the fine buildings that usurp those haunted paths an improvement. Those leafy fringes on the way-side had a charm that freestone cannot give. That stretch of vision over meadows, boulders, wild shrubbery, and uplifted trees, down to the blue river, is not compensated by ornate façades, cornices, and vestibules. Where are the birds? In my eyes, the glimmer of sultry fireflies is pleasanter in a summer night than the perspective gas-lights in streets.

"There 's not a charm improvement gives like those it takes away,
When the shadowing trees are stricken down because they do not pay;
'T is not from youth's smooth cheek the blush of health alone is past,
But the tender bloom of heart departs, by driving horses fast."

Poor Fanny! my Bloomingdale bride! I believe I was her only patron; and when the stable burnt down, she happened to be insured, and her mercenary owner pocketed her value with a grin.

I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manége* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage-proprietor upon this topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse: he told me, if his horse had a blemish, he would n't wait to be asked about it; he would tell it right out; and, if a man did n't want him then, he need n't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note

for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal were returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he 'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh-laid egg — he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, "Now, that 's honest." I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he 'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly — some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be; he was willing to speak right out, and own up he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; "but," he added, "he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread." I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered that no man could have bought him for one hundred dollars a month ago, but now he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first.* I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but, out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. "No man," he added, "ought to buy a horse unless he 's saw him." When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities might be, his personal appearance was against him. One of his forelegs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle, and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep, from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up, by both sides of the bridle, the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a peapod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, "Three-Quarters blood!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass flushed up a little, when she asked me if I intended to purchase *that* horse, and added that, if I did she

would never want to ride. So I told the man he would not suit me. He answered by suddenly throwing himself upon his stomach across the backbone of his horse, and then, by turning round as on a pivot, got up a-straddle of him; then he gave his horse a kick in the ribs that caused him to jump out with all his legs, like a frog, and then off went the spoon-legged animal with a gait that was not a trot, nor yet precisely pacing. He rode around our grass plot twice, and then pulled his horse's head up like the cock of a musket. "That," said he, "is *time*." I replied that he did seem to go pretty fast. "Pretty fast!" said his owner. "Well, do you know Mr. ——?" mentioning one of the richest men in our village. I replied that I was acquainted with him. "Well," said he, "you know his horse?" I replied that I had no personal acquaintance with him. "Well," said he, "he's the fastest horse in the county — jist so — I'm willin' to admit it. But do you know I offered to put my horse agin' his to trot? I had no money to put up, or, rayther, to spare; but I offered to trot him, horse agin' horse, and the winner to take both horses, and I tell you — *he would n't do it!*"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass got a little nervous, and twitched me by the skirt of the coat. "Dear," said she, "let him go." I assured her I would not buy the horse, and told the man firmly I would not buy him. He said very well — if he did n't suit 't was no use to keep a-talkin': but he added, he 'd be down agin' with another horse, next morning, that belonged to his brother; and if he did n't suit me, then I did n't want a horse. With this remark he rode off.

"It rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartette of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rainstorm, unless he intend to sell him at a bargain — but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, squire, 's as good a hos as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever

stood in shoe-leather. "He 's a handsome hos, squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good looking animal, but, said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read." "Whose hos was it?" said he. I replied it was the horse of Adonis. He said he did n't know him, but he added, "There is so many hosses stolen that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it —

> "Round-hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad brest, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hos. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes, big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle, and wind, squire, and speed well, they 'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hos, squire; he 's got the p'ints, he 's stylish, he 's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness — single or double — a good feeder." I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality. He replied it was; "Of course," said he, "if your hos is off his feed, he ain't good for nothin'. But what 's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hos? You 're a hosman, squire: you know." — "It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye." "No, *sir*," said he, and with that he pulled down the horse's head, and rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "See thar — don't wink a bit." "But he should wink," I replied. "Not onless his eye are weak," he said. To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and, so soon as I took hold of it, the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled, the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose that had been all summer prickling itself, in order

to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioluses and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mould, geraniums, and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima bean-poles; but his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, squire?" I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks. He said it was not. "You see, squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he 's as kind as a kitten." With that he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable, or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over, as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them, into the chicken-house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage, he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on his shafts, night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined to avoid mistakes, by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted, as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I

bought some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me, when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses put together in that stable.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape, is comparable to no earthly, innocent pleasure. Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvellous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above — see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark to the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The little, countless wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the mown meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

> "No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;
> The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
> As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:
> The hookèd bramble just as it was strung,
> When on each leaf the night her crystals flung,
> Then hurried off, the dawning to elude.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "The rutted road did never seem so clean,
> There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,
> For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old Palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country: you find out a great many things which, perhaps, you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was, that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning, that I had not observed, what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle, of half-a-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say, I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon my good nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the depot, and by my Christian name always

on the Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast. "Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hos?" I replied, that the horse was my property. "Got the heaves, ain't he? got 'em bad." Just then a window was pushed open, and the white head of the old gentleman who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church, was thrust out. "What 's the matter with your horse?" said he. "Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed, "got 'em bad." Then, I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to run the gauntlet of such inquiries, I rode off on a cross road; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed explaining to the other cottage, "Sparrygrass — got a hos — got the heaves — got 'em bad." I was so much ashamed, that I took a roundabout road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hand gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable, and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?" I replied that he was not quite so fine a saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think, after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon." "Oh, won't that be pleasant!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural roads o' mornings! Farewell, song birds, and jasper colonnades; farewell, misty river, and rocky Palisades; farewell mown honey-breath, farewell stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew, we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have a pulmonary complaint than have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable, nor to buy a carriage, until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose, I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan river road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the Palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the footprints of sauriæ in the strata that fringe its banks,

but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream — that it is entirely independent of earthquakes — that its birth was of primeval antiquity — and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a fresh water lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

> "— were all a-flame
> In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
> Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney, in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester county, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside of the carriage, and, at the time she spoke, was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner. He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, is n't he?" The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round-turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg. So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest looking horse I ever saw. "Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the

nearest farmhouse?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would. Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident, was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately the bank was not over four feet high, but as I went with him, my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding. "Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't had n't been for dat yer, your hos would a' bin a goner." "What was the matter with him?" said I. "Oh, he 's ony jis got de blind-staggers, das all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who had sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?" I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass. "Oh," said he, "I knows you, I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you, and you hos. Dats de hos dats got de heaves so bad, heh! heh! You better sell dat hos." I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight. I think a moonlight night delicious, upon the Hudson.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and blind-staggers, and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.

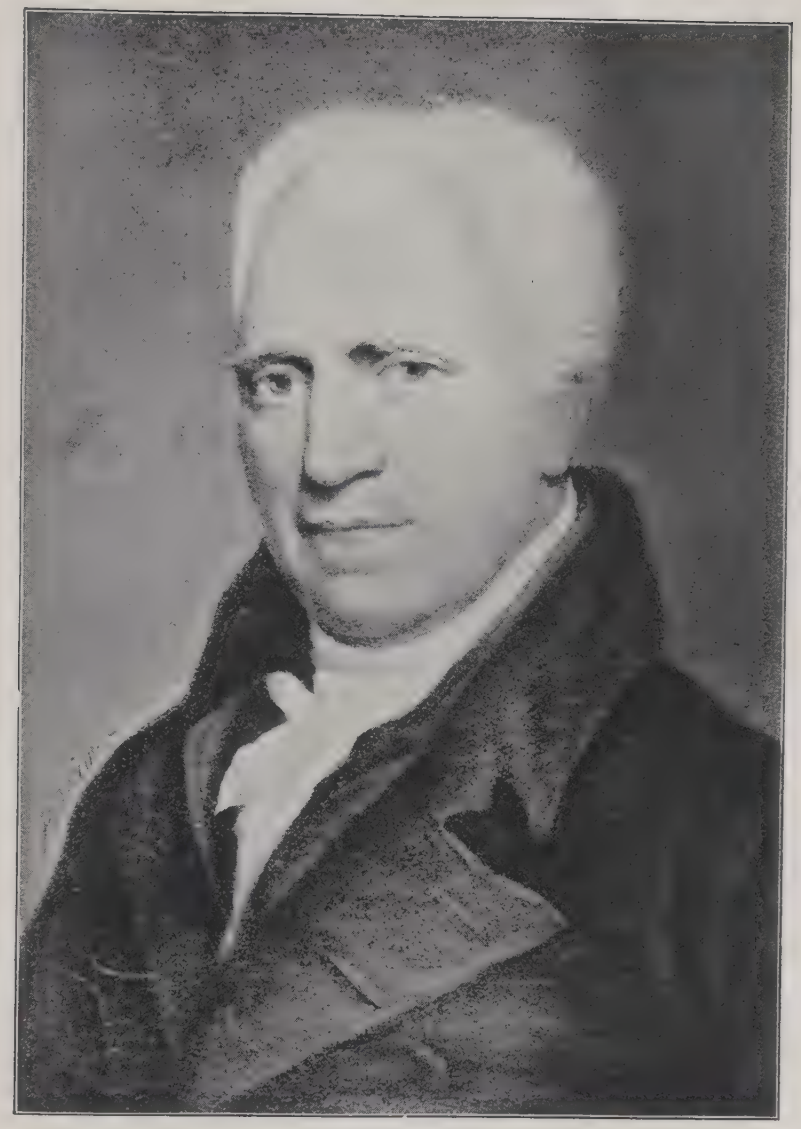
GEORGE CRABBE.

Crabbe, George, an English poet, born at Aldborough, Suffolk, England, December 24, 1754; died at Trowbridge, February 3, 1832. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliked the profession, and in 1780 went to London, intending to apply himself to literature. His first efforts were unsuccessful. In distress he applied to Edmund Burke, who befriended him. Crabbe now published "The Library," which was well received. At Burke's suggestion, he entered the Church, and in 1782 was appointed curate in Aldborough. The next year he published "The Village," and in 1785 "The Newspaper." He wrote no more for twenty-four years. He became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and later obtained the rectorship of a church in Dorsetshire, and in 1818, that of Trowbridge, where he spent his last tranquil years. In 1809 he published "The Parish Register," the success of which encouraged him to further efforts. "The Borough" appeared in 1810, "Tales in Verse" in 1812, and "Tales of the Hall" in 1819. Crabbe depicted life as he saw it among the rural poor.

The Brothers.

(From "Tales in Verse.")

Than old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast,
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast:
Kind, simple, and sincere — he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorus'd — "Hearts of oak!"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labor and in love were spent.
  He left a Son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaim'd, "'T is Fletcher we behold;"
But to his Brother when the kinsmen came,
And view'd his form, they grudged the father's name.
  George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lack'd.
  George lived at sea: upon the land a guest —
He sought for recreation, not for rest —



GEORGE CRABBE

While, far unlike, his brother's feebler form
Shrank from the cold, and shudder'd at the storm;
Still with the Seamen's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.
George, strong and steady, had a tender mind,
And was to Isaac pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gain'd,
And then a friend unwearied he remain'd;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew
What men to court — what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discern'd,
And none so crooked but his genius learn'd.
Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hired a house, and there the Landman dwelt;
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come;
And when they parted, Isaac look'd around,
Where other friends and helpers might be found.
He wish'd for some port-place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote — and were it well applied,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bow'd and bent the neck to Burgess Steel,
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave:
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased — he seem'd sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favor and in fortune's way.
George then was coasting — war was yet delay'd,
And what he gain'd was to his brother paid;
Nor ask'd the Seaman what he saved or spent;
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content

Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
"Press'd, I must go; why, then, 't is better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I fear'd the music of a gun."
"Go not!" said Isaac — "You shall wear disguise."
"What!" said the Seaman, "clothe myself with lies!" —
"Oh! but there's danger." — "Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share —
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."
Isaac a while demurr'd — but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:
The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions — favor in a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish disdain, —
While beings formed in coarser mould will hate
The helping hand they ought to venerate;
No wonder George should in this cause prevail
With one contending who was glad to fail:
"Isaac, farewell! do wipe that doleful eye;
Crying we came, and groaning we may die;
Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry:
And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize
One half to thee I give and I devise;
For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
Of learn'd physicians, and they will be paid;
Their wives and children, men support, at sea,
And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
Farewell! — I go where hope and honor call,
Nor does it follow that who fights must fall."
Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly roll'd upon the rueful face,
Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.
Years fled — war lasted — George at sea remain'd,
While the slow Landman still his profits gain'd:
A humble place was vacant — he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the Virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:

Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved
And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.
No more he needs assistance — but, alas!
He fears the money will for liquor pass;
Or that the Seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend:
Still he must write — he wrote, and he confess'd
That, till absolved, he should be sore distress'd,
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed — Heav'n knew how he should live;
"But you," he added, "as a man of sense,
Have well consider'd danger and expense:
I ran, alas! into the fatal snare,
And now for trouble must my mind prepare;
And, how, with children, I shall pick my way,
Through a hard world, is more than I can say:
Then change not, Brother, your more happy state
Or on the hazard long deliberate."
George answer'd gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit:
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust." —
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vow'd to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."
Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the Seaman had replied;
At such reproofs the crafty Landman smiled,
And softly said — "This creature is a child."
Twice had the gallant ship a capture made —
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the Sailor, with his pockets stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolved her honor'd guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbors drank his health,
And George exclaim'd — "Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches — but we now must part!"
All yet is still — but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalm'd on mountain-billows ride —
So life is threaten'd, and so man is tried.

Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be;
His leg was lopp'd; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crown'd —
Yet much it vex'd him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his Brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the Seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they fail'd, what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply
Where George at anchor during life would lie."
The Landman read — and, reading, grew distress'd:
"Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?
Better at Greenwich might the Sailor stay,
Unless his purse could for his comforts pay."
So Isaac judged, and to his wife appeal'd,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:
"Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain
Due or unsquander'd, may the man maintain;
Refuse we must not." — With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply: —
"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure
How long this crazy building will endure;
Like an old house, that every day appears
About to fall — he may be propp'd for years.
For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
But these old batter'd fellows never die."
The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declared his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast;
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
And I will tell them how the ship was fought."
Alas! our simple Seaman should have known,
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his Brother's heart, if not his memory flown:
All swept away to be perceived no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore;
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.
Poor George confess'd, though loth the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a Brother's mind:

The vulgar pipe was to the wife offence,
The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;
Would friends like hers, she question'd, "choose to come
Where clouds of poison'd fume defiled a room?
This could their Lady-friend, and Burgess Steel,
(Teased with his worship's asthma) bear to feel?
Could they associate or converse with him —
A loud rough sailor with a timber limb?"
Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,
By well-feign'd care, that cold he could not grow,
And when he saw his brother look distress'd,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,
And then t' excuse it, as a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sicken'd at the scent of smoke.
George, though in doubt, was still consoled t find
His Brother wishing to be reckon'd kind:
That Isaac seem'd concern'd by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories, all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed — for George they call'd the boy
When his good uncle was their boast and joy —
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried — "That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father — and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac! — What! I 'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, No! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms — in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money — she must have her will —
Ah! Brother — marriage is a bitter pill." —
George tried the lady — "Sister I offend."
"Me?" she replied — "Oh no! — you may depend
On my regard — but watch your Brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."

"Ah!" thought the Seaman, "what a head was mine
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign!
I'll to the parish" — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.
Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more:
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.
When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate;
"Brother!" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compell'd to use:
My wife's relations — (curse the haughty crew) —
Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
You speak so loud — and they have nature soft —
"Brother — I wish — do go upon the loft!"
Poor George obey'd, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
But more was yet required, for guests were come
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shock'd his spirit to be esteem'd unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit;
He grew rebellious — at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid — they heard it as a joke:
"So kind a brother, and so wealthy — you
Apply to us? — No! this will never do:
Good neighbor Fletcher," said the Overseer,
"We are engaged — you can have nothing here!"
George mutter'd something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleased, that hours for play design'd
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listen'd with increasing joy,
And he was sooth'd by the attentive boy.
At length he sicken'd, and this duteous child
Watched o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the Sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to entreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloin'd or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouch'd that to his uncle came;

Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.
"Uncle will die!" said George — the piteous wife
Exclaim'd, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vex'd, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree.— What! punish'd for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room,
Stealing in silence — for he knew his doom.
Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?" — and hurried him away,
Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.
But truly kind, the gentle boy essay'd
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing — yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! Brother, I'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy,
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
What! sullen! — ah, George Fletcher! you shall see
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!"
He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cool'd and felt some qualms of discontent;
And thought on times when he compell'd his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one:
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose in vain.
George yet stole up; he saw his Uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh:
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distress'd;
Then watch'd his time, but with a child-like art
Betray'd a something treasured at his heart:
Th' observant wife remark'd, "The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own;
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet — do watch them and detect."
George now remark'd that all was still as night,
And hasten'd up with terror and delight;

"Uncle!" he cried, and softly tapp'd the door;
"Do let me in" — but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, — "You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!" — and, with hasty blow,
He sent the indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began —
"Is this your conduct? — Is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute — What is it that you mean? —
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends.
And think awhile on whom your bread depends:
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool —
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool:
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak! —
Weeping! I warrant — sorrow makes you dumb:
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach — I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog — Oh God! my Brother's dead! —"
  Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last;
Nor did he mean his brother to depart,
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.
  But now awaken'd, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale and shook.
"So," said his son, "would my poor Uncle look."
"And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
"Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied."
He view'd his Brother now, but not as one
Who vex'd his wife, by fondness for her son;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
He now the worth and grief alone can view
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
"The frank, kind Brother, with such open heart,
And I to break it — 't was a dæmon's part!"
  So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;

"This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
"Alas! my folly cost my Brother's life,
It suffer'd him to languish and decay,
My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away!"
He takes his Son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good Uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented — and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieves to hear.
"Did he not curse me, child?" — He never cursed,
But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst.
"And so will mine:" — "Then, father, you must pray.
My uncle said it took his pains away."
Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honors, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain;
"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love:"
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office — see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possess'd,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest —
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best;
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life — without a wish to die.

Players.

(From "The Borough.")

Drawn by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they march'd, enlisted and enroll'd:
Mounted on hacks or in waggons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favor'd places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime:
Ours for the longer period — see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allow'd, and friendship glads the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine;

No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal;
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year.
Peruse those bills and see what each can do,—
Behold! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew,
Change but the garment, and they 'll all engage
To take each part, and act in every age:
Cull'd from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough-critics say;
But with some portion of the critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire:
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan,
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and capture as their lives;
He who 'Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain—
"My horse! my horse!"—Lo! now to their abodes
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master-mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes:
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again.
Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory 's gone:
Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanish'd, and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal:
Flatt'ring and flatter'd, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.
Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn;

Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts, — and he who these sustains,
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.
Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depress'd,
Your days all pass'd in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by misery, not enriched by gain;
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race.
Whose cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain,
Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
Distress and hope — the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
Slaves though ye be, your wandering freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
Yet keen those griefs — ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! what that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
With all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain,
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
Nor is there lack of labor — To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course;
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.
There is a veteran Dame. I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart.
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen — I mark her motion slow,
I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.

Methinks 't is pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigor lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labors to display;
And when awhile she 's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen, —
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night:
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach;
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies;
Then to her task she sighing turns again —
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
And who that poor consumptive wither'd thing
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laugh'd off at night the labors of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister-converse pass'd the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong;
The morning-call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread:
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish! — she had them all by heart.
At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spoke of love till sigh re-echo'd sigh;
He told in honey'd words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
And thus the simple girl to shame betray'd
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismay'd;
Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied:
Her humble talents, though derided, used,
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;

All that remains — for she not long can brave
Increase of evils — is an early grave.
Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read!
A decent sum had *Peter Nottage* made,
By joining bricks — to him a thriving trade:
Of his employment master and his wife,
This humble tradesman led a lordly life;
The house of kings and heroes lack'd repairs,
And Peter, though reluctant, served the Players:
Connected thus, he heard in way polite, —
"Come, Master Nottage, see us play to-night."
At first 't was folly, nonsense, idle stuff,
But seen for nothing, it grew well enough;
And better now — now best, and every night
In this fool's paradise he drank delight;
And as he felt the bliss, he wish'd to know
Whence all this rapture and these joys could flow;
For if the seeing could such pleasure bring,
What must the feeling? — feeling like a king?
In vain his wife, his uncle, and his friend,
Cried — "Peter! Peter! let such follies end;
'T is well enough these vagabonds to see,
But would you partner with a showman be?"
"Showman!" said Peter, "did not Quin and Clive,
And Roscius-Garrick, by the science thrive?
Showman! — 't is scandal; I 'm by genius led
To join a class who 've Shakespeare at their head."
Poor Peter thus by easy steps became
A dreaming candidate for scenic fame,
And, after years consumed, infirm and poor,
He sits and takes the tickets at the door.

Gradual Approaches of Age.

(From "Tales of the Hall.")

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;

A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold, neat parlor and the gay, glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less —
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose.
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft: — in short, began to prose.

The Betrothed Lovers.

(From "The Borough.")

Yes! there are real Mourners — I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed:
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect.
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted Youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they 'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave — that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed — "This once, and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep and smartly look:
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger: dangers he 'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awakened as for home he sailed,
But quickly sank, and never more prevailed.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message — "Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! — if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look — and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint —
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope forever fled.

Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so — "Perhaps he will not sink:"

A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard; —
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people — death has made them dear;
He named his Friend, but then his hand she pressed
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love — and all was past!
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved — an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance — 't was her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long, abstracted fit;
But if observer pass will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Isaac Ashford.

(From "The Parish Register.")

Next to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew he not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried:

The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied —
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.
He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:

I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mr. Ashford softened to a smile:
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there;—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

An Autumn Sketch.

(From "Tales of the Hall.")

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long, yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud: "Yes; doubtless we must die."

DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK

DINAH MARIA CRAIK (MULOCK).

Craik, Dinah Maria (Mulock), an English novelist and poet; born at Stoke-upon-Trent, April 20, 1826; died October 12, 1887. Her first novel "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849, and was followed the same year by "Cola Monti: the Story of a Genius." In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik the younger. She has written about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children, and magazine articles. Among her works are "Olive" (1850); "Alice Learmont" (1852); "The Head of the Family" (1851); "Avillion and Other Tales," "Agatha's Husband," and "A Hero" (1853); "Little Lychetts," (1855); "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1856); "Nothing New," (1857); "A Woman's Thoughts about Women" (1858); "A Life for a Life," "Poems," "Romantic Tales," and "Bread upon the Waters" (1859); "Domestic Stories" and "Our Year," a child's book (1860); "Stories from Life" (1861); "The Fairy Book," and "Mistress and Maid" (1863); "Christian's Mistake," "A New Year's Gift to Sick Children," and "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," a book of poems (1865); "How to Win Love; or Rhoda's Lesson," and "A Noble Life" (1866); "Two Marriages" (1867); "The Woman's Kingdom" (1868); "A Brave Lady," and "The Unkind Word" (1870); "Fair France," "Little Sunshine's Holiday," and "Twenty Years Ago" (1871); "Adventures of a Brownie," "Is it True?" and "My Mother and I" (1874); "The Little Lame Prince" and "Sermons out of Church" (1875); "The Laurel Bush" and "Will Denbeigh, Nobleman" (1877); "A Legacy: the Life and Remains of J. Martin" (1878); "Young Mrs. Jardine" (1879); "Poems of Thirty Years" (1880); "His Little Mother," "Children's Poetry," and "Plain Speaking" (1882); and "King Arthur" (1886).

The Bread Riot.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

It was the year 1800, long known in English households as "the dear year." The present generation can have no conception of what a terrible time that was — War, Famine, and Tumult stalking hand-in-hand, and no one to stay them. For

between the upper and lower classes there was a great gulf fixed; the rich ground the faces of the poor, the poor hated, yet meanly succumbed to, the rich. Neither had Christianity enough boldness to cross the line of demarcation, and prove, the humbler, that they were men — the higher and wiser, that they were gentlemen.

These troubles, which were everywhere abroad, reached us even in our quiet town of Norton Bury. For myself, personally, they touched me not, or, at least, only kept fluttering like evil birds outside the dear home-tabernacle, where I and Patience sat, keeping our solemn counsel together — for these two years with me had been very hard.

Though I had to bear so much bodily suffering that I was seldom told of any worldly cares, still I often fancied things were going ill both within and without our doors. Jael complained in an under-key of stinted housekeeping, or boasted aloud of her own ingenuity in making ends meet; and my father's brow grew continually heavier, graver, sterner; sometimes so stern that I dared not wage what was, openly or secretly, the quiet but incessant crusade of my existence — the bringing back of John Halifax.

He still remained my father' s clerk — nay, I sometimes thought he was even advancing in duties and trusts, for I heard of his being sent long journeys up and down England to buy grain — Abel Fletcher having added to his tanning business the flour-mill hard by whose lazy whirr was so familiar to John and me in our boyhood. But of these journeys my father never spoke; indeed he rarely mentioned John at all. However he might employ and even trust him in business relations, I knew that in every other way he was inexorable.

And John Halifax was as inexorable as he. No underhand or clandestine friendship would he admit — no, not even for my sake. I knew, quite well, that until he could walk in openly, honorably, proudly, he never would re-enter my father's doors. Twice only he had written to me — on my two birthdays — my father himself giving me in silence the unsealed letters. They told me what I already was sure of — that I held, and always should hold, my steadfast place in his friendship. Nothing more.

One other fact I noticed: that a little lad, afterwards discovered to be Jem Watkins, to whom had fallen the hard-working lot of the lost Bill, had somehow crept into our household as

errand-boy, or gardener's boy; and being "cute," and a "scholard," was greatly patronized by Jael. I noticed, too, that the said Jem, whenever he came in my way, in house or garden, was the most capital "little foot-page" that ever invalid had; knowing intuitively all my needs, and serving me with an unfailing devotion, which quite surprised and puzzled me at the time. It did not afterwards.

Summer was passing. People began to watch with anxious looks the thin harvest-fields — as Jael often told me, when she came home from her afternoon walks. "It was piteous to see them," she said; "only July, and the quartern loaf nearly three shillings, and meal four shillings a peck."

And then she would glance at our flour-mill, where for several days a week the water-wheel was quiet as on Sundays; for my father kept his grain locked up, waiting for what, he wisely judged, might be a worse harvest than the last. But Jael, though she said nothing, often looked at the flour-mill, and shook her head. And after one market-day — when she came in rather "flustered," saying there had been a mob outside the mill, until "that young man, Halifax" had gone out and spoken to them — she never once allowed me to take my walk under the trees in the Abbey-yard; nor if she could help it, would she even let me sit watching the lazy Avon from the garden-wall.

One Sunday — it was the first of August, for my father had just come back from meeting, very much later than usual; and Jael said he had gone, as was his annual custom on that his wedding-day, to the Friend's burial ground in St. Mary's Lane, where, far away from her own kindred and people, my poor young mother had been laid — on this one Sunday, I began to see that things were going wrong. Abel Fletcher sat at dinner, wearing the heavy, hard look which had grown upon his face, not unmingled with the wrinkles planted by physical pain. For with all his temperance, he could not quite keep down his hereditary enemy, gout; and this week it had clutched him pretty hard.

Dr. Jessop came in, and I stole away gladly enough, and sat for an hour in my old place in the garden, idly watching the stretch of meadow, pasture, and harvest land. Noticing, too, more as a pretty bit in the landscape, than as a fact of vital importance, in how many places the half-ripe corn was already cut, and piled in thinly-scattered sheaves over the fields.

After the doctor left, my father sent for me and all his

household: in the which, creeping humbly after the womankind, was now numbered the lad Jem. That Abel Fletcher was not quite himself, was proved by the fact that his unlighted pipe lay on the table, and his afternoon tankard of ale sank from foam to flatness, untouched.

He first addressed Jael. "Woman, was it thee who cooked the dinner to-day?"

She gave a dignified affirmative.

"Thee must give us no more such dinners. No cakes, no pastry kickshaws, and only wheaten bread enough for absolute necessity. Our neighbors shall not say that Abel Fletcher has flour in his mill, and plenty in his house, while there is famine abroad in the land. So take heed."

"I do take heed," answered Jael, staunchly. "Thee canst not say I waste a penny of thine. And for myself, do I not pity the poor? On First-day a woman cried after me about wasting good flour in starch — to-day, behold."

And with a spasmodic bridling up, she pointed to the *bouffante* which used to stand up stiffly round her withered old throat, and stick out in front like a pouter pigeon. Alas! its glory and starch were alike departed; it now appeared nothing but a heap of crumpled and yellowish muslin. Poor Jael! I knew this was the most heroic personal sacrifice she could have made, yet I could not help smiling; even my father did the same.

"Dost thee mock me, Abel Fletcher?" cried she, angrily. "Preach not to others, while the sin lies on thy own head."

And I am sure poor Jael was innocent of any jocular intention, as, advancing sternly, she pointed to her master's pate, where his long-worn powder was scarcely distinguishable from the snows of age. He bore the assault gravely and unshrinkingly, merely saying, "Woman, peace!"

"Nor while," pursued Jael, driven apparently to the last and most poisoned arrow in her quiver of wrath — "while the poor folk be starving in scores about Norton Bury, and the rich folk there will not sell their wheat under famine prices. Take heed to thyself, Abel Fletcher."

My father winced, either from a twinge of gout or conscience; and then Jael suddenly ceased the attack, sent the other servants out of the room, and tended her master as carefully as if she had not insulted him. In his fits of gout, my father, unlike most men, became the quieter and easier to manage, the more

he suffered. He had a long fit of pain, which left him considerably exhausted. When, being at last relieved, he and I were sitting in the room alone, he said to me: —

"Phineas, the tanyard has thriven ill of late, and I thought the mill would make up for it. But if it will not, it will not. Wouldst thee mind, my son, being left a little poorer when I am gone?"

"Father!"

"Well, then, in a few days I will begin selling my wheat, as that lad has advised and begged me to do these weeks past. He is a sharp lad, and I am getting old. Perhaps he is right."

"Who, father?" I asked, rather hypocritically.

"Thee knowest well enough — John Halifax."

I thought it best to say no more; but I never let go one thread of hope which could draw me nearer to my father's desire.

On the Monday morning my father went to the tanyard as usual. I spent the day in my bedroom, which looked over the garden, where I saw nothing but the waving of the trees and the birds hopping over the smooth grass; heard nothing but the soft chime, hour after hour, of the Abbey bells. What was passing in the world, in the town, or even in the next street, was to me faint as dreams.

At dinner-time I rose, went downstairs, and waited for my father; waited one, two, three hours. It was very strange. He never by any chance overstayed his time without sending a message home. So, after some consideration as to whether I dared encroach upon his formal habits so much, and after much advice from Jael, who betrayed more anxiety than was at all warranted by the cause she assigned, viz., the spoiled dinner, I despatched Jem Watkins to the tanyard to see after his master.

He came back with ill news. The lane leading to the tanyard was blocked up with a wild mob. Even the stolid, starved patience of our Norton Bury poor had come to an end at last — they had followed the example of many others. There was a bread-riot in the town.

God only knows how terrible those "riots" were; when the people rose in desperation, not from some delusion of crazy, blood-thirsty "patriotism," but to get food for themselves, their wives, and children. God only knows what madness was in each individual heart of that concourse of poor wretches, styled "the mob," when every man took up arms, certain that there were before him but two alternatives, starving or — hanging.

The riot here was scarcely universal. Norton Bury was not a large place, and had always abundance of small-pox and fevers to keep the poor down numerically. Jem said it was chiefly about our mill and our tanyard that the disturbance lay.

"And where is my father?"

Jem "didn't know," and looked very much as if he did n't care.

"Jael, somebody must go at once, and find my father."

"I am going," said Jael, who had already put on her cloak and hood. Of course, despite all her opposition, I went too.

The tanyard was deserted; the mob had divided, and gone, one half to our mill, the rest to another that was lower down the river. I asked of a poor frightened bark-cutter if she knew where my father was? She thought he was gone for the "millingtary," but Mr. Halifax, was at the mill now — she hoped no harm would come to Mr. Halifax.

Even in that moment of alarm I felt a sense of pleasure. I had not been in the tanyard for nearly three years. I did not know John had come already to be called "Mr. Halifax."

There was nothing for me but to wait here till my father returned. He could not surely be so insane as to go to the mill — and John was there. Terribly was my heart divided, but my duty lay with my father.

Jael sat down in the shed, or marched restlessly between the tan-pits. I went to the end of the yard, and looked down towards the mill. What a half-hour it was!

At last, exhausted, I sat down on the bark-heap where John and I had once sat as lads. He must now be more than twenty; I wondered if he were altered.

"Oh, David! David!" I thought, as I listened eagerly for any sounds abroad in the town; "what should I do if any harm came to thee?"

This minute I heard a footstep crossing the yard. No, it was not my father's; it was firmer, quicker, younger. I sprang from the bark-heap.

"Phineas!"

"John!"

What a grasp that was — both hands! and how fondly and proudly I looked up in his face — the still boyish face. But the figure was quite that of a man, now.

For a minute we forgot ourselves in our joy, and then he let go my hands, saying hurriedly: —

"Where is your father?"

"I wish I knew! — Gone for the soldiers, they say."

"No, not that — he would never do that. I must go and look for him. Good-bye."

"Nay, dear John!"

"Can't — can't" — said he, firmly, "not while your father forbids. I must go." And he was gone.

Though my heart rebelled, my conscience defended him; marvelling how it was that he, who had never known his father, should uphold so sternly the duty of filial obedience I think it ought to act as a solemn warning to those who exact so much from the mere fact and name of parenthood, without having in any way fulfilled its duties, that orphans from birth often revere the ideal of that bond far more than those who have known it in reality. Always excepting those children to whose blessed lot it has fallen to have the ideal realized.

In a few minutes I saw him and my father enter the tanyard together. He was talking earnestly, and my father was listening — ay, listening — and to John Halifax! But whatever the argument was, it failed to move him. Greatly troubled, but staunch as a rock, my old father stood, resting his lame foot on a heap of hides. I went to meet him.

"Phineas," said John, anxiously, "come and help me. No, Abel Fletcher," he added, rather proudly, in reply to a sharp suspicious glance at us both; "your son and I only met ten minutes ago, and have scarcely exchanged a word. But we cannot waste time over that matter now. Phineas, help me to persuade your father to save his property. He will not call for the aid of the law, because he is a Friend. Besides, for the same reason, it might be useless asking."

"Verily!" said my father, with a bitter and meaning smile.

"But he might get his own men to defend his property, and need not do what he is bent on doing — go to the mill himself."

"Surely," was all Abel Fletcher said, planting his oaken stick firmly, as firmly as his will, and taking his way to the river-side, in the direction of the mill.

I caught his arm — "Father, don't go."

"My son," said he, turning on me one of his "iron looks," as I used to call them — tokens of a nature that might have run molten once, and had settled into a hard, moulded mass of which nothing could afterwards alter one form, or erase one line — "My son, no opposition. Any who try that with me, fail. If

those fellows had waited two days more, I would have sold all my wheat at a hundred shillings the quarter; now, they shall have nothing. It will teach them wisdom another time. Get thee safe home, Phineas, my son; Jael, go thou likewise."

But neither went. John held me back as I was following my father.

"He will do it, Phineas, and I suppose he must. Please God, I'll take care no harm touches him — but you go home."

That was not to be thought of. Fortunately, the time was too brief for argument, so the discussion soon ended. He followed my father, and I followed him. For Jael, she disappeared.

There was a private path from the tanyard to the mill, along the river side; by this we went in silence. When we reached the spot, it was deserted; but farther down the river we heard a scuffling, and saw a number of men breaking down our garden wall.

"They think he is gone home," whispered John; "we'll get in here the safer. Quick Phineas."

We crossed the little bridge; John took a key out of his pocket, and let us into the mill by a small door — the only entrance, and that was barred and trebly barred within. It had good need to be, in such times.

The mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while — it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by — a cursed fortune, wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father — "

"Hush!" whispered John, "it was for his son's sake, you know."

And while we stood, and with a meaning, but rather grim smile, Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold — we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable "rioters"! — a handful of weak, starved men — pelting us with stones and words. One pistol-shot might have routed them all — but my father's doctrine of non-resistance forbade. Small as their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! — Us mun have bread!"

"Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher *will* throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half curses, half cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you — thank you, Mr. Fletcher — I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you — not to save your life — but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arms, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now, open the window — dash the panes through — it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot — oh, no! — you cannot mean that!"

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain — or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed — his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water, ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased — but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam, or waded after them, clutching a handful here and there — but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them — John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the Name that, young man as he was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry for pity unto the Great Father of the human family.

Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags, in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose — they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? — and Phineas is here?"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him down stairs — he was very lame — his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour-mill was built on piles, in the centre of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge-work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute, we had crept forth, and dashed out of sight, in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home: they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour — unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher gave a decided negative. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time — both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas — for your sake and his own."

But my poor broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which, for the first time in his life, he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic; where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance; she was out, watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed, so that my

father might lie down, and wrapping his cloak round me — "you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas" — he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way — "you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you used to be?"

I clasped his hand, without reply. My heart melted to hear that tender accent, so familiar once. All was happening for the best, if it only gave me back David.

"Now good-bye — I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard — I fear we must give up the mill. No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk: everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly — then unloosed them; and I heard his step descending the staircase. The room seemed to darken when he went away.

The evening passed very slowly. My father, exhausted with pain, lay on the bed and dozed. I sat watching the sky over the housetops, which met in the old angles, with the same blue peeps between. I half forgot all the day's events — it seemed but two weeks, instead of two years ago, that John and I had sat in this attic-window, conning our Shakespeare for the first time.

Ere twilight, I examined John's room. It was a good deal changed; the furniture was improved; a score of ingenious little contrivances made the tiny attic into a cosy bedchamber. One corner was full of shelves, laden with books, chiefly of a scientific and practical nature. John's taste did not lead him into the current literature of the day; Cowper, Akenside, and Peter Pindar were alike indifferent to him. I found among his books no poet but Shakespeare.

He evidently still practised his old mechanical arts. There was lying in the window a telescope — the cylinder made of pasteboard — into which the lenses were ingeniously fitted. A rough telescope-stand, of common deal, stood on the ledge of the roof, from which the field of view must have been satisfactfactory enough to the young astronomer. Other fragments of

skilful handiwork, chiefly meant for machinery on a Lilliputian scale, were strewn about the floor; and on a chair, just as he had left it that morning, stood a loom, very small in size, but perfect in its neat workmanship, with a few threads already woven, making some fabric not so very unlike cloth.

I had gone over all these things, without noticing that my father was awake, and that his sharp eye had observed them likewise.

"The lad works hard," said he, half to himself. "He has useful hands, and a clear head." I smiled, but took no notice whatever.

Evening began to close in — less peacefully than usual — over Norton Bury; for, whenever I ventured to open the window, we heard unusual and ominous sounds abroad in the town. I trembled inwardly. But John was prudent, as well as brave: besides, "everybody knew him." Surely he was safe.

Faithfully at supper-time, Jem entered. But he could tell us no news; he had kept watch all the time on the staircase, by desire of "Mr. Halifax" — so he informed me. My father asked no questions — not even about his mill. From his look, sometimes, I fancied he yet beheld in fancy these starving men fighting over the precious food, destroyed so wilfully — nay, wickedly. Heaven forgive me, his son, if I too harshly use the word; for I think, till the day of his death, that cruel sight never wholly vanished from the eyes of my poor father.

Jem seemed talkatively inclined. He observed that "master was looking sprack agin; and warn't this a tidy room, like?"

I praised it; and supposed his mother was better off now.

"Ay, she be. Mr. Halifax pays her a good rent, and she sees 'un made comfortable. Not that he wants much, being out pretty much all day."

"What is he busy about of nights?"

"Larning," said Jem, with an awed look. "He's terrible wise. But for all that, sometimes he'll teach Charley and me a bit o' the Readamadeasy." (Reading-made-easy, I suppose, John's hopeful pupil meant.) "He's very kind to we, and to mother, too. Her says, that her do, Mr. Halifax —"

"Send the fellow away, Phineas," muttered my father, turning his face to the wall.

I obeyed. But first I asked, in a whisper, if Jem had any idea when "Mr. Halifax" would be back?

"He said, may be not till morning. Them's bad folk about. He was going to stop all night, either at your house or at the tanyard for fear of a *blaze*."

The word made my father start; for in these times, well we knew what poor folk meant by "a blaze."

"My house — my tanyard — I must get up this instant — help me. He ought to come back — that lad Halifax. There's a score of my men at hand — Wilkes, and Johnson, and Jacob Baines — I say, Phineas — But thee know'st nothing."

He tried to dress, and to drag on his heavy shoes; but fell back, sick with exhaustion and pain. I made him lie down again on the bed.

"Phineas, lad," said he, brokenly, "thy old father is getting as helpless as thee."

So we kept watch together, all the night through; sometimes dozing, sometimes waking up at some slight noise below, or at the flicker of the long-wicked candle, which fear converted into the glare of some incendiary fire — doubtless our own home. Now and then, I heard my father mutter something about "the lad being safe." I said nothing. I only prayed.

Thus the night wore away.

After midnight — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the Abbey chimes, and our light had gone out — after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep — all my faculties were preternaturally alive; my weak body and timid mind became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight; therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him, and crept down stairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent, only the faithful warder, Jem, dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder — at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas — hope I did n't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir — wish I did! would n't be long a finding

out, though — on'y he says: 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they'" (pointing his thumb up the staircase). "So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient, but most dissatisfied air, down by the fire-place. It was evident nothing would move him thence: so he was as safe as a guard over my poor father's slumber as the mastiff in the tanyard, who was as brave as a lion, and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat — I 'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished, that he stood with open mouth while I took the said garments from him, and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said — "

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the door-sill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere' — and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door, with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard against it — waiting for John — until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent — I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior, in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil-lamps that lit the night-darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction — fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house — and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur, which I fancied I heard; and still there was no one in the street — no one except the Abbey-watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? — where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now — "

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables — no law?"

"Oh! he 's a Quaker; the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth — the hard, grinding truth — in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law, was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard, until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut-trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got into the midst of that small body of men, "the rioters."

They were a mere handful — not above two score — apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plough-lads from the country around. But they were desperate; they had come up the Coltham road so quietly, that except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering — "Th' old man bean't there," — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But, in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree — nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked round to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do —"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you. Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

And I clung to his arm — my friend, whom I had missed so long, so sorely.

He held me tight — his heart felt as mine, only more silently.

"Now, Phineas, we have a minute's time. I must have you safe — we must go into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a host of constables; she has braved the fellows once to-night, but they 're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! here they are — I say, Jael?"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful society, by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood altogether in the barricaded house, and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you!"

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me — thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? For that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house, — but it fell harmless against the staunch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show, more plainly than even daylight had shown, the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I 'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Halloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of up-turned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody 'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now-closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight — with these? — What are you doing, Jael?"

For she had taken down a large Book — the last Book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully replaced the volume; that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these — "*Love your enemies;*" "*bless them that curse you;*" "*pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.*"

A minute or two John stood with his hand on the Book, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I 'm going to try a new plan — at least, one so old, that it 's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you 'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leant out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off — our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid — I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry: —

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! They be only Quakers!"

"There 's not a minute to lose — stop — let me think — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly, Jael was not meant to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose, had unbolted the hall-door, and stood on the flight of steps in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me — I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed, or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *oustide* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed — nay, paralyzed — by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh: —

"Who be thee?" — "It 's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division arising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him — he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Nought wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'um?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as, "Don't hurt

the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "No, he be a real gentleman." — "No, he comed here as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried: —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we."

"No, I am not one of you. I 'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were, by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so — it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

The argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob — at least, a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men — some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened, either. Look here — the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house, I should most certainly have shot. But I 'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I 'm sorry for you — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved, a'most. What 's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back, with that pleased gesture I remembered so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I gave you something to eat, would you listen to me afterwards?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John, again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk, I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you 'll be peaceable?"

"Ay — ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael; bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed — I marvel now to think of it — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back, with a strange, sharp sob, to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal; all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterwards there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I 'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And, either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still — the best weapon a man can use — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so; and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced

man, who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added — "Thank the Lord!"

"That 's right, Jacob Baines: and, another time, *trust* the Lord. You would n't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what 'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get some food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, surely. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D' ye think he 'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns" — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee 'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may 'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee 'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I 'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill, should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering — "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man — I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting; the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness, with which he first seemed to arrange, and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty, so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man; and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that 's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Is n't this better than hanging?" said John, to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound-notes — and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there is n't another gentleman in Norton Bury, who if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables, or the soldiers, have shot down one-half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for your children, too. *Why*, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I 'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker, and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets; which, of a surety, had never echoed to *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in — unsteadily

— staggering. Jael placed a chair for him — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it, and pressed it hard.

"Oh! Phineas, lad, I 'm glad; glad it 's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay, indeed; thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face — it looked ten years older since yesterday — he stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where 's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or the tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or, stay — better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it; and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John, at length, asked him if he were satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But, having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us; I thank thee."

There was no answer, none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.

By degrees, we got my father home. It was just such another summer morning as the one, two years back, when we two had stood, exhausted and trembling, before that sternly-bolted door. We both thought of that day: I knew not if my father did also.

He entered, leaning heavily on John. He sat down in the very seat, in the very room, where he had so harshly judged us — judged him.

Something, perhaps, of that bitterness rankled in the young man's spirit now, for he stopped on the threshold.

"Come in," said my father, looking up.

"If I am welcome; not otherwise."

"Thee art welcome."

He came in — I drew him in — and sat down with us. But his manner was irresolute, his fingers closed and unclosed nervously. My father, too, sat leaning his head on his two hands, not unmoved. I stole up to him, and thanked him softly for the welcome he had given.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said he, with something of his old hardness. "What I once did, was only justice — or I then believed so. What I have done, and am about to do, is still mere justice. John, how old art thee now?"

"Twenty."

"Then for one year from this time, I will take thee as my 'prentice, though thee knowest already nearly as much of the business as I do. At twenty-one thee will be able to set up for thyself, or I may take thee into partnership — we 'll see. But" — and he looked at me, then sternly, nay, fiercely, into John's steadfast eyes — "remember, thee hast in some measure taken that lad's place. May God deal with thee as thou dealest with my son — Phineas — my only son!"

"Amen!" was the solemn answer.

And God, who sees us both now — ay, *now!* and, perhaps, not so far apart as some may deem — He knows whether or no John Halifax kept that vow.

Philip, My King.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shall find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King:
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God — throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Cranch, Christopher Pearse, an American artist and poet; born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1892. He graduated at Columbian College, Washington, in 1831; studied afterward at the Harvard Divinity School, and was licensed to preach. In 1842 he became a landscape painter in New York; in 1853 he went to Europe for the second time, and resided for ten years in France and Italy. In 1854 he put forth a volume of poems, and in 1856–67 "The Last of the Huggermuggers" and "Kobboltozo," two tales for children, illustrated by himself. He also published a translation of the "Æneid" in blank verse (1872) and "The Bird and the Bell" (1875); "Ariel and Caliban" (1887).

Knowing.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What a wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of Love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world has taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
  Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

Two Singers.

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear
  And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,
And sang a song that carolled loud and clear;
  And gained at once a blazing, brief renown.
Nor he, nor all the crowd behind them, saw
  The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymers dead:
Their verse once deemed a title without flaw
  To fame, whose phantom radiance long had fled.

Another sang his soul out to the stars,
  And the deep hearts of men. The few who passed
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind his bars,
  As of some captive in a prison cast.
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,
  Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;
Then all that he had sung and written stirred
  The world's great heart with thoughts unknown before.

STEPHEN CRANE.

CRANE, STEPHEN, an American journalist and novelist, was born in Newark, N. J., November 1, 1871. He studied for a time in Lafayette College, but did not graduate. At sixteen he began journalistic work. His first novel, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," was printed and published in 1892. The author's next book, "The Red Badge of Courage," was first published serially, It appeared in book form in 1895. "The Black Riders and other Lines" also appeared in 1895; "George's Mother," "Maggie," and "The Little Regiment" in 1896; and "The Third Videt" in 1897. Mr. Crane belongs to the realistic school of writers. In 1897, during the Græco-Turkish war, he went to Greece to act as correspondent for a New York newspaper, and later has served as correspondent in the Spanish-American war.

A GRAY SLEEVE.

(From "The Little Regiment and Other Episodes of the American Civil War," by Stephen Crane; copyrighted, 1896, by D. Appleton and Company, and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

I.

"IT looks as if it might rain this afternoon," remarked the lieutenant of artillery.

"So it does," the infantry captain assented. He glanced casually at the sky. When his eyes had lowered to the green-shadowed landscape before him, he said fretfully: "I wish those fellows out yonder would quit pelting at us. They 've been at it since noon."

At the edge of a grove of maples, across wide fields, there occasionally appeared little puffs of smoke of a dull hue in this gloom of sky which expressed an impending rain. The long wave of blue and steel in the field moved uneasily at the eternal barking of the far-away sharpshooters, and the men, leaning upon their rifles, stared at the grove of maples. Once a private turned to borrow some tobacco from a comrade in the rear rank, but, with his hand still stretched out, he continued to twist his head and glance at the distant trees. He was afraid the enemy would shoot him at a time when he was not looking.

Suddenly the artillery officer said, "See what 's coming!"

Along the rear of the brigade of infantry a column of cavalry was sweeping at a hard gallop. A lieutenant, riding some yards to the right of the column, bawled furiously at the four troopers just at the rear of the colors. They had lost distance and made a little gap, but at the shouts of the lieutenant they urged their horses forward. The bugler, careering along behind the captain of the troop, fought and tugged like a wrestler to keep his frantic animal from bolting far ahead of the column.

On the springy turf the innumerable hoofs thundered in a swift storm of sound. In the brown faces of the troopers their eyes were set like bits of flashing steel.

The long line of the infantry regiments standing at ease underwent a sudden movement at the rush of the passing squadron. The foot soldiers turned their heads to gaze at the torrent of horses and men.

The yellow folds of the flag fluttered back in silken, shuddering waves as if it were a reluctant thing. Occasionally a giant spring of a charger would rear the firm and sturdy figure of a soldier suddenly head and shoulders above his comrades. Over the noise of the scudding hoofs could be heard the creaking of leather trappings, the jingle and clank of steel, and the tense, low-toned commands or appeals of the men to their horses. And the horses were mad with the headlong sweep of this movement. Powerful under jaws bent back and straightened so that the bits were clamped as rigidly as vices upon the teeth, and glistening necks arched in desperate resistance to the hands at the bridles. Swinging their heads in rage at the granite laws of their lives, which compelled even their angers and their ardors to chosen directions and chosen faces, their flight was as a flight of harnessed demons.

The captain's bay kept its pace at the head of the squadron with the lithe bounds of a thoroughbred, and this horse was proud as a chief at the roaring trample of his fellows behind him. The captain's glance was calmly upon the grove of maples whence the sharpshooters of the enemy had been picking at the blue line. He seemed to be reflecting. He stolidly rose and fell with the plunges of his horse in all the indifference of a deacon's figure seated plumply in church. And it occurred to many of the watching infantry to wonder why this officer should remain imperturbable and reflective when his squadron was thundering and swarming behind him like the rushing of a flood.

The column swung in a sabre-curve toward a break in a

fence, and dashed into a roadway. Once a little plank bridge was encountered, and the sound of the hoofs upon it was like the long roll of many drums. An old captain in the infantry turned to his first lieutenant and made a remark which was a compound of bitter disparagement of cavalry in general and soldierly admiration of this particular troop.

Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the column halted with a jolting upheaval amid sharp, brief cries. A moment later the men had tumbled from their horses, and, carbines in hand, were running in a swarm toward the grove of maples. In the road one of every four of the troopers was standing with braced legs, and pulling and hauling at the bridles of four frenzied horses.

The captain was running awkwardly in his boots. He held his sabre low so that the point often threatened to catch in the turf. His yellow hair ruffled out from under his faded cap. "Go in hard now!" he roared, in a voice of hoarse fury. His face was violently red.

The troopers threw themselves upon the grove like wolves upon a great animal. Along the whole front of woods there was the dry crackling of musketry, with bitter, swift flashes and smoke that writhed like stung phantoms. The troopers yelled shrilly and spanged bullets low into the foliage.

For a moment, when near the woods, the line almost halted. The men struggled and fought for a time like swimmers encountering a powerful current. Then with a supreme effort they went on again. They dashed madly at the grove, whose foliage from the high light of the field was as inscrutable as a wall.

Then suddenly each detail of the calm trees became apparent, and with a few more frantic leaps the men were in the cool gloom of the woods. There was a heavy odor as from burned paper. Wisps of gray smoke wound upward. The men halted, and, grimy, perspiring, and puffing, they searched the recesses of the woods with eager, fierce glances. Figures could be seen flitting afar off. A dozen carbines rattled at them in an angry volley.

During this pause the captain strode along the line, his face lit with a broad smile of contentment. "When he sends this crowd to do anything, I guess he'll find we do it pretty sharp," he said to the grinning lieutenant.

"Say, they did n't stand that rush a minute, did they?" said the subaltern. Both officers were profoundly dusty in their uniforms, and their faces were soiled like those of two urchins.

Out in the grass behind them were three tumbled and silent forms.

Presently the line moved forward again. The men went from tree to tree like hunters stalking game. Some at the left of the line fired occasionally, and those at the right gazed curiously in that direction. The men still breathed heavily from their scramble across the field.

Of a sudden a trooper halted and said: "Hello! there 's a house!" Every one paused. The men turned to look at their leader.

The captain stretched his neck and swung his head from side to side. "By George, it is a house!" he said.

Through the wealth of leaves there vaguely loomed the form of a large, white house. These troopers, brown-faced from many days of campaigning, each feature of them telling of their placid confidence and courage, were stopped abruptly by the appearance of this house. There was some subtle suggestion — some tale of an unknown thing — which watched them from they knew not what part of it.

A rail fence girded a wide lawn of tangled grass. Seven pines stood along a driveway which led from two distant posts of a vanished gate. The blue-clothed troopers moved forward until they stood at the fence peering over it.

The captain put one hand on the top rail and seemed to be about to climb the fence, when suddenly he hesitated, and said in a low voice, "Watson, what do you think of it?"

The lieutenant stared at the house. "Derned if I know!" he replied.

The captain pondered. It happened that the whole company had turned a gaze of profound awe and doubt upon this edifice which confronted them. The men were very silent.

At last the captain swore and said: "We are certainly a pack of fools. Derned old deserted house halting a company of Union cavalry, and making us gape like babies!"

"Yes, but there 's something — something —" insisted the subaltern in a half stammer.

"Well, if there 's 'something — something' in there, I 'll get it out," said the captain. "Send Sharpe clean around to the other side with about twelve men, so we will sure bag your 'something — something,' and I 'll take a few of the boys and find out what 's in the d —— d old thing!"

He chose the nearest eight men for his "storming party," as

the lieutenant called it. After he had waited some minutes for the others to get into position, he said, "Come ahead" to his eight men, and climbed the fence.

The brighter light of the tangled lawn made him suddenly feel tremendously apparent, and he wondered if there could be some mystic thing in the house which was regarding this approach. The men trudged silently at his back. They stared at the windows and lost themselves in deep speculations as to the probability of there being, perhaps, eyes behind the blinds — malignant eyes, piercing eyes.

Suddenly a corporal in the party gave vent to a startled exclamation, and half threw his carbine into position. The captain turned quickly, and the corporal said: "I saw an arm move the blinds. An arm with a gray sleeve!"

"Don't be a fool, Jones, now!" said the captain sharply.

"I swear t' —" began the corporal, but the captain silenced him.

When they arrived at the front of the house, the troopers paused, while the captain went softly up the front steps. He stood before the large front door and studied it. Some crickets chirped in the long grass, and the nearest pine could be heard in its endless sighs. One of the privates moved uneasily, and his foot crunched the gravel. Suddenly the captain swore angrily and kicked the door with a loud crash. It flew open.

II.

The bright lights of the day flashed into the old house when the captain angrily kicked open the door. He was aware of a wide hallway carpeted with matting and extending deep into the dwelling. There was also an old walnut hat-rack and a little marble-topped table with a vase and two books upon it. Farther back was a great, venerable fireplace containing dreary ashes.

But directly in front of the captain was a young girl. The flying open of the door had obviously been an utter astonishment to her, and she remained transfixed there in the middle of the floor, staring at the captain with wide eyes.

She was like a child caught at the time of a raid upon the cake. She wavered to and fro upon her feet, and held her hands behind her. There were two little points of terror in her eyes, as she gazed up at the young captain in dusty blue, with

his reddish, bronze complexion, his yellow hair, his bright sabre held threateningly.

These two remained motionless and silent, simply staring at each other for some moments.

The captain felt his rage fade out of him and leave his mind limp. He had been violently angry, because this house had made him feel hesitant, wary. He did not like to be wary. He liked to feel confident, sure. So he had kicked the door open, and had been prepared to march in like a soldier of wrath.

But now he began, for one thing, to wonder if his uniform was so dusty and old in appearance. Moreover, he had a feeling that his face was covered with a compound of dust, grime, and perspiration. He took a step forward and said, "I did n't mean to frighten you." But his voice was coarse from his battle-howling. It seemed to him to have hempen fibres in it.

The girl's breath came in little, quick gasps, and she looked at him as she would have looked at a serpent.

"I did n't mean to frighten you," he said again.

The girl, still with her hands behind her, began to back away.

"Is there any one else in this house?" he went on, while slowly following her. "I don't wish to disturb you, but we had a fight with some rebel skirmishers in the woods, and I thought maybe some of them might have come in here. In fact, I was pretty sure of it. Are there any of them here?"

The girl looked at him and said, "No!" He wondered why extreme agitation made the eyes of some women so limpid and bright.

"Who is here besides yourself?"

By this time his pursuit had driven her to the end of the hall, and she remained there with her back to the wall and her hands still behind her. When she answered this question, she did not look at him but down at the floor. She cleared her voice and then said, "There is no one here."

"No one?"

She lifted her eyes to him in that appeal that the human being must make even to falling trees, crashing bowlders, the sea in a storm, and said, "No, no, there is no one here." He could plainly see her tremble.

Of a sudden he bethought him that she continually kept her hands behind her. As he recalled her air when first discovered, he remembered she appeared precisely as a child detected at one

of the crimes of childhood. Moreover, she had always backed away from him. He thought now that she was concealing something which was an evidence of the presence of the enemy in the house.

"What are you holding behind you?" he said suddenly.

She gave a little quick moan, as if some grim hand had throttled her.

What are you holding behind you?"

"Oh, nothing — please. I am not holding anything behind me; indeed I'm not."

"Very well. Hold your hands out in front of you, then."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not holding anything behind. Indeed, I'm not."

"Well," he began. Then he paused, and remained for a moment dubious. Finally, he laughed. "Well, I shall have my men search the house, anyhow. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I feel sure there is some one here whom we want." He turned to the corporal, who with the other men was gaping quietly in at the door, and said, "Jones, go through the house."

As for himself, he remained planted in front of the girl, for she evidently did not dare to move and allow him to see what she held so carefully behind her back. So she was his prisoner.

The men rummaged around on the ground floor of the house. Sometimes the captain called to them, "Try that closet," "Is there any cellar?" But they found no one, and at last they went trooping toward the stairs which led to the second floor.

But at this movement on the part of the men the girl uttered a cry — a cry of such fright and appeal that the men paused. "Oh, don't go up there! Please don't go up there! — ple — ease! There is no one there! Indeed — indeed there is not! Oh, ple — ease!"

"Go on, Jones," said the captain calmly.

The obedient corporal made a preliminary step, and the girl bounded toward the stairs with another cry.

As she passed him, the captain caught sight of that which she had concealed behind her back, and which she had forgotten in this supreme moment. It was a pistol.

She ran to the first step, and standing there, faced the men, one hand extended with perpendicular palm, and the other holding the pistol at her side. "Oh, please, don't go up there! Nobody is there — indeed, there is not! P-l-e-a-s-e!" Then suddenly she sank swiftly down upon the step, and, huddling

forlornly, began to weep in the agony and with the convulsive tremors of an infant. The pistol fell from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

The astonished troopers looked at their astonished captain. There was a short silence.

Finally, the captain stooped and picked up the pistol. It was a heavy weapon of the army pattern. He ascertained that it was empty.

He leaned toward the shaking girl, and said gently, "Will you tell me what you were going to do with this pistol?"

He had to repeat the question a number of times, but at last a muffled voice said, "Nothing."

"Nothing!" He insisted quietly upon a further answer. At the tender tones of the captain's voice, the phlegmatic corporal turned and winked gravely at the man next to him.

"Won't you tell me?"

The girl shook her head.

"Please tell me!"

The silent privates were moving their feet uneasily and wondering how long they were to wait.

The captain said, "Please won't you tell me?"

Then this girl's voice began in stricken tones half coherent, and amid violent sobbing; "It was grandpa's. He — he — he said he was going to shoot anybody who came in here — he did n't care if there were thousands of 'em. And — and I know he would, and I was afraid they 'd kill him. And so — and — so I stole away his pistol — and I was going to hide it when you — you — you kicked open the door."

The men straightened up and looked at each other. The girl began to weep again.

The captain mopped his brow. He peered down at the girl. He mopped his brow again. Suddenly he said, "Ah, don't cry like that."

He moved restlessly and looked down at his boots. He mopped his brow again.

Then he gripped the corporal by the arm and dragged him some yards back from the others. "Jones," he said, in an intensely earnest voice, "will you tell me what in the devil I am going to do?"

The corporal's countenance became illuminated with satisfaction at being thus requested to advise his superior officer. He adopted an air of great thought, and finally said: "Well, of

course, the feller with the gray sleeve must be upstairs, and we must get past the girl and up there somehow. Suppose I take her by the arm and lead her——"

"What!" interrupted the captain from between his clinched teeth. As he turned away from the corporal, he said fiercely over his shoulder, "You touch that girl and I'll split your skull!"

III.

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amazement, grief, and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there unfortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable of men. When he returned to the group he found the captain bending over the girl and saying, "Why is it that you don't want us to search upstairs?"

The girl's head was buried in her crossed arms. Locks of her hair had escaped from their fastenings and these fell upon her shoulder.

"Won't you tell me?"

The corporal here winked again at the man next to him.

"Because," the girl moaned — "because — there is n't anybody up there."

The captain at last said timidly, "Well, I 'm afraid — I 'm afraid we 'll have to —"

The girl sprang to her feet again, and implored him with her hands. She looked deep into his eyes with her glance, which was at this time like that of the fawn when it says to the hunter, "Have mercy upon me!"

These two stood regarding each other. The captain's foot was on the bottom step, but he seemed to be shrinking. He wore an air of being deeply wretched and ashamed. There was a silence.

Suddenly the corporal said in a quick, low tone, "Look out, captain!"

All turned their eyes swiftly toward the head of the stairs. There had appeared there a youth in a gray uniform. He stood looking coolly down at them. No word was said by the troopers. The girl gave vent to a little wail of desolation, "O Harry!"

He began slowly to descend the stairs. His right arm was in a white sling, and there were some fresh blood stains upon

the cloth. His face was rigid and deathly pale, but his eyes flashed like lights. The girl was again moaning in an utterly dreary fashion, as the youth came slowly down toward the silent men in blue.

Six steps from the bottom of the flight he halted and said, "I reckon it's me you're looking for."

The troopers had crowded forward a trifle and, posed in lithe, nervous attitudes, were watching him like cats. The captain remained unmoved. At the youth's question he merely nodded his head and said, "Yes."

The young man in gray looked down at the girl, and then, in the same even tone which now, however, seemed to vibrate with suppressed fury, he said, "And is that any reason why you should insult my sister?"

At this sentence, the girl intervened, desperately, between the young man in gray and the officer in blue. "Oh, don't, Harry, don't! He was good to me! He was good to me, Harry — indeed he was!"

The youth came on in his quiet, erect fashion until the girl could have touched either of the men with her hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She continually repeated: "O Harry! O Harry!"

The youth in gray manœuvred to glare into the captain's face, first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the other. In a voice that rang like metal, he said: "You are armed and unwounded, while I have no weapons and am wounded; but —"

The captain had stepped back and sheathed his sabre. The eyes of these two men were gleaming fire, but otherwise the captain's countenance was imperturbable. He said: "You are mistaken. You have no reason to —"

"You lie!"

All save the captain and the youth in gray started in an electric movement. These two words crackled in the air like shattered glass. There was a breathless silence.

The captain cleared his throat. His look at the youth contained a quality of singular and terrible ferocity, but he said in his stolid tone, "I don't suppose you mean what you say now."

Upon his arm he had felt the pressure of some unconscious little fingers. The girl was leaning against the wall as if she no longer knew how to keep her balance, but those fingers —

held his arm very still. She murmured: "O Harry, don't! He was good to me — indeed he was!"

The corporal had come forward until he in a measure confronted the youth in gray, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm, and he knew that sometimes very strong men were not able to move hand nor foot under such conditions.

The youth had suddenly seemed to become weak. He breathed heavily and clung to the rail. He was glaring at the captain, and apparently summoning all his will power to combat his weakness. The corporal addressed him with profound straightforwardness, "Don't you be a derned fool!" The youth turned toward him so fiercely that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expects to be cuffed.

The girl pleaded with the captain. "You won't hurt him, will you? He don't know what he 's saying. He 's wounded, you know. Please don't mind him!"

"I won't touch him," said the captain, with rather extraordinary earnestness; "don't you worry about him at all. I won't touch him!"

Then he looked at her, and the girl suddenly withdrew her fingers from his arm.

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs, and remarked without surprise, "There 's another of 'em coming!"

An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold! Get out!" He mumbled and wagged his head in an old man's fury. It was plainly his intention to assault them.

And so it occurred that a young girl became engaged in protecting a stalwart captain, fully armed, and with eight grim troopers at his back, from the attack of an old man with a walking-stick!

A blush passed over the temples and brow of the captain, and he looked particularly savage and weary. Despite the girl's efforts, he suddenly faced the old man.

"Look here," he said distinctly, "we came in because we had been fighting in the woods yonder, and we concluded that some of the enemy were in this house, especially when we saw a gray sleeve at the window. But this young man is wounded, and I have nothing to say to him. I will even take it for granted that there are no others like him upstairs. We will go away, leaving your d——d old house just as we

found it! And we are no more thieves and rascals than you are!"

The old man simply roared: "I have n't got a cow nor a pig nor a chicken on the place! Your soldiers have stolen everything they could carry away. They have torn down half my fences for firewood. This afternoon some of your accursed bullets even broke my window panes!"

The girl had been faltering: "Grandpa! O grandpa!"

The captain looked at the girl. She returned his glance from the shadow of the old man's shoulder. After studying her face a moment, he said, "Well, we will go now." He strode toward the door and his men clanked docilely after him.

At this time there was the sound of harsh cries and rushing footsteps from without. The door flew open, and a whirlwind composed of blue-coated troopers came in with a swoop. It was headed by the lieutenant. "Oh, here you are!" he cried, catching his breath. "We thought — Oh, look at the girl!"

The captain said intensely, "Shut up, you fool!"

The men settled to a halt with a clash and a bang. There could be heard the dulled sound of many hoofs outside of the house.

"Did you order up the horses?" inquired the captain.

"Yes. We thought — "

"Well, then, let 's get out of here," interrupted the captain morosely.

The men began to filter out into the open air. The youth in gray had been hanging dismally to the railing of the stairway.

He now was climbing slowly up to the second floor. The old man was addressing himself directly to the serene corporal.

"Not a chicken on the place!" he cried.

"Well, I did n't take your chickens, did I?

"No, maybe you did n't, but — "

The captain crossed the hall and stood before the girl in rather a culprit's fashion. "You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked timidly.

"No," she said. She hesitated a moment, and then suddenly held out her hand. "You were good to me — and I 'm — much obliged."

The captain took her hand, and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation.

She did not seem to heed that hand for a time.

He loosened his grasp presently, for he was ashamed to hold it so long without saying anything clever. At last, with an air of charging an intrenched brigade, he contrived to say, "I would rather do anything than frighten or trouble you."

His brow was warmly perspiring. He had a sense of being hideous in his dusty uniform and with his grimy face.

She said, "Oh, I'm so glad it was you instead of somebody who might have — might have hurt brother Harry and grandpa!"

He told her, "I would n't have hurt 'em for anything!"

There was a little silence.

"Well, good-bye!" he said at last.

"Good-bye!"

He walked toward the door past the old man, who was scolding at the vanishing figure of the corporal. The captain looked back. She had remained there watching him.

At the bugle's order, the troopers standing beside their horses swung briskly into the saddle. The lieutenant said to the first sergeant:

"Williams, did they ever meet before?"

"Hanged if I know!"

"Well, say —"

The captain saw a curtain move at one of the windows. He cantered from his position at the head of the column and steered his horse between two flower beds.

"Well, good-bye!"

The squadron trampled slowly past.

"Good-bye!"

They shook hands.

He evidently had something enormously important to say to her, but it seems that he could not manage it. He struggled heroically. The bay charger, with his great mystically solemn eyes, looked around the corner of his shoulder at the girl.

The captain studied a pine tree. The girl inspected the grass beneath the window. The captain said hoarsely, "I don't suppose — I don't suppose — I 'll ever see you again!"

She looked at him affrightedly and shrank back from the window. He seemed to have woefully expected a reception of this kind for his question. He gave her instantly a glance of appeal.

She said, "Why, no, I don't suppose we will."

"Never?"

"Why, no, 'tain't possible. You — you are a — Yankee!"

"Oh, I know it, but —" Eventually he continued, "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might —" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow, so he said, "Well, good-bye!"

When he held her fingers she bowed her head, and he saw a pink blush steal over the curves of her cheek and neck.

"Am I never going to see you again?"

She made no reply.

"Never?" he repeated.

After a long time, he bent over to hear a faint reply: "Sometimes — when there are no troops in the neighborhood — grandpa don't mind if I — walk over as far as that old oak tree yonder — in the afternoons."

It appeared that the captain's grip was very strong, for she uttered an exclamation and looked at her fingers as if she expected to find them mere fragments. He rode away.

The bay horse leaped a flower bed. They were almost to the drive, when the girl uttered a panic-stricken cry.

The captain wheeled his horse violently and upon his return journey went straight through a flower bed.

The girl had clasped her hands. She beseeched him wildly with her eyes. "Oh, please, don't believe it! I never walk to the old oak tree. Indeed, I don't! I never — never — never walk there."

The bridle drooped on the bay charger's neck. The captain's figure seemed limp. With an expression of profound dejection and gloom he stared off at where the leaden sky met the dark green line of the woods. The long-impending rain began to fall with a mournful patter, drop and drop. There was a silence.

At last a low voice said, "Well — I might — sometimes I might — perhaps — but only once in a great while — I might walk to the old tree — in the afternoons."

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

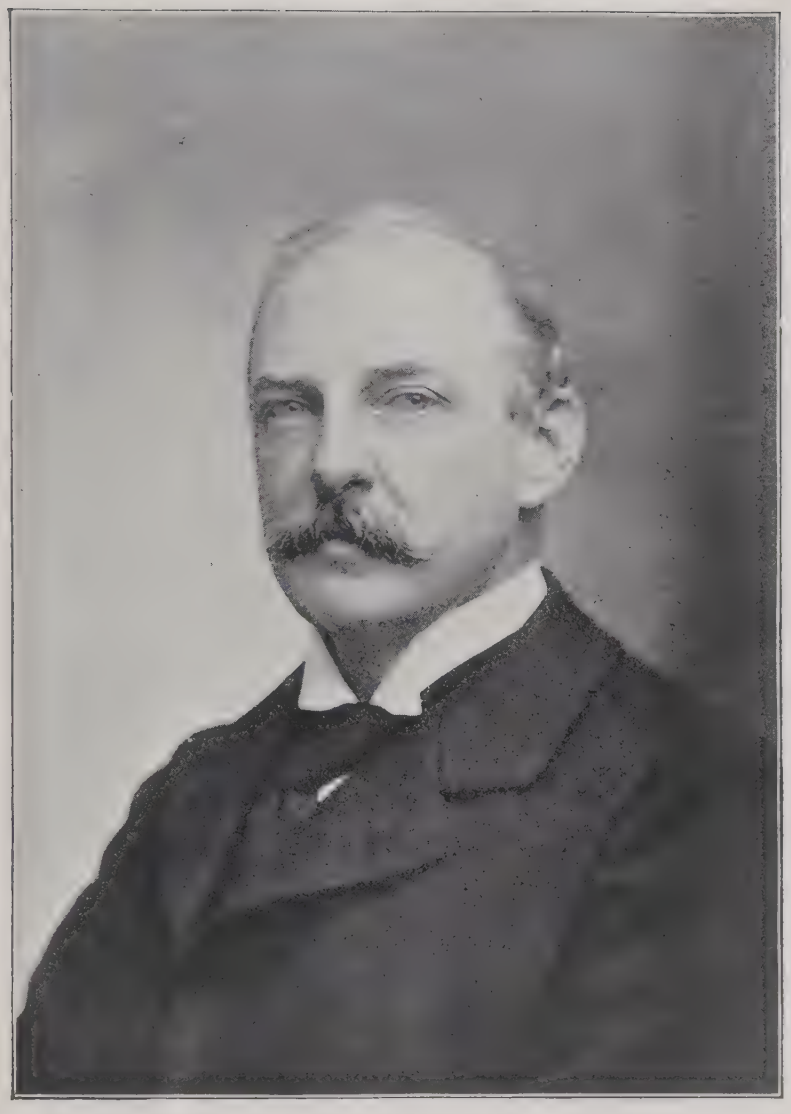
Crawford, Francis Marion, an American novelist, born at the Baths of Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854. The son of Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor, and a nephew of Julia Ward Howe, as a boy he attended St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and afterward studied at Cambridge (England), Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and the University of Rome. In 1879 he went to India to more fully study Oriental languages, and while there became editor of a newspaper just established at Allahabad. In 1880 he returned to America and studied for a year at Harvard. During this time he wrote for a number of periodicals on social, economic, and political questions. It was while at Allahabad, India, that he gathered the materials for his first story, "Mr. Isaacs" (1882). His works include: "Dr. Claudius" (1883); "To Leeward" (1883); "A Roman Singer" (1884); "An American Politician" (1884); "Zoroaster" (1885); "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886); "Saracinesca" (1887); "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887); "Paul Patoff" (1887); "With the Immortals" (1888); "Greifenstein" (1889); "Sant' Ilario" (1889); "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" (1890); "The Witch of Prague" (1891); "Khaled" (1891); "The Three Fates" (1892); "Love in Idleness" (1894); "Katharine Lauderdale," and its sequel "The Ralstons" (1895); "Casa Braccio" (1895); "Taquisara" (1896); "A Rose of Yesterday" (1897); "Corleone." (1897); and others at frequent intervals.

Death of Corona's Husband.[1]

(From "Saracinesca.)"

Corona was fast coming to a state of mind in which a kind of passive expectation — a sort of blind submission to fate — was the chief feature. She had shed tears when her husband spoke of his approaching end, because her gentle heart was grateful to him, and by its own sacrifices had grown used to his presence, and because she suddenly felt that she had comprehended the depth of his love for her, as she had never understood it before. In the five years of married life she had spent with him, she had

[1] Copyright by Macmillan & Co.



FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

not allowed herself to think of his selfishness, of his small daily egotism; for, though it was at no great expense to himself, he had been uniformly generous and considerate to her. But she had been conscious that if she should ever remove from her conscience the pressure of a self-imposed censureship, so that her judgment might speak boldly, the verdict of her heart would not have been so indulgent to her husband as was that formal opinion of him which she forced herself to hold. Now, however, it seemed as though the best things she had desired to believe of him were true; and with the conviction that he was not only not selfish, but absolutely devoted to herself, there had come upon her a fear of desolation, a dread of being left alone — of finding herself abandoned by this strange companion, the only person in the world with whom she had the habit of familiarity and the bond of a common past. Astrardente had thought, and had told her, too, that the knowledge of his impending death might lighten her burden — might make the days of self-sacrifice that yet remained seem shorter; he had spoken kindly of her marrying again when he should be dead, deeming perhaps, in his sudden burst of generosity, that she would be capable of looking beyond the unhappy present to the possibilities of a more brilliant future, or at least that the certainty of his consent to such a second union would momentarily please her. It was hard to say why he had spoken. It had been an impulse such as the most selfish people sometimes yield to when their failing strength brings upon them suddenly the sense of their inability to resist any longer the course of events. The vanity of man is so amazing, that when he is past arrogating to himself the attention which is necessary to him as his daily bread, he is capable of so demeaning his manhood as to excite interest in his weaknesses rather than that he should cease to be the object of any interest whatever. The analysis of the feelings of old and selfish persons is the most difficult of all studies; for in proportion as the strength of the dominant passion or passions is quenched in the bitter still waters of the harbor of superannuation, the small influences of life grow in importance. As when, from the breaking surge of an angry ocean, the water is dashed high among the re-echoing rocks, leaving little pools of limpid clearness in the hollows of the storm-beaten cliffs; and as when the anger of the tossing waves has subsided, the hot sun shines upon the mimic seas, and the clear waters that were so transparent grow thick and foul with the motion of a tiny and insignificant insect-life undreamed of

before in such crystal purity: so also the clear strong sea of youth is left to dry in the pools and puddles of old age, and in the motionless calm of the still places where the ocean of life has washed it, it is dried up and consumed by myriads of tiny parasites — lives within lives, passions within passions — tiny efforts at mimic greatness, — a restless little world, the very parody and infinitesimal reproduction of the mighty flood whence it came, wherein great monsters have their being, and things of unspeakable beauty grow free in the large depths of an unfathomed ocean.

To Corona d'Astrardente in the freshness of her youth the study of her husband's strange littleness had grown to be a second nature from the habit of her devotion to him. But she could not understand him; she could not explain to herself the sudden confession of old age, the quiet anticipation of death, the inexplicable generosity towards herself. She only knew that he must be at heart a man more kindly and of better impulse than he had generally been considered, and she resolved to do her utmost to repay him, and to soothe the misery of his last years.

Since he had told her so plainly, it must be true. It was natural, perhaps — for he was growing more feeble every day — but it was very sad. Five years ago, when she had choked down her loathing for the old man to whom she had sold herself for her father's sake, she would not have believed that she should one day feel the tears rise fast at the thought of his dying and leaving her free. He had said it; she would be free. They say that men who have been long confined in a dungeon become indifferent, and when turned out upon the world would at first gladly return to their prison walls. Liberty is in the first place an instinct, but it will easily grow to be a habit. Corona had renounced all thought of freedom five years ago, and in the patient bowing of her noble nature to the path she had chosen, she had attained to a state of renunciation like that of a man who has buried himself forever in an order of Trappists, and neither dreams of the freedom of the outer world, nor desires to dream of it. And she had grown fond of the aged dandy and his foolish ways — ways which seemed foolish because they were those of youth grafted upon senility. She had not known that she was fond of him, it is true; but now that he spoke of dying, she felt that she would weep his loss. He was her only companion, her only friend. In the loyal

determination to be faithful to him, she had so shut herself from all intimacy with the world that she had not a friend. She kept women at a distance from her, instinctively dreading lest in their careless talk some hint or comment should remind her that she had married a man ridiculous in their eyes; and with men she could have but little intercourse, for their society was dangerous. No man save Giovanni Saracinesca had for years put himself in the light of a mere acquaintance, always ready to talk to her upon general subjects, studiously avoiding himself in all discussions, and delicately flattering her vanity by his deference to her judgment. The other men had generally spoken of love at the second meeting, and declared themselves devoted to her for life at the end of a week: she had quietly repulsed them, and they had dropped back into the position of indifferent acquaintances, going in search of other game, after the manner of young gentlemen of leisure. Giovanni alone had sternly maintained his air of calmness, had never offended her simple pride of loyalty to Astrardente by word or deed; so that, although she felt and dreaded her growing interest in him, she had actually believed that he was nothing in her life, until at last she had been undeceived and awakened to the knowledge of his fierce passion, and being taken unawares, had nearly been carried off her feet by the tempest his words had roused in her own breast. But her strength had not utterly deserted her. Years of supreme devotion to the right, of honest and unwavering loyalty, neither deceiving her conscience on the one hand with the morbid food of a fictitious religious exaltation, nor, upon the other, sinking to a cynical indifference to inevitable misery; days of quiet and constant effort; long hours of thoughtful meditation upon the one resolution of her life,—all this had strengthened the natural force of her character, so that, when at last the great trial had come, she had not yielded, but had conquered once and forever, in the very moment of sorest temptation. And with her there would be no return of the danger. Having found strength to resist, she knew that there would be no more weakness; her love for Giovanni was deep and sincere, but it had become now the chief cause of suffering in her life; it had utterly ceased to be the chief element of joy, as it had been for a few short days. It was one thing more to be borne, and it outweighed all other cares.

The news of the duel had given her great distress. She believed honestly that she was in no way concerned in it, and

she had bitterly resented old Saracinesca's imputation. In the hot words that had passed between them, she had felt her anger rise justly against the old Prince; but when he appealed to her on account of his son, her love for Giovanni had vanquished her wrath against the old man. Come what might, she would do what was best for him. If possible, she would induce him to leave Rome at once, and thus free herself from the pain of constantly meeting him. Perhaps she could make him marry — anything would be better than to allow things to go on in their present course, to have to face him at every turn, and to know that at any moment he might be quarrelling with somebody and fighting duels on her account.

She went boldly into the world that night, not knowing whether she should meet Giovanni or not, but resolved upon her course if he appeared. Many people looked curiously at her, and smiled cunningly as they thought they detected traces of care upon her proud face; but though they studied her, and lost no opportunity of talking to her upon the one topic which absorbed the general conversation, no one had the satisfaction of moving her even so much as to blush a little, or to lower the gaze of her eyes that looked them all indifferently through and through.

Giovanni, however, did not appear, and people told her he would not leave his room for several days, so that she returned to her home without having accomplished anything in the matter. Her husband was very silent, but looked at her with an expression of uncertainty, as though hesitating to speak to her upon some subject that absorbed his interest. Neither of them referred to the strange interview of the previous night. They went home early, as has been already recorded, seeing it was only a great and formal reception to which the world went that night; and even the toughest old society jades were weary from the ball of the day before, which had not broken up until half-past six in the morning.

On the next day, at about twelve o'clock, Corona was sitting in her boudoir writing a number of invitations which were to be distributed in the afternoon, when the door opened and her husband entered the room.

"My dear," he cried in great excitement, "it is perfectly horrible! Have you heard?"

"What?" asked Corona, laying down her pen.

"Spicca has killed Casalverde — the man who seconded Del Ferice yesterday, — killed him on the spot — "

Corona uttered an exclamation of horror.

"And they say Del Ferice is dead, or just dying" — his cracked voice rose at every word; "and they say," he almost screamed, laying his withered hand roughly upon his wife's shoulder, — "they say that the duel was about you — you, do you understand?"

"That is not true," said Corona, firmly. "Calm yourself — I beseech you to be calm. Tell me connectedly what has happened — who told you this story."

"What right has any man to drag your name into a quarrel?" cried the old man, hoarsely. "Everybody is saying it — it is outrageous, abominable — "

Corona quietly pushed her husband into a chair, and sat down beside him.

"You are excited — you will harm yourself, — remember your health," she said, endeavoring to soothe him. "Tell me, in the first place, who told you that it was about me?"

"Valdarno told me; he told me that every one was saying it — that it was the talk of the town."

"But why?" insisted Corona. "You allow yourself to be furious for the sake of a piece of gossip which has no foundation whatever. What is the story they tell?"

"Some nonsense about Giovanni Saracinesca's going away last week. Del Ferice proposed to call him before you, and Giovanni was angry."

"That is absurd," said Corona. "Don Giovanni was not the least annoyed. He was with me afterwards — "

"Always Giovanni! Always Giovanni! Wherever you go, it is Giovanni!" cried the old man, in unreasonable petulance — unreasonable from his point of view, reasonable enough had he known the truth. But he struck unconsciously upon the keynote of all Corona's troubles, and she turned pale to the lips.

"You say it is not true," he began again. "How do you know? How can you tell what may have been said? How can you guess it? Giovanni Saracinesca is about you in society more than any one. He has quarrelled about you, and two men have lost their lives in consequence. He is in love with you, I tell you. Can you not see it? You must be blind!"

Corona leaned back in her chair, utterly overcome by the suddenness of the situation, unable to answer, her hands folded tightly together, her pale lips compressed. Angry at her silence, old Astrardente continued, his rage gradually getting

the mastery of his sense, and his passion working itself up to the pitch of madness.

"Blind — yes — positively blind!" he cried. "Do you think that I am blind too? Do you think I will overlook all this? Do you not see that your reputation is injured — that people associate your name with his — that no woman can be mentioned in the same breath with Giovanni Saracinesca and hope to maintain a fair fame? A fellow whose adventures are in everybody's mouth, whose doings are notorious; who has but to look at a woman to destroy her; who is a duellist, a libertine — "

"That is not true," interrupted Corona, unable to listen calmly to the abuse thus heaped upon the man she so dearly loved. "You are mad — "

"You defend him!" screamed Astrardente, leaning far forward in his chair and clenching his hands. "You dare to support him — you acknowledge that you care for him! Does he not pursue you everywhere, so that the town rings with it? You ought to long to be rid of him, to wish he were dead, rather than allow his name to be breathed with yours; and instead, you defend him to me — you say he is right, that you prefer his odious devotion to your good name, to my good name! Oh, it is not to be believed! If you loved him yourself you could not do worse!"

"If half you say were true — " said Corona, in terrible distress.

"True?" cried Astrardente, who would not brook interruption. "It is all true — and more also. It is true that he loves you, true that all the world says it, true — by all that is holy, from your face I would almost believe that you do love him! Why do you not deny it? Miserable woman!" he screamed, springing towards her and seizing her roughly by the arm, as she hid her face in her hands. "Miserable woman! you have betrayed me — "

In the paroxysm of his rage the feeble old man became almost strong; his grip tightened upon his wife's wrist, and he dragged her violently from her seat.

"Betrayed! And by you!" he cried again, shaking with passion. "You whom I have loved! This is your gratitude, your sanctified devotion, your cunning pretence at patience! All to hide your love for such a man as that! You hypocrite, you — "

By a sudden effort Corona shook off his grasp, and drew herself up to her full height in magnificent anger.

"You shall hear me," she said, in deep commanding tones. "I have deserved much, but I have not deserved this."

"Ha!" he hissed, standing back from her a step, "you can speak now — I have touched you! You have found words. It was time!"

Corona was as white as death, and her black eyes shone like coals of fire. Her words came slowly, every accent clear and strong with concentrated passion.

"I have not betrayed you. I have spoken no word of love to any man alive, and you know that I speak the truth. If any one has said to me what should not be said, I have rebuked him to silence. You know, while you accuse me, that I have done my best to honor and love you; you know well that I would die by my own hand, your loyal and true wife, rather than let my lips utter one syllable of love for any other man."

Corona possessed a supreme power over her husband. She was so true a woman that the truth blazed visibly from her clear eyes; and what she said was nothing but the truth. She had doubted it herself for one dreadful moment; she knew it now beyond all doubting. In a moment the old man's wrath broke and vanished before the strong assertion of her perfect innocence. He turned pale under his paint, and his limbs trembled. He made a step forward, and fell upon his knees before her, and tried to take her hands.

"Oh, Corona, forgive me," he moaned — "forgive me! I so love you!"

Suddenly his grasp relaxed from her hands, and with a groan he fell forward against her knees.

"God knows I forgive you!" cried Corona, the tears starting to her eyes in sudden pity. She bent down to support him; but as she moved, he fell prostrate upon his face before her. With a cry of terror she kneeled beside him; with her strong arms she turned his body and raised his head upon her knees. His face was ghastly white, save where the tinges of paint made a hideous mockery of color upon his livid skin. His parted lips were faintly purple, and his hollow eyes stared wide open at his wife's face, while the curled wig was thrust far back upon his bald and wrinkled forehead.

Corona supported his weight upon one knee, and took his nerveless hand in hers. An agony of terror seized her.

"Onofrio!" she cried — she rarely called him by his name —"Onofrio! speak to me! My husband!" She clasped him wildly in her arms. "O God, have mercy!"

Onofrio d'Astrardente was dead. The poor old dandy, in his paint and his wig and his padding, had died at his wife's feet, protesting his love for her to the last. The long-averted blow had fallen. For years he had guarded himself against sudden emotions, for he was warned of the disease at his heart, and knew his danger; but his anger had killed him. He might have lived another hour while his rage lasted; but the revulsion of feeling, the sudden repentance for the violence he had done his wife, had sent the blood back to its source too quickly, and with his last cry of love upon his lips he was dead.

Corona had hardly ever seen death. She gently lowered the dead man's weight till he lay at full length upon the floor. Then she started to her feet, and drew back against the fireplace, and gazed at the body of her husband.

For fully five minutes she stood motionless, scarcely daring to draw breath, dazed and stupefied with horror, trying to realize what had happened. There he lay, her only friend, the companion of her life since she had known life; the man who in that very room, but two nights since, had spoken such kind words to her that her tears had flowed — the tears that would not flow now; the man who but a moment since was railing at her in a paroxysm of rage — whose anger had melted at her first word of defence, who had fallen at her feet to ask forgiveness, and to declare once more, for the last time, that he loved her! Her friend, her companion, her husband — had he heard her answer, that she forgave him freely? He could not be dead — it was impossible. A moment ago he had been speaking to her. She went forward again and kneeled beside him.

"Onofrio," she said very gently, "you are not dead — you heard me?"

She gazed down for a moment at the motionless features. Womanly thoughtful, she moved his head a little, and straightened the wig upon his poor forehead. Then, in an instant, she realized all, and with a wild cry of despair fell prostrate upon his body in an agony of passionate weeping. How long she lay, she knew not. A knock at the door did not reach her ears, nor another and another, at short intervals; and then some one entered. It was the butler, who had come to announce the

mid-day breakfast. He uttered an exclamation and started back, holding the handle of the door in his hand.

Corona raised herself slowly to her knees, gazing down once more upon the dead man's face. Then she lifted her streaming eyes and saw the servant.

"Your master is dead," she said, solemnly.

The man grew pale and trembled, hesitated, and then turned and fled down the hall without, after the manner of Italian servants, who fear death, and even the sight of it, as they fear nothing else in the world.

Corona rose to her feet and brushed the tears from her eyes. Then she turned and rang the bell. No one answered the summons for some time. The news had spread all over the house in an instant, and everything was disorganized. At last a woman came and stood timidly at the door. She was a lower servant, a simple strong creature from the mountains. Seeing the others terrified and paralyzed, it had struck her common-sense that her mistress was alone. Corona understood.

"Help me to carry him," she said, quietly; and the peasant and the noble lady stooped and lifted the dead duke, and bore him to his chamber without a word, and laid him tenderly upon his bed.

"Send for the doctor," said Corona; "I will watch beside him."

"But, Excellency, are you not afraid?" asked the woman.

Corona's lip curled a little.

"I am not afraid," she answered. "Send at once." When the woman was gone, she sat down by the bedside and waited. Her tears were dry now, but she could not think. She waited motionless for an hour. Then the old physician entered softly, while a crowd of servants stood without, peering timidly through the open door. Corona crossed the room and quietly shut it. The physician stood by the bedside.

"It is simple enough, Signora Duchessa," he said, gently. "He is quite dead. It was only the day before yesterday that I warned him that the heart disease was worse. Can you tell me how it happened?"

"Yes, exactly," answered Corona, in a low voice. She was calm enough now. "He came into my room two hours ago, and suddenly, in conversation, he became very angry. Then his anger subsided in a moment, and he fell at my feet."

"It is just as I expected," answered the physician, quietly.

"They always die in this way. I entreat you to be calm — to consider that all men are mortal — "

"I am calm now," interrupted Corona. "I am alone. Will you see that what is necessary is done quickly? I will leave you for a moment. There are people outside."

As she opened the door the gaping crowd of servants slunk out of her way. With bent head she passed between them, and went out into the great reception-rooms, and sat down alone in her grief.

It was genuine, of its kind. The poor man's soul might rest in peace, for she felt the real sorrow at his death which he had longed for, which he had perhaps scarcely dared to hope she would feel. Had it not been real, in those first moments some thought would have crossed her mind — some faint, repressed satisfaction at being free at last — free to marry Giovanni Saracinesca. But it was not so. She did not feel free — she felt alone, intensely alone. She longed for the familiar sound of his querulous voice — for the expression of his thousand little wants and interests; she remembered tenderly his harmless little vanities. She thought of his wig, and she wept. So true it is that what is most ridiculous in life is most sorrowfully pathetic in death. There was not one of the small things about him she did not recall with a pang of regret. It was all over now. His vanity was dead with him; his tender love for her was dead too. It was the only love she had known, until that other love — that dark and stirring passion — had been roused in her. But that did not trouble her now. Perhaps the unconscious sense that henceforth she was free to love whom she pleased had suddenly made insignificant a feeling which had before borne in her mind the terrible name of crime. The struggle for loyalty was no more, but the memory of what she had borne for the dead man made him dearer than before. The follies of his life had been many, but many of them had been for her, and there was the true ring in his last words. "To be young for your sake, Corona — for your sake!" The phrase echoed again and again in her remembrance, and her silent tears flowed afresh. The follies of his life had been many, but to her he had been true. The very violence of his last moments, the tenderness of his passionate appeal for forgiveness, spoke for the honesty of his heart, even though his heart had never been honest before.

She needed never to think again of pleasing him, of helping

him, of foregoing for his sake any intimacy with the world which she might desire. But the thought brought no relief. He had become so much a part of her life that she could not conceive of living without him, and she would miss him at every turn. The new existence before her seemed dismal and empty beyond all expression. She wondered vaguely what she should do with her time. For one moment a strange longing came over her to return to the dear old convent, to lay aside forever her coronet and state, and in a simple garb to do simple and good things to the honor of God.

She roused herself at last, and went to her own rooms, dragging her steps slowly as though weighed down by a heavy burden. She entered the room where he had died, and a cold shudder passed over her. The afternoon sun was streaming through the window upon the writing-table where yet lay the unfinished invitation she had been writing, and upon the plants and the rich ornaments, upon the heavy carpet — the very spot where he had breathed his last word of love and died at her feet.

Upon that spot Corona d'Arstrardente knelt down reverently and prayed, — prayed that she might be forgiven for all her shortcomings to the dear dead man; that she might have strength to bear her sorrow and to honor his memory; above all, that his soul might rest in peace and find forgiveness, and that he might know that she had been truly innocent — she prayed for that too, for she had a dreadful doubt. But surely he knew all now: how she had striven to be loyal, and how truly — yes, how truly — she mourned his death.

At last she rose to her feet, and lingered still a moment, her hands clasped as they had been in her prayer. Glancing down, something glistened on the carpet. She stooped and picked it up. It was her husband's seal-ring, engraven with the ancient arms of the Astrardente. She looked long at the jewel, and then put it upon her finger.

"God give me grace to honor his memory as he would have me honor it," she said, solemnly.

Truly, she had deserved the love the poor old dandy had so deeply felt for her.

SIR EDWARD CREASY.

Creasy, Sir Edward, an English jurist and historian; born at Bexley, in Kent, September 12, 1812; died in London, January 27, 1878. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar in 1837. In 1840 he became Professor of History in the University of London, and in 1860 was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon. Besides many smaller works, one of which was an early volume of "Poems," he wrote "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo" (1851); "History of the Ottoman Turks" (1856); "Rise and Progress of the English Constitution" (1856); "Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire" (1872). He also began a "History of England," which was to be in five volumes; but only two volumes were published (1869–70).

What Constitutes a Decisive Battle.

(From Preface to "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of The World.")

Hallam, speaking of the victory over the Saracens at the battle of Tours, gained by Charles Martel, in 732 A. D., says: "It may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the history of the world in all its subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ with that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. But our concurring in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. . . .

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the

battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged; nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers make me regard the engagement in which they fell as one of paramount importance to mankind. But besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended by circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings and rivet our attention, and which yet appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Greeks and Persians which followed Marathon seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Greek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Platæa had confirmed the superiority of European free states over Oriental despotism. So Ægospotamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama, with respect to Carthage, as compared to the Metaurus; and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary War appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the French Revolution.

The Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C.

(From "The Fifteen Decisive Battles.")

Two thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy, outnumbering them at least ten to one, that lay encamped on the shore beneath them. On the result of their deliberation depended not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization. There were eleven members of that council of war: ten were generals who were then annually elected at Athens, one for each of the local *tribes* into which the Athenians

were divided. Each general led the men of his own tribe, and each was invested with equal military authority. But one of the *archons* was also associated with them in the general command of the army. This magistrate was termed the *Polemarch*, or "War-ruler:" he had the privilege of leading the right wing of the army in battle, and his vote in a council of war was equal to that of any of the generals. The Polemarch for that year was Callimachus. The vote of the generals was equally divided: five being in favor of giving battle, five against it; and Callimachus thus held the casting vote. Among the most earnest of those in favor of battle was Miltiades. He addressed himself to the Polemarch, and urged him to vote for battle. Callimachus was won over; and it was decided to fight. The ten generals waived their rights of taking chief command, each for a day when his turn came, and agreed to act under the orders of Miltiades. He, however, waited until the day came when the command would have devolved upon him in regular course. . . .

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it on the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle; but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in the spring and summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman; but are commonly flooded with rain, and so rendered impracticable for cavalry, in the autumn — the time of year at which the action took place. The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle when he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis, the

Persian commander, were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

On the afternoon of a September day Miltiades gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. According to the old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility exerted to the very utmost. The Polemarch, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy-armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commmonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practical ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying if broken; and on strengthening his wings, so as to insure advantage at these points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells

us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your father's gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All — all — are now staked upon the strife!"

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain-foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuve against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down upon them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the various races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general. They were familiar with victory; and, in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the targets, the short lances and scimetars of the Orientals offered a weak defence. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave

resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meantime the Greeks wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their light wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage, with their shorter and feebler weapons, against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearsmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of ten or twelve, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the spears of the phalanx, and to bring their scimetars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled; and the Greeks followed, striking them down to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians

attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave Polemarch, Callimachus, the general, Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired, but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find Athens unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium, and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

The number of the Persian dead was 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been very large. The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenians slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulchre in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot—one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of

liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity, "the Fighters at Marathon," repose.

Consequences of the American Victory at Saratoga, 1777.

It would be impossible to describe the transports of joy which the news of this victory excited among Americans. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European Powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves." The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga by Burgoyne, and of his victorious march toward Albany — events which seemed decisive in favor of the English — instructions had been immediately despatched to Nantes and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity: as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of sea. The American Commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French Government, and they even attempted to open communications with the British Ministry. But the British Government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation.

PROSPER JOLYOT DE CRÉBILLON.

Crébillon, Prosper Jolyot de, French tragic poet, was born in Dijon, in 1674; died at Paris, June 17, 1762. He was educated at the Jesuit school of his native town and at the Collège Mazarin. After leaving college he began the study of law with Prieur, an advocate at Paris, said to be a friend of Scarron. Prieur, thinking he saw in Crébillon promise of great poetic talent, persuaded him to try his skill in tragedy, and he brought out the play "Mort des Enfants de Brutus." But it was so severely criticised by the actors that he destroyed it and abandoned all thought of writing for the stage. Prieur, whose faith in him was not shaken, prevailed upon him to try again, and in 1705 he reproduced "Idoménée." This play was not at first entirely satisfactory, but, after some alterations, it became a success. In 1707 "Atrée et Thyeste" appeared, "Electre" in 1709, and in 1711 his masterpiece, "Rhadamiste et Zénobie." "Xerxes" followed in 1714, and "Sémiramis" in 1717. Of these last two plays, "Xerxes" was played but once, and "Sémiramis" was certainly not a success. "Pyrrhus" was brought out in 1726. This was better received than "Xerxes" or "Sémiramis."

After the production of "Pyrrhus," Crébillon wrote nothing more for twenty years. His next tragedy after "Pyrrhus" was "Catilina," and this was produced in 1748. "Le Triumvirat," his last play, produced when he was eighty years of age, was only fairly successful. He left an unfinished play.

The Reconciliation.

(From "Rhadamistus and Zenobia.")

Zenobia. My lord, a hapless woman
Whom Fate has fastened to a tryant's yoke, —
Dare she appeal, disgraced in chains of bondage,
To Romans, masters of the universe?
Ah! yet indeed what better part to play,
For these same masters of the universe,
Than to relieve my great misfortunes? Heaven,
That to their august laws subjected all —

RHADAMISTUS. What do I see? Ah, wretched man! Those features —
That voice — Just gods! what sight do ye present
Before mine eyes?
ZENOBIA. How comes it that your soul,
My gracious lord, so stirs at sight of me?
RHADAMISTUS. Had not my hand deprived of life —
ZENOBIA. What is it
I see and hear in turn? Sad recollection!
I tremble, shudder! Where and what am I?
My strength fast leaves me. Ah, my lord, dispel
My terror and confusion. All my blood
Runs cold to my heart's core.
RHADAMISTUS. Ah me! the passion
That fills my being leaves no further doubt.
Hast thou, my hand, achieved but half thy crime?
Victim of man's conspiring cruelty,
Sad object of a jealous desperate love
Swept on by rage to fiercest violence, —
After such storm of madness, frenzy, fury —
Zenobia, is it thou?
ZENOBIA. Zenobia!
Ah, gods! O Rhadamistus, thou my husband,
Cruel but yet beloved — after trials
So many and so bitter, is it thou?
RHADAMISTUS. Can it be possible thine eyes refuse
To recognize him? Yes, I am that monster,
That heart inhuman; yes! I am that traitor,
That murderous husband! Would to highest Heaven
That when to-day he stood unknown before thee,
Forgetting him, thou hadst forgot his crimes!
O gods! who to my mortal grief restore her,
Why could ye not return to her a husband
Worthy herself? What happy fate befalls me,
That Heaven, touched to pity by my torments
Of sharp regret, hath granted me to gaze
Once more upon such charms? But yet — alas!
Can it be, too, that at my father's court
I find a wife so dear weighed down with chains?
Gods! have I not bewailed my crimes enow,
That ye afflict my vision with this sight?
O all too gentle victim of despair
Like mine! How all I see but fills afresh
The measure of thy husband's guilt! — How now:
Thou weepest!

ZENOBIA. Wherefore, thou unhappy being,
Should I not weep, in such a fateful hour?
Ah, cruel one! would Heaven, thy hand of hatred
Had only sought to snatch Zenobia's life!
Then would my heart, unstirred to depths of anger
At sight of thee, beat quickly on beholding
My husband; then would love, to honor lifted
By rage of jealousy, replace thy wife
Within thine arms, fresh filled with happiness.
Yet think not that I feel for thee no pity,
Or turn from thee with loathing.

RHADAMISTUS. Ye great gods!
Far from reproaches such as should o'erwhelm me,
It is Zenobia who fears to hate me,
And justifies herself! Ah, punish me,
Rather than this; for in such fatal kindness,
Such free forgiveness, I am made to taste
Of mine own cruelty! Spare not my blood,
Dear object of my love! be just; deprive me
Of such a bliss as seeing thee again!

[*He falls at her feet.*

Must I, to urge thee, clasp thy very knees?
Remember what the price, and whose the blood,
That sealed me as thy spouse! All, even my love,
Demands that I should perish. To leave crime
Unpunished is to share the culprit's guilt.
Strike! but remember — in my wildest fury
Never wast thou cast down from thy high place
Within my heart; remember, if repentance
Could stand for innocence, I need no longer
Rouse thee to hatred, move thee to revenge.
Ay! and remember too, despite the rage
Which well I know must swell within thy soul,
My greatest passion was my love for thee.

ZENOBIA. Arise! it is too much. Since I forgive thee
What profit in regrets? The gods, believe me,
Deny to us the power of wreaking vengeance
On enemies so dear. But name the land
Where thou wouldst dwell, and I will follow thee
Whithersoe'er thou wilt. Speak! I am ready
To follow, from this moment forth, forever,
Assured that such remorse as fills thy heart
Springs from thy virtues, more than thy misfortune;
And happy, if Zenobia's love for thee
Could some day serve as pattern to Armenia,

Make her like me thy willing, loyal subject,
And teach her, if no more, to know her duty!

RHADAMISTUS. Great Heaven! can it be that lawful bonds
Unite such virtues to so many crimes?
That Hymen to a madman's lot should link
The fairest, the most perfect of all creatures
To whom the gods gave life? Canst look upon me
After a father's death? My outrages,
My brother's love — that prince so great and generous —
Can they not make thee hate a hapless husband?
And I may tell myself, since thou disdainest
The proffered vows of virtuous Arsames,
Thou to his passion turn'st a heart of ice?
What words are these? too happy might I live
To-day, if duty in that noble heart
Might take for me the place of love!

ZENOBIA. Ah, quiet
Within thy soul the groundless doubts that fill it;
Or hide at least thy unworthy jealousy!
Remember that a heart that can forgive thee
Is not a heart to doubt, — no, Rhadamistus,
Not without crime!

RHADAMISTUS. O thou dear wife, forgive me
My fatal love; forgive me those suspicions
Which my whole heart abhors. The more unworthy
Thy inhuman spouse, the less should thy displeasure
Visit his unjust fears. O dear Zenobia!
Give me thy heart and hand again, and deign
To follow me this day to fair Armenia.
Cæsar hath o'er that province made me monarch:
Come! and behold me henceforth blot my crimes
From thy remembrance with a list of virtues.
Come, here is Hiero, a faithful subject,
Whose zeal we trust to cover o'er our flight.
Soon as the night has veiled the staring sky,
Assured that thou shalt see my face again,
Come and await me in this place. Farewell!
Let us not linger till a barbarous foe,
When Heaven has reunited us, shall part us
Again forever. O ye gods, who gave her
Back to my arms in answer to my longings,
Deign, deign to give to me a heart deserving
Your goodness!

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT.

Crockett, Samuel Rutherford, a Scottish divine and novelist, was born at Little Duchrae, Galloway, in 1859. He was educated at the Edinburgh University; and after making the tour of Europe as travelling tutor he was ordained a minister of the Free Church of Scotland in 1885. Meantime he had published a book of poems entitled "Dulce Cor;" and during his pastorate at Penicuik, which he resigned in 1894 to devote himself entirely to literature, he contributed many short stories and sketches to the newpapers and magazines. A number of tales of Scotch life appeared thus in "The Christian Leader," and were afterward collected into a volume under the title "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men" (1893). This was followed by, in 1894, "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Play Actress," and "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills." In 1895 appeared "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," "The Men of the Moss-Hags," and "A Galloway Herd."

The Progress of Cleg Kelly, Mission Worker.

(From "The Stickit Minister.")

Inquiring friends request the latest news of Mr. C. Kelly, of the "Sooth Back." We are most happy to supply them, for Cleg is a favorite of our own. Since we revealed how he began to become a Christian, Cleg has felt himself more or less of a public character; but he is modest, and for several weeks has kept out of our way, apparently lest he should be put into another book. A too appreciative superintendent unfortunately read the plain little story of Cleg's gallant knight-errantry to the senior division of his sometime school, and Cleg blushed to find himself famous. Consequently he left Hunker Court for good. But for all that he is secretly pleased to be in a book, and having received our most fervent assurance that he will not be made into a "tract," he has signified that he is appeased, and that no legal proceedings will be taken. Cleg does not so much mind a book, a book is respectable; but he draws the line at

tracts. He says that he is "doon on them tracks." Even as a reformed character they raise the old Adam in him. A good lady, sweeping by in her carriage the other day, threw one graciously to the ragged lad, who was standing in a moment of meditation pirouetting his cap on the point of his boot, half for the pleasure of seeing that he had actually a boot upon his foot, and half to intimate to all concerned that he has not become proud and haughty because of the fact. The good lady was much surprised by that small boy's action, and has a poorer opinion than ever of the "lower orders."

She is now sure that there must be some very careful grading in heaven before it can be a comfortable place of permanent residence. Her idea of doing good has always been to go through the houses of the poor with the gracious hauteur of a visitant from another and a better world, and to scatter broadcast largess of tracts and good advice. The most pleasant way of doing this, she finds, is from a carriage, for some of the indigent have a way of saying most unpleasant things; but a pair of spanking bays can sweep away from all expressions of opinion. Besides, tracts delivered in this way bring with them a sense of proper inferiority as coming from one who would say, "There, take that, you poor wicked people, and may it do you good!" Cleg Kelly was "again' tracks." But after a single moment of stupefied surprise that this woman should insult him, he rushed for the tract. The lady smiled at his eagerness, and pointed out to her companion, a poor lady whose duty it was to agree with her mistress, the eager twinkling eyes and flushed face of Cleg as he pursued the bays. Cleg at short distances could beat any pair of horses in Edinburgh. He had not raced with bobbies and fire-engines for nothing. He was in fine training, and just as the carriage slackened to turn past the immense conglomerate castle which guards the St. Leonard's Park entrance, Cleg shot up to the side at which his benefactor sat. He swiftly handed her a parcel, and so vanished from the face of the earth. There is no safer hiding-place than the coal-wagons, full and empty, that stand in thousands just over the wall. The good lady opened the little parcel with her usual complaisance. It was her own tract, and it contained a small selection of articles — the staple product, indeed, of the Pleasance ash-backets — *imprimis*, one egg-shell filled with herring bones, *item* — a cabbage top in fine gamey condition, the head of a rat some time deceased, and the tail of some other animal so worn by age as to

make identification uncertain. On the top lay the dirtiest of all scrawls. It said, "*With thanks for yer traks.*" The lady fell back on her cushions so heavily that the C springs creaked, and the poor companion groped frantically for the smelling-bottle. She knew that she would have a dreadful time of it that night; but her mistress has resolved that she will distribute no more tracts from her carriage. The lower orders may just be left to perish. Their blood be on their own heads; she has once and for all washed her hands of them.

Many people may be of opinion that Cleg Kelly, judging by his first exploit this Friday morning of which we speak, had not advanced very far along the narrow way of righteousness; but this was not Cleg's own opinion. He felt that he had done a good deed, and he said within himself, "Them ould women dae mair ill wi' their tracks than twa penny gaffs an' a side-show!"

Then Cleg Kelly went on to his next business. It had to do with keeping the fifth commandment. He had heard about it the Sunday before, not at the forsaken Hunker Court, but at a little class for boys at the foot of the Pleasance, in a court there, which his teacher, Miss Celie Tennant, was organizing for lads of Cleg's age or a little older. It was a daring undertaking for one so young, and all her friends tried to stop her, and called it foolhardy; but Celie Tennant, being, as Cleg admiringly said, "no' big, but most michty plucky," had found out her power in managing the most rebellious larrikins that walked on hobnails. Moreover, the work had sought her, not she it. Her praises had been so constantly chanted by Cleg that she had been asked to take pity on a number of the "Sooth Back gang," and have a class for them in the evenings. It was manifestly impossible to receive such a number of wild loons at Hunker Court. They were every one upon terms of open war with the Gifford Park train-bands; and had a couple of them shown their faces in the neighborhood at any hour of the day or night, the "Cooee-EE" of the Park would have sounded, and fists and brick-bats would have been going in a couple of shakes. Clearly, then, as they could not come to her without breaking her Majesty's peace, it was her duty to go to them. To do them justice, they were quite willing to risk it; but Celie felt that it would hardly be doing herself justice to sow her seed so very near to the fowls of the air. So Cleg proudly took his friend down to the "Sooth Back," where there was a kind-hearted watchman who had occasionally let Cleg sleep in

some warm place about the "works" at which he was on night duty. To him Miss Tennant was introduced, and by him was taken into the presence of the junior partner, who was sitting in a very easy attitude indeed, with his back against his desk, and balancing himself precariously on one leg of a stool. He effected a descent successfully, and blushed becomingly, for he was a very junior partner indeed, and he had more than once met Miss Tennant at a West-end evening party. But when Miss Celie, infinitely self-possessed, stated her business in clear-cut accents of maidenly reserve, the Very Junior Partner instantly manifested almost too great an interest in the concern, and offered the use of a disused store-room where there was a good fireplace.

"I shall see to it, Miss Tennant," he said, "that there is a fire for you there whenever you wish to use the room."

"Thank you, Mr. Iverach," returned Celie, with just the proper amount of gratitude, "but I would not dream of troubling you. One of my boys will do that."

The Very Junior would have liked to say that he did not consider it quite the thing for a young lady to be in the purlieus of the "Sooth Back" after nightfall. Indeed, he would have been glad to offer his escort; but he did not say so, for he was a very nice Junior Partner indeed, and his ingenuous blush was worth a fortune to him as a certificate of character. He therefore contented himself with saying: —

"If there is anything that I can do for you, you will always be good enough to let me know."

Celie Tennant thanked him, and gave him her hand. He came as far as the street with her, but did not offer to see her home. He was no fool, though so Very Junior a Partner.

Celie Tennant established her night-school in the Sooth Back with Cleg Kelly as her man Friday. Cleg showed at once a great faculty for organization, and he added the function of police to his other duties. On the principle of "Set a thief," etc., he ought to have made the best of policemen, and so he did. He was not by any means the biggest or the heaviest, but he had far more wild-cat in him than any of his mates. Once he had taken the gully on the Salisbury Crags on his way to safety, when he was too much pressed by force of circumstances to go round the ordinary way; and it was quite an everyday habit of his to call upon his friends by way of the roof and the skylights therein.

Celie Tennant was opening her night-school this Friday evening, and Cleg Kelly was on his way thither to get the key from the porter, his good friend at most times. He knew where there was an old soap-box which would make rare kindling, and he had a paraffin cask also in his mind, though as yet he had not made any inquiries as to the ownership of this latter. On his way he rushed up to the seldom-visited garret that was the domicile of his parent, Mr. Timothy Kelly, when he came out of gaol. During these intervals Cleg withdrew himself from night quarters, only occasionally reconnoitring the vicinity, if he wanted any of his hid treasures very keenly. He had as many as twenty "hidie-holes" in the floor, walls, eaves, and roof of the wretched dwelling that was his only home. Some of these his father frequently broke into, and scattered his poor horde, confiscating the coppers, and sending the other valuables through the glassless windows, but on the whole Cleg could beat his parent at the game of hide-and-seek. When the evening came, however, Cleg hovered in the neighborhood till he saw whether his father went straight from his lair, growling and grumbling, to Hare's Public, or remained in bed on the floor with certain curious implements around him. If the latter were the case, Cleg vanished, and was seen no more in the neighborhood for some days, because he knew well that his father was again qualifying for her Majesty's hospitality, and that was a business he always declined to be mixed up in. He knew that his father would in all probability be "lagged" by the morrow's morn. Cleg hoped that he would be, and the longer sentence his father got, the better pleased his son was. Once when Timothy Kelly got six months for house-breaking, a small boy was ignominiously expelled from the back benches of the court for saying, "Hip, Hooray." It was Cleg. His father, however, heard, and belted him for it unmercifully when he came out, saying between every stroke and bound, "Take that, ye sorra! Was it for this I brought yez up, ye spalpeen o' the worrld? An' me at all the trubble an' expinse av yer rearin'—you to cry 'hooroosh' when yer own father got a sixer in quod. Be me conscience an' sleeve-buttons, but I 'd be dooin' my duty but poorly by Father Brady an' the Tin Commandments if I did n't correct yez!"

So nobody could say that Cleg was not well brought up.

If, however, Cleg saw his father take the straight road for

the Public, he knew that there was still a shot in the old man's locker, and that there were enough of the "shiners for another booze," as it was expressed classically in these parts. He betook himself to his own devices, therefore, till closing time; but about eleven o'clock he began to haunt the vicinity of Hare's, and to peep within whenever the door opened. On one occasion he opened the door himself, and nearly got his head broken with the pound weight that came towards it. They did not stand on ceremony with small boys in that beershop. They knocked them down, and then inquired their errand afterwards. The landlord came from Jedburgh.

When his father came out of the Public, Cleg saw him home in original fashion. He had a curiously shaped stick which he employed on these occasions. It was the fork of a tree that he had got from a very kind builder of the neighborhood whose name was Younger. This stick was only produced at such times, and the police of the district, men with children of their own, and a kindly blind eye towards Cleg's ploys (when not too outrageous), did not interfere with his manifestations of filial piety. Indeed, it was none such a pleasant job to take Tim Kelly to the lock-up, even with "The Twist" on him, and Cleg harassing the official rear with his crooked stick. So they generally let the father and son alone, though every now and then some energetic young man, new to the district, interfered. He did it just once.

Having seen his father safely into Hare's, Cleg went down the Pleasance with a skip and a jump to light his fire. He found another boy haling off his soap-box. Cleg threw a "paver" to halt him, much as a privateer throws a shot athwart the bows of a prize as a signal to slacken speed. The boy turned instantly, but seeing Cleg coming with the swiftness of the wind, and his conscience telling him that he could make good no claim to the soap-box; knowing, moreover, that Cleg Kelly could "lick him into shivereens," he abandoned his prize and took to his heels, pausing at a safe distance to bandy epithets and information as to ancestors with Cleg. But Cleg marched off without a word, which annoyed the other boy much more than the loss of the box. That was the fortune of war, but what would happen if Cleg Kelly took to getting proud? He stood a moment in thought. A light broke on him. Cleg had a pair of boots with a shine on them. He had it. That was the reason of this aristocratic reserve.

The lads who came to the class first that night were few and evil. The bulk of the better boys were working in shoe factories in the suburbs, and could not get there at seven. That was a full hour too early for them, and the lads who arrived were there simply "on for a lark." But they did not know Miss Cecilia Tennant, and they had reckoned without Mr. C. Kelly, who had resolved that he would be hawk to their larks. The half-dozen louts sat lowering and leering in the neat and clean storeroom in which the Very Young Partner, Mr. Donald Iverach, had arranged with his own hand a chair, a table, and a good many forms, which he had been at the expense of sending the porter to buy from the founder of a bankrupt sect who lately had had a meeting-house left on his hands. The Very Youngest was prepared to say that he had "found" these lying about the premises, had he been questioned about the matter. And so he had, but the porter had put them there first. But Celie Tennant took what the gods had sent her, and asked no questions; though, not being simpler than other young women of her determination of character, she had her own ideas as to where they came from. Celie asked the company to stand up as she entered, which with some nudging and shuffling they did, whereupon she astounded them by shaking hands with them. This set them rather on their beam-ends for a moment, and they did not recover any power for mischief till Celie asked them to close their eyes during prayer. Standing up at her desk, she folded her little hands and closed her own eyes to ask the God whom she tried to serve (surely a different God from the one whom the tract-scattering woman worshipped) to aid her and help the lads. Cleg Kelly watched her with adoring eyes. He had heard of the angels. She had often told him about them, but he privately backed his teacher against the best of them. When Celie opened her eyes no one was visible save Cleg, who stood with his eyes aflame. The class had vanished.

"The dirty bliggards," said Cleg, the tongue of his father coming back to him in his excitement; "I 'll bring them up to the scratch by the scruff av their impident necks!"

So he darted underneath the forms, and shortly reappeared with a couple of much bigger boys clinging on to him, and belaboring him with all their might. Wresting himself clear for a moment, Cleg dashed up the green blind which covered the small single-pane window in the gable, and turned to bay.

The two whom he had brought up from the depths made a dash at him as he passed, overturned the teacher's table in their eagerness to prevent him from getting to the door; but it was not the door that Cleg wanted to reach. It was his crook, which he had cunningly hitched to the back of the teacher's chair. With that he turned valiantly to bay, making the table a kind of fortification.

"Sit down, Miss," he said, reassuringly; "I'll do for them, shure."

At this moment the outer door opened, and his friend, the night-watchman, arrived armed with a formidable stick, the sight of which, and the knowledge that they were trapped, took all the tucker out of these very cowardly young men.

"It was only a bit of fun, Cleg!" they whined.

"Get out av this!" shouted Cleg, dancing in his fury; and out of this they got, the watchman's stick doing its duty as they passed, and his dog hanging determinedly on to their ankles.

. . . . . .

On his return to the yard, Cleg Kelly found that his day's work was not yet done. One of his special chums came to tell him that "Hole i' the Wa'," the biggest of the louts first expelled, was thirsting for his blood, and had dared him to fight that very night. Now, had Cleg been more advanced in reformation, he would of course have refused, and given his voice for peace; but then, you see, he was only a beginner. He sent his friend to tell "Hole i' the Wa'" that he would wait for him in the "Polissman's Yard." This was a court at the back of a police station in the vicinity, which could only be entered by a low "pend" or vaulted passage, though commanded from above by the high windows of the station-house. It had long been a great idea of Cleg's to have a battle royal under the very nose of the constituted authority of the city. Thither he resorted, and in a little a crowd of his friends and his foes followed him, all protesting that he could not mean to fight fair so near to the "bobbies'" abode. But Cleg unfolded his scheme, which instantly placed him on the giddy apex of popularity. He got them to roll a heavy barrel which stood in one corner of the yard into the "pend," which it almost completely blocked up, and he himself fixed it in position with some of the great iron curved shods which the lorrymen used to stop their coal wagons on the steep streets of the south-

side. It stood so firm that nothing short of dynamite could have shifted it.

The fight proceeded, but into its details we need not enter. It was truly Homeric. Cleg flirted here and there like the active insect from which he got his name, and stung wherever he could get an opening. The shouts of the spectators might have been heard in that still place for the better part of a mile, and in a few minutes all the police who were on duty were thundering on the barrel, and all those who had been in bed manned the windows in dishabille, and threatened the combatants and spectators by name.

Cleg Kelly, dancing ever more wildly round his adversary, revolving his fists like the spokes of a bicycle, shouted defiance.

"Come on, Hole," he cried, "ye 're no' worth a buckie at fechtin!" and as he circled near the "pend," and heard the heaves of the laboring officers of justice, he called out: "You, Langshanks, cast yer coat an' crawl through the bung; ye micht ken that the sergeant 's ower fat. Hae ye nae sense?"

There was laughter aloft in the station windows. But somebody at the outside had brought a sledge hammer, and at the first blow the barrel resolved itself into its component staves, and the police tumbled in, falling headlong over Cleg's wagon clamps.

Then there was a wild scurry of the lads up the piles of casks and rubbish at the back of the yard, and over the outhouses and roofs. Cleg was not first in getting away, but he had studied the locality, and he had his plans cut and dried. He would have been ashamed to have been caught now that he was on his way to be a reformed character. In half an hour he was waiting with crooked stick to "boost" his father home when he was duly cast out of Hare's Public at the stroke of eleven as the completed produce of that establishment.

So in due time, and with many hard words from Timothy, they neared the den which they called home. At the foot of the long stair Timothy Kelly lay down with the grunt of a hog, and refused to move or speak. He would arise for no punchings, however artistic, with the knobbiest portions of the stick, and Cleg paused, for the first time that day, almost in despair. A policeman came round the corner, flashing the light of his bull's-eye right and left. Cleg's heart stood still. It was the lengthy officer whom he had called "Langshanks," and invited to come through the bung. He feared that he was

too kenspeckle to escape. He went over to him, and taking a tug at his hair, which meant manners, said:—

"Please, officer, will ye gie me a lift up the stair wi' my father?"

The policeman whistled a long, low whistle, and laughed.

"Officer!" says he, "Officer! Be the powers, 't was 'Langshanks' ye called me the last time, ye thief o' the wurrld!" said the man, who was of national kin to Cleg.

So they twain helped their compatriot unsteadily to his den at the head of the stairs.

"Ye 're the cheekiest young shaver I ivver saw," said Longshanks, admiringly, as he turned away; "but there 's some good in yez!"

Cleg Kelly locked the door on the outside, said his prayers like the reformed character that he was, and laid him down on the mat to sleep the sleep of the just. The Junior Partner always saw Miss Tennant home after this. He calls her "Celie" now. She has been meaning to tell him for the last month that he must not do so any more.

The Candid Friend.

The lamp had long been lighted in the manse of Dule — that is, the lamp in the minister's study. The one belonging to the sitting-room was not yet brought in, for the mistress of the manse was teaching the bairns their evening lesson, and the murmur of her voice, broken into by the high treble of children's questions, came fitfully to the minister as he ploughed his way through *Thirdly*. He smiled as he heard the intermittent din, and once he moved as if to leave his work to itself and go into the other room; but a glance at the expanse of unfilled paper changed his purpose, and he proceeded with his dark spider tracks across the white sheet. Men who write chiefly for their own reading write badly — ministers worst of all. The wind was blowing a hurricane about the manse of Dule. The bare branches of the straggling poplars that bordered the walk whipped the window of the study, and the rain volleyed against the panes in single drops the size of shillings. The minister put a lump of coal on the fire, pausing a long time before he put it on, finally letting it drop with a bang as the uncertain joints of the spindle-legged tongs gave way diagonally. 'T is a way that tongs have, and the minister seemed to feel it, for he

said emphatically, "No; that *will* not do!" But he was referring to *Thirdly*. So he lay back for a long time and cogitated an illustration. Then he took a book of reference down from the shelf, which proved so interesting that he continued to read long after he had passed the limit at which all information germane to his subject ceased. It was another way he had, and he excused the habit to himself by saying that doubtless in this way he gained a good deal of information.

Then to the window there came a roaring gust which bent the frame and thundered among the fir trees at the gable end as if it would have them all down before the morning. The minister hoped that there would be no poor outcast homeless on such a night, and as a sort of *per contra* he remembered that no one could possibly come to interrupt him this evening at least, and that he might even finish one sermon and get well under way with the other.

At this moment he heard the squeak of the bell wire that told him that a visitor was at the outer door. Some Solomon of an architect or bell-hanger had made the bell wire pass through the study on its way to the kitchen, and so the minister was warned of the chance comer while his feet were yet on the threshold. The student under the lamp sighed, lay back in his chair, and waited. He almost prayed that it might merely be a message; but no — the sound of shuffling feet. It was somebody coming in.

There was a knock at the study door, and then the voice of the faithful Marget, saying: —

"Maister Tammas Partan to see ye, sir."

She said this with great distinctness, for the minister had once checked her for saying, "Here 's Tammas Partan!" which was what she longed to say to this day.

"How are you to-night, Thomas?" asked the minister. He tried hard to say, "I 'm glad to see you," but could not manage it, for even a minister has a conscience. Mr. Partan's feet left two muddy marks side by side across the carpet. He made a conscience of stepping over two mats on his way in. This helped (among other things) to make him a popular visitor at the manse.

"Thank you, minister; I 'm no' that unco weel."

"Then are you sure that you should be out such a night?" said the minister, anxious for the welfare of his parishioner.

"But, as ye say yersel', Maister Girmory, 'When duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.'"

The minister's heart sank within him, as a stone sinks in a deep lake, for he knew that the "candid friend" had found him out once more — and that his tenderest mercies were cruel. But he kept a discreet and resigned silence. If the minister had a fault, said his friends, it was that he was too quiet.

"Weel, minister," said Tammas Partan, "I just cam' up my ways the nicht to see ye, and tell ye what the folk were sayin'. I wadna be a frien' till ye gin I didna. Faithfu', ye ken, are the wounds of a friend!"

The minister looked at the fire. He was not a man inclined to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, and he knew that before Tammas Partan had done with his recital he would be too upset to continue with his Sabbath morning's sermon on "The Fruits of the Spirit," at least for that night. It was not the first time that Tammas had "thocht it his duty" to come in at the critical moment and introduce some sand into the bearings. Had the minister been a stronger or a more emphatic man, he would have told his visitor that he did not want to hear his stories, or at least he would have so received them that they would not have been told a second time. But the minister of Dule was acutely sensitive to blame, and the pain of a cruel word or an intentional slight would keep him sleepless for nights. It is in such parishes as Dule that "Tammas Partans" thrive. He had just tried it once with Mr. Girmory's predecessor, one of the grand old school of farmer clerics now almost extinct. Tammas Partan had once at a Fast Day service on the Thursday before the Sacrament Day, risen to his feet and said to old Mr. M'Gowl, who was standing among his elders ready for the distribution of tokens: —

"Remember the young communicants!"

"Remember your own business!" returned Mr. M'Gowl, instantly, at the same time giving the officious interrupter a sounding "cuff" on the side of the head.

After which Tammas, feeling that his occupation was gone, joined himself to the sect of the Apostolic Brethren, at that time making a stir in the neighborhood, with whom he was just six weeks in communion till they arose in a body and cast him out of the synagogue. So he had been houseless and homeless spiritually till Mr. Girmory came, when Tammas, seeing him to be a man after his own heart, returned back gladly to his old nest.

"They are sayin' that there 's no' enough life in yer sermons,

minister — *nae grup*, so to speak, kind o' wambly an' cauldrife. Noo, that's no' a faut that I wad like to fin' mysel', but that's what they're sayin', and I thocht it my duty to tell ye."

"Also Gashmu saith it!" said the minister.

"What did ye say? Na, it wasna him; it was Rab Flint, the quarryman, and Andrew Banks of Carsewall, that said it — I dinna ken the party that ye name."

"Ay," said the minister.

"An' Lame Sandy, the soutar, thocht that there was an awesome lack o' speerituality in yer discoorse the Sabbath afore last. He asked, 'Hoo could ony minister look for a blessin' efter playin' a hale efternune at the Channel-stanes wi' a' the riff-raff o' the neeborhood?'"

"Were ye not there yersel', Thomas?" queried the minister, quietly, wondering how long this was going to last.

"Ou ay; I'm far frae denyin' it — but it's no' my ain opeenions I'm giein' till ye. I wadna presume to do that; but it's the talk o' the pairish. An' there's Gilbert Loan's auntie; she has been troubled wi' a kin' o' dwaminess in her inside for near three weeks, an' ye've gane by the door mair nor yince, an' never looked the road she was on, sae Gilbert an' a' his folk are thinkin' o' leavin' the kirk."

"But I never heard of it till this minute!" protested the minister, touched at last on a tender spot. "Why did they not send me word?"

"Weel, minister, Gilbert said to me that if ye nad nae better ken o' yer fowk than no' to miss them three Sabbaths oot o' the back gallery, they werena gaun to bemean themsel's to sen' ye nae word."

The minister could just see over the pulpit cushion as far as the bald spot on the precentor's head, but he said nothing.

At this point there was a diversion, for the minister's wife came in. She was not tall in stature, but to Tammas she loomed up now like a Jael among women. The minister rose to give her a seat, but she had not come to sit down.

"Now, I would have you understand once for all, Tammas Partan," she began — ("Weel dune the mistress!" said Marget, low to herself, behind the door) — "that we have had more than enough of this! I've heard every word ye've said to Mr. Girmory, for the door was left open" — ("I saw to that mysel'," said Marget) — "and I want you to carry no more parish clashes into my house."

"Hush, hush! my dear; Tammas means well!" said the minister, deprecatingly.

But the belligerent little woman did not hear, or at any rate did not heed, for she continued addressing herself directly to Tammas, who sat on the low chair as if he had been dropped there unexpectedly from a great height.

"Take for granted," she said, "that whatever is for the minister's good to hear, that he'll hear without your assistance. And you can tell your friends, Rob Flint and Andrew Banks, that if they were earlier out of the "Red Lion" on Saturday night, and earlier up on the Sabbath morning, they would maybe be able to appreciate the sermon better; and ye can tell Lame Sandy, the soutar, that when he stops wearing his wife into the grave with his ill tongue, he may have some right to find fault with the minister for an afternoon on the ice. And as for Gilbert Loan's auntie, just ask her if she let the doctor hear about her trouble, or if she expects him to look in and ask her if there's anything the matter with her little finger every time he passes her door!"

She paused for breath.

"I think I'll hae to be gaun; it's a coorse nicht!" said the Object on the chair, staggering to its feet.

"Now, Thomas, no offence is meant, and I hope you'll remember that I'm only speaking for your good," said the minister's wife, taking a parting shot at a venture, and scoring a bull's-eye.

"Guid-nicht, Tammas Partan," said Marget, as she closed the door. "Haste ye back again."

But Tammas has not yet revisited the manse of Dule.

GEORGE CROLY.

Croly, George, a British clergyman, poet, and novelist; born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1780; died in London in 1860. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; went to London, where he became noted as an eloquent preacher, and about 1833 was presented to the rectorship of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London. Croly's literary activity was very great for many years, up nearly to the close of his active life. Besides Sermons and other writings of a strictly professional character, he wrote numerous Poems; "Pride shall have a Fall," a comedy; "Catiline," a tragedy (1825); "Personal History of George IV." (1830); "Political Life of Burke" (1840); "Historical Sketches" (1842). He wrote three novels: "Salathiel" (1827); "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," and "Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman" (1846).

The Lily of the Valley.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
  Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
  An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou 'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,
  The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
  To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

Jacob's Dream.

[*A Painting by Washington Allston.*]

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
  That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
  Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
  Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.

Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air: —
The summit gained, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered. Darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills: a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempests gathered round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard — a choir of golden strings,
Low winds whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot wheels — the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
It thunders: — the resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like Cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command.
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea;
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given, whom angels long to see;
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS.

Cummins, Maria Susanna, an American novelist, was born at Salem, Mass., April 9, 1827; died at Dorchester, October 1, 1866. She was educated at Lenox, and turned her attention to literature very early in life. In 1854 she issued her first novel, "The Lamplighter," the work upon which her literary fame chiefly rests. So great was the popularity of this book that in eight weeks no less than 40,000 copies were sold, nor did the furor cease until the sale had reached 119,000 copies. "Mabel Vaughn," a novel, appeared in 1857. "El Fureidis," a story of the East, was published in 1860; and "Haunted Hearts" in 1863. In 1856 a German translation of "The Lamplighter" was published at Leipsic; and in France two translations appeared: "L'Allumeur de Réverbères" and "Gerty" — the latter version named from the heroine.

Light in Darkness.[1]

(From "The Lamplighter.")

It was growing dark in the city. Out in the open country it would be light for half an hour or more; but in the streets it was already dusk. Upon the wooden doorstep of a low-roofed, dark, and unwholesome-looking house, sat a little girl, earnestly gazing up the street. The house-door behind her was close to the sidewalk; and the step on which she sat was so low that her little unshod feet rested on the cold bricks. It was a chilly evening in November, and a light fall of snow had made the narrow streets and dark lanes dirtier and more cheerless than ever.

Many people were passing, but no one noticed the little girl, for no one in the world cared for her. She was clad in the poorest of garments; her hair was long, thick, and uncombed, and her complexion was sallow, and her whole appearance was unhealthy. She had fine dark eyes; but so large did they seem, in contrast to her thin, puny face that they increased its peculiarity without increasing its beauty. Had she had a mother

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

(which, alas! she had not), those friendly eyes would have found something in her to praise. But the poor little thing was told, a dozen times a day, that she was the worst-looking child in the world, and the worst-behaved. No one loved her, and she loved no one; no one tried to make her happy, or cared whether she was so. She was but eight years old, and alone in the world.

She loved to watch for the coming of the old man who lit the street-lamp in front of the house where she lived; to see his bright torch flicker in the wind; and then when he so quickly ran up his ladder, lit the lamp, and made the place cheerful, a gleam of joy was shed on a little desolate heart, to which gladness was a stranger; and though he had never seemed to see, and had never spoken to her, she felt, as she watched for the old lamplighter, as if he were a friend.

"Gerty," exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk?"

The child made no answer, but gliding off the doorstep, ran quickly round the corner of the house, and hid a little out of sight. "What's become of that child?" said the woman who spoke, and who now showed herself at the door.

A boy who was passing, and had seen Gerty run, and who looked upon her as a spirit of evil, laughed aloud, pointed to the corner which concealed her, and walking off with his head over his shoulders, to see what would happen next, said to himself, "She'll catch it!"

Gerty was dragged from her hiding-place, and with one blow for her ugliness and another for her impudence (for she was making faces at Nan Grant), was despatched down a neighboring alley for the milk.

She ran fast, fearing the lamplighter would come and go in her absence, and was rejoiced, on her return, to catch a sight of him just going up his ladder. She stood at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame, that she did not observe the descent of the man; and, as she was directly in his way, he struck against her, and she fell upon the pavement. "Hallo, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?" as he stooped to lift her up. She was on her feet in an instant; for she was used to hard knocks, and did not mind a few bruises. But the milk was all spilt.

"Well! now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad! — what'll mammy say?" and looking into Gerty's face, he exclaimed, "My, what an odd-faced child! — looks like a witch!"

Then, seeing that she looked sadly at the spilt milk, he kindly said, "She won't be hard on such a mite as you are, will she? Cheer up, my ducky! never mind if she does scold you a little. I'll bring you something to-morrow that you'll like; you're such a lonely-looking thing. And if the old woman makes a row, tell her I did it. — But did n't I hurt you? What were you doing with my ladder?"

"I was seeing you light the lamp," said Gerty, "and I ain't hurt a bit; but I wish I had n't spilt the milk."

Just then Nan Grant came to the door, saw what had happened, and pulled the child into the house, amidst blows and profane, brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her, but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of her usual crust for her supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Poor little child! Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, not so much because when Ben Grant went to sea he bade his wife to keep the child until his return — he had been gone so long that no one thought he would ever come back — but because Nan had reasons of her own for doing so, and, though she considered Gerty a dead weight upon her hands, she did not care to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret — Gerty hated and feared the dark — she stood for a minute perfectly still, then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted, "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Grant, I hate you!" But nobody came near her; and she grew more quiet, lay down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She wept until she was exhausted; and then gradually she became still. By and by she took her hands from her face, clasped them together convulsively, and looked up at a little glazed window near the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together. There was no moon; but as Gerty looked up, she saw shining upon her *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful. She had often been out of doors when the sky was full of stars and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; to say, "Gerty! Gerty! *poor* little Gerty!" She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long

time ago seen or dreamt about. Suddenly she asked herself, "Who lit it? Somebody lit it! Some good person I know. Oh! how could he get up so high?" And Gerty fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

Poor little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one! Christ died for thee. Will he not send man or angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity!

Gerty awoke the next morning, not as children wake who are roused by merry voices, or by a parent's kiss, who have kind hands to help them dress, and knowing that a nice breakfast awaits them; but she heard harsh voices below; Nan's son and two or three boarders had come in to breakfast, and Gerty's only chance of obtaining any share of the meal was to be on the spot when they had finished, to take that portion of what remained which Nan might shove towards her. So she crept downstairs, waited a little till they had all gone out, and then she slid into the room. She met with a rough greeting from Nan, who told her she had better drop that ugly, sour look; eat some breakfast, if she wanted it, but keep out of her way, and not come near the fire, where she was at work, or she'd get another dressing, worse than she had last night. Gerty had not looked for any other treatment, so she was not disappointed; but, glad of the miserable food left for her on the table, she swallowed it eagerly, and she took her little old hood, threw on a ragged shawl, which had belonged to her mother, and ran out of the house.

Back of Nan Grant's house was a large wood and coal yard, and beyond that a wharf, and the thick, muddy water of a dock. Gerty might have found many playmates in this place. She sometimes did mingle with the boys and girls, ragged like herself, who played in the yard; but not often — there was a league against her among the children of the place. Poor, ragged, and miserably cared for, as they were, they knew that Gerty was more neglected and abused. They had often seen her beaten, and daily heard her called an ugly, wicked child; told that she belonged to nobody, and had no business in any one's house. Thus they felt their advantage, and scorned the little outcast. Perhaps this would not have been the case if Gerty had mingled freely with them, and tried to be on friendly terms; but, while her mother lived, she did her best to keep her little girl away

from the rude herd. Perhaps that habit of avoidance, but still more a something in the child's nature, kept her from joining in their rough sports, after her mother's death had left her to do as she liked. She seldom had any intercourse with them. Nor did they abuse her except in words; for, singly, they dared not cope with her — spirited, sudden, and violent, she had made herself feared as well as disliked. Once a band of them had united to vex her; but, Nan Grant coming up just when one of the girls was throwing the shoes, which she had pulled from Gerty's feet, into the dock, had given the girl a sound whipping, and put them all to flight. Gerty had not had a pair of shoes since; but Nan Grant, for once, had done her a good service, and the children now left her in peace.

It was a sunshiny, though a cold day, when Gerty sought shelter in the wood-yard. There was an immense pile of timber in one corner of the yard, almost out of sight of any of the houses. Of different lengths, the planks formed, on one side, a series of irregular steps. Near the top was a little sheltered recess, overhung by some long planks, and forming a miniature shed, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water.

This was Gerty's haven of rest, and the only place from which she never was expelled. Here, during the long summer days, the little lonesome child sat brooding over her griefs, her wrongs, and her ugliness; sometimes weeping for hours. Now and then she would get a little more cheerful, and enjoy watching the sailors as they labored on board their vessels, or rowed to and fro in little boats. The warm sunshine was so pleasant, and the men's voices so lively, that the poor little thing sometimes forgot her woes.

But summer was gone, and the schooner and the sailors were gone too. The weather was cold, and for a few days had been so stormy that Gerty had to stay in the house. Now, however, she made the best of her way to her little hiding-place; and, to her joy, the sunshine had dried up the boards, so that they felt warm to her bare feet, and was still shining so bright and pleasant that Gerty forgot Nan Grant, forgot how cold she had been, and how much she dreaded the long winter. Her thoughts rambled about sometime; but, at last, fixed upon the kind look and voice of the old lamplighter; and then, for the first time since the promise was made, it came into her mind that he had engaged to bring her something the next time he came. She

could not believe he would remember it; but still he might — he seemed to be so sorry for her fall.

What would he bring? Would it be something to eat? Oh, if it were only some shoes! Perhaps he did not notice that she had none?

Gerty resolved to go for her milk in season to be back before it was time to light the lamp, so that nothing should prevent her seeing him. The day seemed very long, but darkness came at last; and with it came True — or rather Trueman Flint, for that was the lamplighter's name. Gerty was on the spot, though she took good care to elude Nan Grant's observation.

True was late about his work that night, and in a great hurry. He had only time to speak a few words to Gerty; but they were words coming straight from a good and honest heart. He put his great, smutty hand on her head in the kindest way, told her how sorry he was she got hurt, and said, "It was a plaguy shame she should have been whipped, too, and all for a spill o' milk, that was a misfortin', and no crime."

"But here," added he, diving into one of his huge pockets, "here's the critter I promised you. Take good care on 't; don't 'buse it; and I'm thinking, if it's like the mother I've got at home, 't won't be a little ye'll be likin' it, 'fore you're done. Good-bye, my little gal;" and he shouldered his ladder and went off, leaving in Gerty's hands a little gray-and-white kitten.

Gerty was so taken by surprise on finding in her arms a live kitten, something so different from what she had anticipated, that she stood irresolute what to do with it. There were a many cats, of all sizes and colors, inhabitants of the neighboring houses and yard; frightened-looking creatures, which, like Gerty herself, ran about, and hid themselves among the wood and coal, seeming to feel, as she did, great doubts about their having a right to be anywhere. Gerty had often felt a sympathy for them, but never thought of trying to catch one, and carry it home; for she knew that food and shelter were grudgingly accorded to herself, and would not be extended to her pets. Her first thought, therefore, was to throw the kitten down, and let it run away. But while she was hesitating, the little animal pleaded for itself in a way she could not resist. Frightened by its long journey in True Flint's pocket, it crept from Gerty's arms up to her neck, clung there, and, with feeble cries, seemed to ask her to take care of it. Its eloquence prevailed over all

fear of Nan Grant's anger. She hugged pussy to her bosom, and resolved to love and feed it, and keep it out of Nan's sight.

How much she came in time to love that kitten no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto expressed itself only in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object upon which to expend themselves.

So she poured out such wealth of love on the poor kitten as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her favorite haunts. She found an old hat, in which she placed her hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself — for almost every day she abstracted from the kettle, when she returned with the milk for Nan Grant, enough for pussy's supper, at the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk of harm the poor ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. So she would play with the kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But in very cold days she was puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out of doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into her little garret. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once Nan drove it out with a broom; but there cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.

How was it that Gerty had leisure to spend all her time at play? Most children of the poorer class learn to be useful while they are young. Nan Grant had no babies; and being a very active woman, with but a poor opinion of children's services, she never tried to find employment for Gerty, much better satisfied for her to keep out of her sight; so that, except her daily errand for the milk, Gerty was always idle — a fruitful source of unhappiness and discontent.

Nan was a Scotchwoman, not young, and with a temper which never good, became worse as she grew older. She had

seen life's roughest side, and had always been a hard-working woman. Her husband was a carpenter, but she made his house so uncomfortable, that for years he had followed the sea. She took in washing, and had a few boarders; by which she earned what might have been an ample support for herself, had it not been for her son, a disorderly young man, spoilt in early life by his mother's management, and who, though a skilful workman, squandered his own and a large part of his mother's earnings. Nan had reason for keeping Gerty, though they were not so strong as to prevent her often being inclined to get rid of the encumbrance.

COMFORT AND AFFLICTION.

Gerty had had her kitten about a month, when she took a violent cold from exposure to damp and rain; and Nan, fearing she should have trouble with her if she became seriously ill, bade her stay in the house, and keep in the warm room. Gerty's cough was fearful; and she would have sat by the fire all day, had it not been for her anxiety about the kitten. Toward night the men were heard coming in to supper. Just as they entered the door of the room where Nan and Gerty were, one of them stumbled over the kitten, which had slyly come in with them.

"Cracky! what 's this 'ere?" said the man whom they called Jemmy; "a cat, I vow! Why, Nan, I thought you hated cats!"

"Well, 't an't none o' mine; drive it out," said Nan.

Jemmy tried to do so; but puss, making a circuit round his legs, sprang forward into the arms of Gerty.

"Whose kitten 's that, Gerty?" said Nan.

"Mine!" said Gerty, bravely.

"Well, how long have you kept cats?" asked Nan. "Speak! how came you by this?"

Gerty was afraid of the men. She did not like to confess to whom she was indebted for the kitten; she knew it would only make matters worse, for Nan had never forgiven True Flint's rough expostulation against her cruelty in beating the child for spilling the milk, and Gerty could not think of any other source to which she could ascribe the kitten's presence, or she would not have hesitated to tell a falsehood; for her limited education had not taught her a love or habit of truth where a lie would better serve her turn, and save her from punishment. She was silent, and burst into tears.

"Come," said Jemmy, "give us some supper, Nan, and let the gal alone." Nan complied, ominously muttering, however.

The supper just finished, an organ-grinder began to play at the door. The men stepped out to join the crowd, who were watching the motions of a monkey that danced to the music. Gerty ran to the window to look out. Delighted with the gambols of the creature, she gazed until the man and monkey moved off — so intently, that she did not miss the kitten which had crept down from her arms, and, springing upon the table, began to devour the remnants of the repast. The organ-grinder was not out of sight when Gerty saw the old lamplighter coming up the street. She resolved to watch him light his lamp, when she was startled by a sharp and angry exclamation from Nan, and turned just in time to see her snatch her darling kitten from the table. Gerty sprang to the rescue, jumped into a chair, and caught Nan by the arm; but she firmly pushed her back, and threw the kitten half across the room. Gerty heard a sudden splash and a piercing cry. Nan had flung the poor creature into a large vessel of steaming hot water. The poor animal writhed an instant, then died in torture.

Gerty's anger was aroused. Without hesitation, she lifted a stick of wood, and violently flung it at Nan, and it struck the woman on the head. The blood started from the wound; but Nan hardly felt the blow, so great was she excited against the child. She sprang upon her, caught her by the shoulder, and opening the house-door, thrust her out. "Ye 'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness!" said she, leaving the child alone in the cold night.

When Gerty was angry, she always cried aloud — uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, until she sometimes quite exhausted her strength. When she found herself in the street she commenced screaming — not from fear of being turned away from her only home, and left alone at nightfall to wander about the city, and perhaps freeze before morning — she did not think of herself for a moment. Horror and grief at the dreadful fate of the only thing she loved in the world entirely filled her little soul. So she crouched down against the side of the house, her face hid in her hands, unconscious of the noise she was making. Suddenly she found herself placed on Trueman Flint's ladder, which leaned against the lamp-post. True held her high enough to bring her face opposite his, and saw his old acquaintance, and kindly asked her what was the matter.

But Gerty could only gasp and say, "Oh, my kitten, my kitten!"

"What! the kitten I gave you? Well, have you lost it? Don't cry! there — don't cry!"

"Oh, no! not lost! Oh, poor kitty!" and Gerty cried louder and coughed so dreadfully that True was frightened for the child. Making every effort to soothe her, he told her she would catch her death o' cold, and she must go into the house.

"Oh, she won't let me in!" said Gerty, "and I would n't go if she would."

"Who won't let you in? — your mother?"

"No! Nan Grant."

"Who 's Nan Grant?"

"She 's a horrid, wicked woman, that drowned my kitten in bilin' water."

"But where 's your mother?"

"I ha'n't got none."

"Who do you belong to, you poor little thing?"

"Nobody; and I've no business anywhere!"

"With whom do you live, and who takes care of you?"

"Oh, I lived with Nan Grant; but I hate her. I threw a stick of wood at her head, and I wish I had killed her!"

"Hush! hush! you must n't say that! I'll go and speak to her."

True moved to the door, trying to draw Gerty in; but she resisted so forcibly that he left her outside, and, walking into the room, where Nan was binding up her head with a handkerchief, told her she had better call her little girl in, for she would freeze to death out there.

"She 's no child of mine," said Nan; "she 's the worst little creature that ever lived; it 's a wonder I've kept her so long; and now I hope I'll never lay eyes on her agin — and, what 's more, I don't mean. She ought to be hung for breaking my head! I believe she 's got an ill spirit in her!"

"But what 'll become of her?" said True. "It 's a fearful cold night. How 'd you feel, marm, if she were found to-morrow morning all *friz* up on your doorstep!"

"How 'd I feel! That 's your business, is it? S'posen you take care on her yourself! Yer make a mighty deal o' fuss about the brat. Carry her home, and try how yer like her. Yer 've been here a talkin' to me about her once afore, and I won't hear a word more. Let other folks see to her, I say; I've had more 'n

my share, and as to her freezin', or dyin' anyhow, I'll risk her. Them children that comes into the world nobody knows how, don't go out of it in a hurry. She 's the city's property — let 'em look out for her; and you 'd better go, and not meddle with what don't consarn you."

True did not wait to hear more. He was not used to an angry woman, who was the most formidable thing to him in the world. Nan's flashing eyes and menacing attitude warned him of the coming tempest, and he hastened away. Gerty had ceased crying when he came out, and looked into his face with the greatest interest.

"Well," said he, "she says you shan't come back."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Gerty.

"But where 'll you go to?"

"I don't know! p'raps I'll go with you, and see you light the lamps."

"But where 'll you sleep to-night?"

"I don't know where; I have n't got any home. I'll sleep out where I can see the stars. But it 'll be cold, won't it?"

"My goodness! You 'll freeze to death, child."

"Well, what 'll become of me, then?"

"The Lord only knows!"

True looked at Gerty in perfect wonder. He could not leave her there on such a cold night; but he hardly knew what he could do with her at home, for he lived alone, and was poor. But another violent coughing decided him to share with her his shelter, fire, and food, for one night, at least. "Come," said he, "with me;" and Gerty ran along by his side, never asking whither.

True had a dozen lamps to light before his round was finished. Gerty watched him light each with as keen an interest as if that were the only object for which she was in his company; and it was only after they had walked on for some distance without stopping, that she inquired where they were going.

"Going home," said True.

"Am I going to your home?" said Gerty.

"Yes," said True, "and here it is."

He opened a little gate leading into a small yard, which stretched along the whole length of a two-storied house. True lived in the back part of it; and both went in. Gerty was trembling with the cold; her little bare feet were quite blue with walking on the pavements. There was a stove in the room, but

no fire in it. True immediately disposed of his ladder, torch, etc., in an adjoining shed, and bringing in a handful of wood, he lit a fire. Drawing an old wooden settle up to the fire, he threw his great-coat over it, and lifting little Gerty up, he placed her gently upon the seat. He then prepared supper; for True was an old bachelor, and did everything for himself. He made tea; then, mixing a great mugful for Gerty, with plenty of sugar and all his milk, he brought a loaf of bread, cut her a large slice, and pressed her to eat and drink as much as she could; for he concluded, from her looks, that she had not been well fed; and so much pleased did he feel in her enjoyment of the best meal she had ever had, that he forgot to partake of it himself, but sat watching her with a tenderness which proved that he was a friend to everybody, even to the most forlorn little girl in the world.

Trueman Flint was born in New Hampshire; but, when fifteen years old, being left an orphan, he had made his way to Boston, where he supported himself by whatever employment he could obtain; having been a newspaper-carrier, a cab-driver, a porter, a wood-cutter, indeed a jack-at-all-trades; and so honest, capable, and good-tempered had he always shown himself, that he everywhere won a good name, and had sometimes continued for years in the same employ. Previous to his entering upon the service in which we find him, he had been a porter in a large store, owned by a wealthy and generous merchant. Being one day engaged in removing some casks, he was severely injured by one of them falling upon his chest. For a long time no hope was entertained of his recovery; and when he began to mend, his health returned so gradually that it was a year before he was able to be at work again. This sickness swallowed up the savings of years; but his late employer never allowed him to want for any comforts, provided an excellent physician, and saw that he was well taken care of.

But True had never been the same man since. He rose from his sick-bed debilitated, and apparently ten years older, and his strength so much enfeebled, that he was only fit for some comparatively light employment. It was then that his kind master obtained for him the situation of lamplighter; and he frequently earned considerable sums by sawing wood, shovelling snow, and other jobs. He was now between fifty and sixty years old, a stoutly-built man, with features cut in one of nature's rough moulds, but expressive of much good nature. He was naturally

reserved, lived much by himself, was little known, and had only one crony, the sexton of a neighboring church.

But we left Gerty finishing her supper, and now she is stretched upon the wide settle, sound asleep, covered up with a warm blanket, and her head resting upon a pillow. True sits beside her; her little, thin hand lies in his great palm — occasionally he draws the blanket closer around her. She breathes hard; suddenly she gives a nervous start, then speaks quickly; her dreams are evidently troubled. True listens intently to her words, as she exclaims eagerly, "Oh, don't! don't drown my kitty!" and then, again, in a voice of fear, "Oh, she 'll catch me! she 'll catch me!" once more; and now her tones are touchingly plaintive and earnest — "Dear, dear, good old man! let me stay with you; do let me stay!"

Tears are in Trueman Flint's eyes; he lays his great head on the pillow and draws Gerty's little face close to his; at the same time smoothing her long, uncombed hair with his hand. He, too, is thinking aloud — what does *he* say? "Catch you! no, she *shan't!* Stay with *me!* — so you shall, I promise you, poor little birdie! All alone in this big world — and so am I. Please God, we 'll bide together."

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Little Gerty had found a friend and a protector; and it was well she had, for neglect and suffering had well-nigh cut short her sad existence. The morning after True took her home, she woke in a high fever. She looked around, and found she was alone in the room; but there was a good fire, and preparation for breakfast. For a moment or too she was puzzled to know where she was, and what had happened to her; for the room seemed quite strange, it now being daylight. A smile passed over her face when she recalled the events of the previous night, and thought of kind old True, and the new home she had found with him. She went to the window to look out, though her head was giddy, and she could hardly walk. The ground was covered with snow, and which dazzled Gerty's eyes, for she suddenly found herself quite blinded — her head grew dizzy, she staggered and fell.

Trueman came in a moment after, and was frightened at seeing Gerty stretched upon the floor, and was not surprised that she had fainted in trying to walk. He placed her in bed,

and soon succeeded in restoring her to consciousness; but for three weeks she never sat up, except when True held her in his arms. True was a rough and clumsy man about most things; but not so in the care of his little charge. He was something of a doctor and nurse in his simple way; and, though he had never had much to do with children, his warm heart taught him all that was necessary for Gerty's comfort.

Gerty was patient; but would lie awake whole nights suffering from pain and weariness through long confinement to a sick-bed, without uttering a groan, lest she might waken True, who slept on the floor beside her, when he could so far forget his anxiety about her as to sleep at all. Sometimes, when in great pain, True carried her in his arms for hours; but Gerty would try to appear relieved before she was so, and feign sleep that he might put her to bed again and take some rest himself. Her little heart was full of love and gratitude to her kind protector, and she spent much time in thinking what she could do for him when she got well. True was often obliged to leave her to attend to his work; and during the first week she was much alone, though everything she could possibly want was put within her reach. At last she became delirious, and for some days had no knowledge how she was taken care of. One day, after a long sleep, she woke restored to consciousness, and saw a woman sitting by her bedside sewing. She sprang up in bed to look at the stranger, who had not observed her open her eyes, but who started when she heard her move, and exclaimed, "Oh, lie down, my child! lie down!" laying her hand gently upon her.

"I don't know you," said Gerty; where's my uncle True?" for that was the name by which True had told her to call him.

"He's gone out, dear; he'll be home soon. How do you feel — better?"

"Oh, yes! much better. Have I been asleep long?"

"Some time; lie down now, and I'll fetch you some gruel — it will be good for you."

"Does Uncle True know you are here?"

"Yes. I came in to sit with you while he was away."

"Come in? — From where?"

"From my room. I live in the other part of the house."

"I think you're very good," said Gerty. "I like you. I wonder why I did not see you when you came in."

"You were too sick, dear, to notice; but I think you'll soon be better now."

The woman prepared the gruel, and, after Gerty had taken it, reseated herself at her work. Gerty laid down in bed, with her face towards her new friend, and, fixing her large eyes upon her, watched her while she sat sewing. At last the woman looked up, and said, "Well, what do you think I am making?"

"I don't know," said Gerty; "what are you?"

The woman held up her work, so that Gerty could see that it was a dark calico frock for a child.

"Oh! what a nice gown!" said Gerty. "Who is it for?—your little girl?"

"No," said the woman, "I haven't got any little girl; I've only got one child, my boy Willie."

"Willie; that's a pretty name," said Gerty. "Is he a good boy?"

"Good? He's the best boy in the world, and the handsomest!" answered the woman.

Gerty turned away, and a look so sad came over her countenance, that the woman thought she was getting tired, and ought to be kept very quiet. She told her so, and bade her go to sleep again. Gerty lay still, and then True came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Sullivan," said he, "you're here still! I'm very much obleeged to you for stayin'; I hadn't calkerlated to be gone so long. And how does the child seem to be, marm?"

"Much better, Mr. Flint. She's come to her reason, and I think, with care, will do well now. Oh, she's awake," she added, seeing Gerty open her eyes.

True came to the bedside, stroked back her hair, now cut short, and felt her pulse, and nodded his head satisfactorily. Gerty caught his great hand between both of hers and held it tight. He sat down on the side of the bed, and said, "I should n't be surprised if she needed her new clothes sooner than we thought of, marm. It 's my opinion we 'll have her up and about afore many days."

"So I was thinking," said Mrs. Sullivan; "but don't be in too great a hurry. She's had a very severe sickness, and her recovery must be gradual. Did you see Miss Graham to-day?"

"Yes, I did see her, poor thing! The Lord bless her sweet face! She axed a sight o' questions about little Gerty here, and gave me this parcel of *arrer-root*, I think she called it. She says it's excellent in sickness. Did you ever fix any, Mrs. Sullivan, so that you can jist show me how, if you'll be so good;

for I declare I don't remember, though she took a deal o' pains to tell me."

"Oh, yes; it's very easy. I'll come in and prepare some by and by. I don't think Gerty 'll want any at present; she's just had some gruel. But father has come home, and I must be seeing about our tea. I'll come in again this evening, Mr. Flint."

"Thank you, marm, thank you; you 're very kind."

During the few following days Mrs. Sullivan came in and sat with Gerty several times. She was a gentle woman, with a placid face, very refreshing to a child that had long lived in fear, and suffered a great deal of abuse. One evening, when Gerty had nearly recovered, she was sitting in True's lap by the fire, carefully wrapped in a blanket. She had been talking to him about her new acquaintance and friend, when suddenly she said, "Uncle True, do you know what little girl she 's making a gown for?"

"For a little girl," said True, "that needs a frock and a many other things; for she has n't got any clothes, except a few old rags. Do you know any such little girl, Gerty?"

"I guess I do," said Gerty, with a very knowing look.

"Well, where is she?"

"An't she in your lap?"

"What, you! — Why, do you think Mrs. Sullivan would spend her time making clothes for you?"

"Well," said Gerty, hanging her head, "I should n't *think* she would, but then you *said* —"

"Well, what did I say?"

"Something about new clothes for me."

"So I did," said True; "they *are* for you — two whole suits, with shoes and stockings."

Gerty opened her large eyes in amazement, and clapped her hands, and True laughed too.

"Did she buy them, Uncle True? Is she rich?" asked Gerty.

"Mrs. Sullivan? — no, indeed!" said True. "Miss Graham bought 'em, and is going to pay Mrs. Sullivan for making them."

"Who is Miss Graham?"

"She 's a lady too good for this world — that 's sartin. I'll tell you about her some time; but better not now, for it 's time you were abed and asleep."

One Sabbath, after Gerty was nearly well, she was so much fatigued that she went to bed before dark, and for three hours slept soundly. On awaking, she saw that True had company. An old man, much older than True, was sitting on the opposite side of the stove, smoking a pipe. His dress, though ancient and homely, was neat; and his hair was white. He had sharp features, and Gerty thought from his looks he could say sharp things. She rightly conjectured that he was Mrs. Sullivan's father, Mr. Cooper; and she did not widely differ from most other people who knew the old church-sexton. But both his own face and public opinion somewhat wronged him. His nature was not a genial one. Domestic trials, and the fickleness of fortune, had caused him to look on the dark side of life — to dwell upon its sorrows, and frown upon the bright hopes of the young and the gay. His occupation did not counteract a disposition to melancholy; his duties in the church were solitary, and in his old age he had little intercourse with the world, had become severe toward its follies, and unforgiving toward its crimes. There was much that was good and benevolent in him, however; and True Flint knew it. True liked the old man's sincerity; and many a Sabbath evening had they sat by that same fireside, and discussed questions of public policy, national institutions, and individual rights. Trueman Flint was the reverse of Paul Cooper in disposition and temper, being very sanguine, always disposed to look upon the bright side of things, and ever averring that it was his opinion 't would all come out right at last. On this evening they had been talking on several of such topics; but when Gerty awoke she found herself the subject of conversation.

"Where," asked Mr. Cooper, "did you say you picked her up?"

"At Nan Grant's," said True. "Don't you remember her? she 's the same woman whose son you were called up to witness against, at the time the church-windows were broken. You can't have forgotten her at the trial, Cooper; for she blew you up with a vengeance, and did n't spare his honor the judge either. Well, 't was just such a rage she was in with this 'ere child the first time I saw her; and the *second* time she 'd just turned her out o' doors."

"Ah, yes, I remember the she-bear. I should n't suppose she 'd be any too gentle to her own child, much less a stranger's; but what are you going to do with the foundling, Flint?"

"Do with her? — Keep her, to be sure, and take care on her."

Cooper laughed rather sarcastically.

"Well, now, I s'pose, neighbor, you think it 's rather freakish in me to be adoptin' a child at my time o' life; and p'rhaps it is; but I 'll explain. She 'd a died that night I tell yer on, if I had n't brought her home with me; and many times since, what 's more, if I, with the help o' your darter, had n't took good care on her. Well, she took on so in her sleep, the first night ever she came, and cried out to me all as if she never had a friend afore (and probably she never had), that I resolved then she should stay, at any rate, and I 'd take care on her, and share my last crust with the wee thing, come what might. The Lord's been very marciful to me, Mr. Cooper, very marciful! He 's raised me up friends in my deep distress. I knew, when I was a little shaver, what a lonesome thing it was to be fatherless and motherless; and when I see this little sufferin' human bein' I felt as if, all friendless as she seemed, she was more specially the Lord's, and as if I could not sarve Him more, and ought not to sarve Him less, than to share with her the blessings He had bestowed on me. You look round, neighbor, as if you thought 't wan't much to share with any one; and 't an't much there is here, to be sure; but it 's a *home*, — yes, a *home;* and that 's a great thing to her that never had one. I 've got my hands yet, and a stout heart, and a willin' mind. With God's help, I 'll be a father to the child; and the time may come when she 'll be God's embodied blessin' to me."

Mr. Cooper shook his head doubtfully, and muttered something about children, even one's own, not being apt to prove blessings.

Trueman added, "Oh, neighbor Cooper, if I had not made up my mind the night Gerty came here, I would n't have sent her away after the next day; for the Lord, I think, spoke to me by the mouth of one of his holy angels, and bade me persevere in my resolution. You 've seen Miss Graham. She goes to your church regular, with the fine old gentleman her father. I was at their house shovelling snow, after the great storm three weeks since, and she sent for me to come into the kitchen. Well may I bless her angel face, poor thing! — if the world is dark to her she makes it light to other folks. She cannot see heaven's sunshine outside, but she 's better off than most people, for she 's got it in her, I do believe, and when she smiles it lets the glory

out, and looks like God's rainbow in the clouds. She 's done me many a kindness since I got hurt so bad in her father's store, now five years gone ; and she sent for me that day, to ask how I did, and if there was anything I wanted that she could speak to the master about. So I told her all about little Gerty ; and, I tell you, she and I both cried 'fore I 'd done. She put some money into my hand, and told me to get Mrs. Sullivan to make some clothes for Gerty ; more than that, she promised to help me if I got into trouble with the care of her ; and when I was going away, she said, ' I 'm sure you 've done quite right, True ; the Lord will bless and reward your kindness to that poor child.' "

True was so excited that he did not notice what the Sexton had observed. Gerty had risen from her bed and was standing beside True, her eyes fixed upon his face, breathless with the interest she felt in his words. She touched his shoulder ; he looked round, saw her, and stretched out his arms. She sprang into them, buried her face in his bosom, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, " Shall I stay with you always ? "

" Yes, just as long as I live," said True, " you shall be my child."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Cunningham, Allan, a Scottish poet and biographer; born in Dumfriesshire in 1784; died in London in 1842. He was apprenticed to a stone-mason, but early showed a decided literary capacity. At the age of twenty-five he went to London, and for four years supported himself by manual and literary work. In 1814 he became connected with Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor. This connection remained unbroken until the death of Chantrey in 1841; and Cunningham lived only a few months longer.

During these years with Chantrey Cunningham found time to write much in various departments of literature. His principal works, with their dates, are: "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem (1822); "Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects" (1829–33); "Biographical and Critical History of the Last Fifty Years" (1833); an edition, with a Memoir, of "The Works of Robert Burns;" and "The Life of Sir David Wilkie," completed only two days before his death. An edition of "The Poems and Songs" of Allan Cunningham was in 1847 prepared by his son, Peter Cunningham. These "Poems and Songs" are mainly, but not wholly, in the Scottish dialect.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
  I heard a fair one cry;—
But give to me the snorting breeze
  And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners, —
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

The Spring of the Year.

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold 's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet;
And the finger of Death 's at my een
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear: —
I 'll meet them both in heaven,
At the Spring of the year.

GEORGE CUPPLES.

CUPPLES, GEORGE, a Scottish journalist, critic, and novelist, was born in Legerwood, near Lauder, Berwickshire, August 2, 1822; died October 7, 1891. He was educated at Edinburgh; where, after a sea voyage of about two years' duration, he "finished his education" and went into literature. He was a contributor to several magazines, notably "Blackwood" and "Macmillan's;" in the former of which first appeared his most famous work, "The Green Hand, a Sea Story, being the Adventures of a Naval Lieutenant." This was published in London in book form in 1856. "Kyloe Jock" and "The Weird of Wanton-Walls" were published serially in "Macmillan's" in 1860. Other tales are, "Hinchbridge Haunted" (1859); "The Two Frigates" (1859); and many essays and critiques, of which his "Essay on Emerson" is one of the most noted.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

(From "The Green Hand.")

I HAD to get fairly off the saddle, — rather sore, I must say, with riding up St. Helena roads after so many weeks at sea, — and flung myself down on the grass, with little enough fear of the hungry little beast getting far adrift. This said crag, by the way, drew my eye to it by the queer colors it showed — white, blue, gray, and bright red — in the hot sunlight; and being too far off to make out clearly, I slung off the ship's glass I had across my back, just to overhaul it better. The hue of it was to be seen running all down the deep rift between, that seemingly wound away into some glen toward the coast; while the lot of plants and trailers half covering the steep front of it would no doubt, I thought, have delighted my old friend the Yankee, if he *was* the botanizing gentleman in question. By this time it was a lovely afternoon far and wide to Diana's Peak, the sky glowing clearer deep blue at that height than you 'd have thought sky could do, even in the tropics — the very peaks of bare red rock being softened into a purple tint, far off

around you. One saw into the rough bottom of the huge Devil's Punch Bowl, and far through without a shadow down the green patches in the little valleys, and over Deadwood Camp, — there was *nothing*, as it were, between the grass, the ground, the stones, and leaves, and the empty hollow of the air; while the sea spread far round underneath, of a softer blue than the sky over you. You 'd have thought all the world was shrunk into St. Helena, with the Atlantic lying three-quarters round it in one's sight, like the horns of the bright new moon round the dim old one; which St. Helena pretty much resembled, if what the star-gazers say of its surface be true, all peaks and dry hollows — if indeed you were n't lifting up out of the world, so to speak, when one looked through his fingers right into the keen blue overhead!

If I lived a thousand years I could n't tell half what I felt lying there; but as you may imagine, it had somewhat in it of the late European war by land and sea. Not that I could have said so at the time, but rather a sort of half-doze, such as I 've known one have when a schoolboy, lying on the green grass the same way, with one's face turned up into the hot summer heavens; half of it flying glimpses, as it were, of the French Revolution, the battles we used to hear of when we were children — then the fears about the invasion, with the channel full of British fleets, and Dover Cliffs — Trafalgar and Nelson's death, and the battle of Waterloo, just after we heard *he* had got out of Elba. In the terrible flash of the thing all together, one almost fancied them all gone like smoke; and for a moment I thought I was falling away off, *down* into the wide sky, so up I started to sit. From that, suddenly I took to guessing and puzzling closely again how I should go to work myself, if I were the strange Frenchman I saw in the brig at sea, and wanted to manage Napoleon's escape out of St. Helena. And first, there was how to get into the island and put *him* up to the scheme — why, sure enough, I could n't have laid it down better than they seemed to have done all along: what could one do but just dodge about that latitude under all sorts of false rig, then catch hold of somebody fit to cover one's landing. No Englishman *would* do it, and no foreigner but would set Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard in a moment. Next we should have to get put on the island — and really a neat enough plan it was, to dog one of the very cruisers themselves, knock up a mess of planks and spars in the night-time, set them all ablaze with

tar, and pretend we were fresh from a craft on fire; when even Captain Wallis of the "Podargus," as it happened, was too much of a British seaman not to carry us straight to St. Helena! Again, I must say it was a touch beyond me — but to hit the governor's notions of a hobby, and go picking up plants around Longwood, was a likely enough way to get speech of the prisoner, or at least let him see one was there!

How should I set about carrying him off to the coast, though? That was the prime matter. Seeing that even if the schooner — which was no doubt hovering out of sight — were to make a bold dash for the land with the trade-wind, in a night eleven hours long, — there were sentries close round Longwood from sunset, the starlight shining mostly always in the want of a moon; and at any rate there was rock and gully enough betwixt here and the coast to try the surest foot aboard the "Hebe," let alone an emperor. With plenty of woods for a cover, one might steal up close to Longwood, but the bare rocks showed you off to be made a mark of. Whew! but why were those same blacks on the island, I thought: just strip them stark naked, and let them lie in the Devil's Punch Bowl, or somewhere beyond military hours, when I warrant me they might slip up, gully by gully, to the very sentries' backs! Their color would n't show them, and savages as they seemed, could n't they settle as many sentries as they needed, creep into the very bedchamber where Bonaparte slept, and manhandle him bodily away down through some of the nearest hollows, before any one was the wiser? The point that still bothered me was, why the fourth of the blacks was wanting at present, unless he had his part to play elsewhere. If it was chance, then the *whole* might be a notion of mine, which I knew I was apt to have sometimes. If I could only make out the fourth black, so as to tally with the scheme, on the other hand, then I thought it was all sure; but of course this quite pauled me, and I gave it up, to work out my fancy case by providing signals betwixt us plotters inside and the schooner, out of sight from the telegraphs. There was no use for her to run in and take the risk, without good luck having turned up on the island; yet any sign she could profit by must be both sufficient to reach sixty miles or so, and hidden enough not to alarm the telegraphs or the cruisers. Here was a worse puzzle than all, and I only guessed at it for my own satisfaction — as a fellow can't help doing when he hears a question he can't answer — till my

eye lighted on Diana's Peak, near three thousand feet above the sea. There it was, by Jove! 'T was quite clear at the time; but by nightfall there was always more or less cloud near the top, and if you set a fire on the very peak 't would only be seen leagues off: a notion that brought to mind a similar thing which I told you saved the Indiaman from a lee-shore one night on the African coast — and again, by George! I saw *that* must have been meant at first by the negroes as a smoke to help the French brig easier in! Putting that and that together, why it struck me at once what the fourth black's errand might be — namely, to watch for the schooner, and kindle his signal as soon as he could n't see the island for mist. I was sure of it; and as for a dark night coming on at sea, the freshening of the breeze there promised nothing more likely; a bright white haze was softening out the horizon already, and here and there the egg of a cloud could be seen to break off the sky to windward, all of which would be better known afloat than here.

The truth was, I was on the point of tripping my anchor to hurry down and get aboard again; but on standing up, the head of a peak fell below the sail I had noticed in the distance, and seeing she loomed large on the stretch of water, I pretty soon found she must be a ship of the line. The telegraph over the Alarm House was hard at work again, so I e'en took down my glass and cleaned it to have a better sight, during which I caught sight, for a minute, of some soldier officer or other on horseback, with a mounted redcoat behind him, riding hastily up the gully a good bit from my back, till they were round the red piece of crag, turning at times as if to watch the vessel. Though I could n't have a better spy at him for want of my glass, I had no doubt he was the governor himself, for the sentries in the distance took no note of him. There was nobody else visible at the time, and the said cliff stood fair up like a look-out place, so as to shut them out as they went higher. Once or twice after, I fancied I made out a man's head or two lower down the gully than the cliff was; which, it occurred to me, might possibly be the botanists, as they called themselves, busy finding out how long St. Helena had been an island; however, I soon turned the glass before me upon the ship, by this time right opposite the ragged opening of Prosperous Bay, and heading well up about fourteen miles or so off the coast, as I reckoned to make James Town harbor. The moment I had the sight of the glass right for her, — though you 'd have thought

she stood still on the smooth soft blue water, — I could see her whole beam rise off the swells before me, from the dark side and white band, checkered with a double row of ports, to the hamper of her lofty spars, and the sails braced slant to the breeze; the foam gleaming under her high bows, and her wake running aft in the heave of the sea. She was evidently a seventy-four; I fancied I could make out her men's faces peering over the yards toward the island, as they thought of "Boney-part;" a white rear-admiral's flag was at the mizzenroyal masthead, leaving no doubt she was the "Conqueror" at last, with Admiral Plampin, and in a day or two at farthest the "Hebe" would be bound for India.

I had just looked over my shoulder toward Longwood, letting the "Conqueror" sink back again into a thing no bigger than a model on a mantelpiece, when all at once I saw some one standing near the brow of the cliff I mentioned, apparently watching the vessel, with a long glass at his eye like myself. 'T was farther than I could see to make out anything, save so much; and ere I had screwed the glass for such a near sight, there were seven or eight figures more appearing half over the slope behind; while my hand shook so much with holding the glass so long, that at first I brought it to bear full on the cracks and blocks in the front of the crag, with the large green leaves and trailers on it flickering idly with the sunlight against my eyes, till I could have seen the spiders inside, I daresay. Next I held it too high, where the admiral and Lord Frederick were standing by their horses, a good way back; the governor, as I supposed, sitting on his, and two or three others along the rise. At length, what with kneeling down to rest it on one knee, I had the glass steadily fixed on the brow of the rocks, where I plainly saw a tall dark-whiskered man in a rich French uniform, gazing to seaward. I knew him I sought too well by pictures, however, not to be sadly galled. Suddenly a figure came slowly down from before the rest, with his hands behind his back, and his head a little drooped. The officer at once lowered the telescope and held it to him, stepping upward as if to leave him alone — what dress he had on I scarce noticed; but there he was standing, single in the round bright field of the glass I had hold of like a vise — his head raised, his hands hiding his face, as I kept the telescope fixed fair in front of me — only I saw the smooth broad round of his chin. I knew, as if I 'd seen him in the Tuileries at Paris

or known him by sight since I was a boy, — I *knew* it was Napoleon.

During that minute the rest of them were out of sight, so far as the glass went — you 'd have supposed there was no one there but himself, as still as a figure in iron; watching the same thing, no doubt, as I 'd done myself five minutes before, where the noble seventy-four was beating slowly to windward. When I *did* glance to the knot of officers twenty yards back, 't was as if one saw a ring of his generals waiting respectfully while he eyed some field of battle or other, with his army at the back of the hill; but next moment the telescope fell in his hands, and his face, as pale as death, with his lip firm under it, seemed near enough for me to touch it — his eyes shot stern into me from below his wide white forehead, and I started, dropping my glass in turn. That instant the whole wild lump of St. Helena, with its ragged brim, the clear blue sky and the sea, swung round about the dwindled figures above the crag, till they were nothing but so many people together against the slope beyond.

'T was a strange scene to witness, let me tell you; never can I forget the sightless, thinking sort of gaze from that head of his, after the telescope sank from his eye, when the "Conqueror" must have shot back with all her stately hamper into the floor of the Atlantic again! Once more I brought my spy-glass to bear on the place where he had been, and was almost on the point of calling out to warn him off the edge of the cliff, forgetting the distance I was away. Napoleon had stepped, with one foot before him, on the very brink, his two hands hanging loose by his side with the glass in one of them, till the shadow of his small black cocked hat covered the hollows of his eyes, and he stood as it were looking down past the face of the precipice. What he thought of, no mortal tongue can say: whether he was master at the time over a wilder battle than any he 'd ever fought; but just then, what was the surprise it gave me to see the head of a man, with a red tasselled cap on it, raised through among the ivy from below, while he seemed to have his feet on the cracks and juts of the rock, hoisting himself by one hand round the tangled roots till no doubt he must have looked right aloft into the French Emperor's face; and perhaps he whispered something — though for my part it was all dumb show to me, where I knelt peering into the glass. I saw even *him* start at the suddenness of the thing — he raised

his head upright, still glancing down over the front of the crag, with the spread hand lifted, and the side of his face half turned toward the party within earshot behind, where the governor and the rest apparently kept together out of respect, no doubt watching both Napoleon's back and the ship of war far beyond. The keen sunlight on the spot brought out every motion of the two in front — the *one* so full in my view, that I could mark his look settle again on the other below, his firm lips parting and his hand out before him like a man seeing a spirit he knew; while a bunch of leaves on the end of a wand came stealing up from the stranger's post to Napoleon's very fingers. The head of the man on the cliff turned round seaward for one moment, ticklish as his footing must have been; then he looked back, pointing with his loose hand to the horizon, — there was one minute between them without a motion, seemingly — the captive Emperor's chin was sunk on his breast, though you 'd have said his eyes glanced up out of the shadow on his forehead; and the stranger's red cap hung like a bit of the bright colored cliff, under his two hands holding among the leaves. Then I saw Napoleon lift his hand calmly, he gave a sign with it — it might have been refusing, it might have been agreeing, or it might be farewell, I never expect to know; but he folded his arms across his breast, with the bunch of leaves in his fingers, and stepped slowly back from the brink toward the officers. I was watching the stranger below it, as he swung there for a second or two, in a way like to let him go dash to the bottom; his face sluing wildly seaward again. Short though the glance I had of him was, — his features set hard in some bitter feeling or other, his dress different too, besides the mustache being off, and his complexion no doubt purposely darkened, — it served to prove what I 'd suspected: he was no other than the Frenchman I had seen in the brig; and mad or sensible, the very look I caught was more like that he faced the thunder-squall with, than aught beside. Directly after, he was letting himself carefully down with his back to my glass; the party above were moving off over the brow of the crags, and the governor riding round, apparently to come once more down the hollow between us. In fact, the seventy-four had stood by this time so far in that the peaks in the distance shut her out; but I ran the glass carefully along the whole horizon in my view, for signs of the schooner. The haze was too bright, however, to make sure either way; though, dead to

windward, there were some streaks of cloud risen with the breeze, where I once or twice fancied I could catch the gleam of a speck in it. The "Podargus" was to be seen through a notch in the rocks, too, beating out in a different direction, as if the telegraph had signalled her elsewhere; after which you heard the dull rumble of the forts saluting the "Conqueror" down at James Town as she came in: and being late in the afternoon, it was high time for me to crowd sail downward, to fall in with my shipmates.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Curtis, George William, an American journalist, orator, and publicist; born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island, N. Y., August 31, 1892. In 1842, he went with an elder brother to the Brook Farm Institution at Roxbury, Mass., where they remained a year and a half.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis, then being twenty-two years old, started upon a foreign tour. About three years were passed in Italy and Germany, when he set out for the East, going up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; then visited Syria, the entire absence being about four years. The impressions of this Eastern journey were given in two works, "Nile Notes of a Howadji" (1851), and "The Howadji in Syria" (1852). Upon the establishment of "Putnam's Monthly," in 1852, Mr. Curtis became one of its editors and a frequent contributor. Many of the contributions of Mr. Curtis to "Putnam's Monthly" have been published in volumes, under the titles, "The Potiphar Papers" (1853) and "Prue and I" (1856). In 1853 he began the publication in "Harper's Magazine" of the series of papers entitled "The Editor's Easy Chair," which appeared monthly until his death. For "Harper's Weekly" he wrote (1858–59) "Trumps," his only regular novel. To "Harper's Bazar" Mr. Curtis furnished weekly a series of papers entitled "Manners upon the Road," which were continued until 1873. Mr. Curtis became Editor-in-Chief of "Harper's Weekly" about 1875. In 1864 he became one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The "Easy Chair" papers were published in 1891–94; "Washington Irving" in 1891.

My Chateaux.

(From "Prue and I.")

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part

of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion, — or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the house-top towards evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. It is as dear to me as that of Eton to the poet Gray; and, if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find those realms as fair as they appear, I am suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious, and descending, I enter the little parlor where Prue sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming with the poet's pensive enthusiasm, —

> "Thought would destroy their Paradise,
> No more; —where ignorance is bliss,
> 'T is folly to be wise."

Columbus, also, had possessions in the West; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea-air, as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue, —

"What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial odors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!"

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and after a moment, she resumes her knitting and I proceed.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in

Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate, in office but not in years, (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!) leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Titbottom?" asked I.

"Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair for a moment in great surprise, and then inquired,

"Is it possible that you own property there too?"

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

"What a singular whim," thought I, as I watched Titbottom and filled up a cheque for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, "that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy book-keeper at nine hundred dollars a year!"

When I went home I ate my dinner silently, and afterward sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Titbottom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go, I am too much engaged. So is Titbottom. And I find it is the case with all

the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the President of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the charitable societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

"Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for they occasioned great cares," said she.

"They do indeed," answered I, with emphasis, remembering Titbottom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with mild surprise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if he held much Spanish stock. But I think he does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression. Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's, and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travellers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon

their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden-Horn is my fish-preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna — all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone, glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected, play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling "Father! Father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years, among the trees I remember.

Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, bare-backed upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little soporific in this country; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates.

Plays are insufferable to me here — Prue and I never go. Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral; but the theatres in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendor, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me — a kind

of royal box — the good woman attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching helpmate, with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

"She who makes everything well, even to making neighbors speak well of her, will surely make a good wife," said I to myself when I knew her, and the echo of a half century answers, "a good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon; but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing original?

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly sometimes, and I endeavor to see how I can arrange my affairs, so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route, — I mean, to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie.

I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. One morning I met young Aspen, trembling with excitement.

"What 's the matter?" asked I, with interest, for I knew that he held a great deal of Spanish stock.

"Oh!" said he, "I 'm going out to take possession. I have found the way to my castles in Spain."

"Dear me!" I answered, with the blood streaming into my face; and, heedless of Prue, pulling my glove until it ripped — "what is it?"

"The direct route is through California," answered he.

"But then you have the sea to cross afterward," said I, remembering the map.

"Not at all," answered Aspen, "the road runs along the shore of the Sacramento River."

He darted away from me, and I did not meet him again. I was very curious to know if he arrived safely in Spain, and was expecting every day to hear news from him of my property there, when, one evening, I bought an extra, full of California news, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was this: "Died, in San Francisco, Edward Aspen, Esq., aged 35." There is a large body of the Spanish stockholders who believe with Aspen, and sail for California every week. I have not yet heard of their arrival out at their castles, but I suppose they are so busy with their own affairs there, that they have no time to write to the rest of us about the condition of our property.

There was my wife's cousin, too, Jonathan Bud, who is a good, honest youth from the country, and, after a few weeks' absence, he burst into the office one day, just as I was balancing my books, and whispered to me, eagerly, —

"I 've found my castle in Spain."

I put the blotting-paper in the leaf deliberately, for I was wiser now than when Aspen had excited me, and looked at my wife's cousin, Jonathan Bud, inquiringly.

"Polly Bacon," whispered he, winking.

I continued the interrogative glance.

"She 's going to marry me, and she 'll show me the way to Spain," said Jonathan Bud, hilariously.

"She 'll make you walk Spanish, Jonathan Bud," said I.

And so she does. He makes no more hilarious remarks. He never bursts into a room. He does not ask us to dinner

He says that Mrs. Bud does not like smoking. Mrs. Bud has nerves and babies. She has a way of saying "Mr. Bud!" which destroys conversation, and casts a gloom upon society.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes, everything that covers the tables of a great merchant. In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads, were huge chests, covered with dust, dingy with age, many of them, and all marked with the name of the firm in large black letters — "Bourne & Dye." They were all numbered also with the proper year; some of them with a single capital B, and dates extending back into the last century, when old Bourne made the great fortune, before he went into partnership with Dye. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne."

He looked up hastily, wished me good-morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking, and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he at length musingly, shaking his head, and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended — as we say in Wall Street. He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere, to own so much in Spain; so I asked, —

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for, of course, a man who drives

such an immense trade with all parts of the world, will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there — none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except one young poet, and he died in a mad-house."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man, whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker. "We 'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the North-west Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It 's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good-morning. When I had nearly reached the door, he called me back, saying, as if continuing his remarks —

"It is strange that you, of all men, should come to ask me this question. If I envy any man, it is you, for I sincerely assure you that I supposed you lived altogether upon your Spanish estates. I once thought I knew the way to mine. I gave directions for furnishing them, and ordered bridal bouquets, which were never used, but I suppose they are there still."

He paused a moment, then said slowly — "How is your wife?"

I told him that Prue was well — that she was always remarkably well. Mr. Bourne shook me warmly by the hand.

"Thank you," said he. "Good-morning."

I knew why he thanked me; I knew why he thought that I lived altogether upon my Spanish estates; I knew a little bit about those bridal bouquets. Mr. Bourne the millionaire was an old lover of Prue's. There is something very odd about these Spanish castles. When I think of them, I somehow see the fair-haired girl whom I knew when I was not out of short jackets. When Bourne meditates them, he sees Prue and me quietly at home in their best chambers. It is a very singular thing that my wife should live in another man's castle in Spain.

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said that he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face, as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the West, without alluding to Spain, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn.

One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day, the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away. As we strolled along, picking wild flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed:

"Thank God! I own this landscape."

"You?" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property?"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the wood, or those ghosts of hills, that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?"

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

"Do you know," said he, after a long pause, "that I fancy my castles lie just beyond those distant hills. At all events, I can see them distinctly from their summits."

He smiled quietly as he spoke, and it was then I asked:

"But, Titbottom, have you never discovered the way to them?"

"Dear me! yes," answered he, "I know the way well enough; but it would do no good to follow it. I should give out before I arrived. It is a long and difficult journey for a man of my years and habits — and income," he added slowly.

As he spoke he seated himself upon the ground; and while he pulled long blades of grass, and, putting them between his thumbs, whistled shrilly, he said, —

"I have never known but two men who reached their estates in Spain."

"Indeed!" said I, "how did they go?"

"One went over the side of a ship, and the other out of a third story window," said Titbottom, fitting a broad blade between his thumbs and blowing a demoniacal blast.

"And I know one proprietor who resides upon his estates constantly," continued he.

"Who is that?"

"Our old friend Slug, whom you may see any day at the asylum, just coming in from the hunt, or going to call upon his friend the Grand Lama, or dressing for the wedding of the Man in the Moon, or receiving an ambassador from Timbuctoo. Whenever I go to see him, Slug insists that I am the Pope, disguised as a journeyman carpenter, and he entertains me in the most distinguished manner. He always insists upon kissing my foot, and I bestow upon him, kneeling, the apostolic benediction. This is the only Spanish proprietor in possession, with whom I am acquainted."

And, so saying, Titbottom lay back upon the ground, and making a spy-glass of his hand, surveyed the landscape through it. This was a marvellous book-keeper of more than sixty!

"I know another man who lived in his Spanish castle for two months, and then was tumbled out head first. That was young Stunning who married old Buhl's daughter. She was all smiles, and mamma was all sugar, and Stunning was all bliss, for two months. He carried his head in the clouds, and felicity absolutely foamed at his eyes. He was drowned in love; seeing,

as usual, not what really was, but what he fancied. He lived so exclusively in his castle, that he forgot the office down town, and one morning there came a fall, and Stunning was smashed."

Titbottom arose, and stooping over, contemplated the landscape, with his head down between his legs.

"It's quite a new effect, so," said the nimble book-keeper.

"Well," said I, "Stunning failed?"

"Oh, yes, smashed all up, and the castle in Spain came down about his ears with a tremendous crash. The family sugar was all dissolved into the original cane in a moment. Fairy-times are over, are they? Heigh-ho! the falling stones of Stunning's castle have left their marks all over his face. I call them his Spanish scars."

"But, my dear Titbottom," said I, "what is the matter with you this morning, your usual sedateness is quite gone?"

"It's only the exhilarating air of Spain," he answered. "My castles are so beautiful that I can never think of them nor speak of them without excitement; when I was younger I desired to reach them even more ardently than now, because I heard that the philosopher's stone was in the vault of one of them."

"Indeed," said I, yielding to sympathy, "and I have good reason to believe that the fountain of eternal youth flows through the garden of one of mine. Do you know whether there are any children upon your grounds?"

"'The children of Alice call Bartrum father!'" replied Titbottom, solemnly, and in a low voice, as he folded his faded hands before him, and stood erect, looking wistfully over the landscape. The light wind played with his thin white hair, and his sober, black suit was almost sombre in the sunshine. The half bitter expression, which I had remarked upon his face during part of our conversation, had passed away, and the old sadness had returned to his eye. He stood in the pleasant morning, the very image of a great proprietor of castles in Spain.

"There is wonderful music there," he said; "sometimes I awake at night, and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth, and love, and a new world. I lie and listen, and I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the tropic of my dreams receives me. Up the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadow print with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs

of lustrous oleanders, and palms, and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odors, and into the presence-chamber beyond, where my wife awaits me. But castle, and wife, and odorous woods, and pictures, and statues, and all the bright substance of my household, seem to reel and glimmer in the splendor, as the music fails.

"But when it swells again I clasp the wife to my heart, and we move on with a fair society, beautiful women, noble men, before whom the tropical luxuriance of that world bends and bows in homage; and, through endless days and nights of eternal summer, the stately revel of our life proceeds. Then, suddenly, the music stops. I hear my watch ticking under the pillow. I see dimly the outline of my little upper room. Then I fall asleep, and in the morning some one of the boarders at the breakfast-table says, —

"'Did you hear the serenade last night, Mr. Titbottom?'"

I doubted no longer that Titbottom was a very extensive proprietor. The truth is, that he was so constantly engaged in planning and arranging his castles, that he conversed very little at the office, and I had misinterpreted his silence. As we walked homeward, that day, he was more than ever tender and gentle. "We must all have something to do in this world," said he, "and I, who have so much leisure — for you know I have no wife nor children to work for — know not what I should do, if I had not my castles in Spain to look after."

When I reached home, my darling Prue was sitting in the small parlor, reading. I felt a little guilty for having been so long away, and upon my only holiday, too. So I began to say that Titbottom invited me to go to walk, and that I had no idea we had gone so far, and that —

"Don't excuse yourself," said Prue, smiling as she laid down her book; "I am glad you have enjoyed yourself. You ought to go out sometimes, and breathe the fresh air, and run about the fields, which I am not strong enough to do. Why did you not bring home Mr. Titbottom to tea? He is so lonely, and looks so sad. I am sure he has very little comfort in this life," said my thoughtful Prue, as she called Jane to set the tea-table.

"But he has a good deal of comfort in Spain, Prue," answered I.

"When was Mr. Titbottom in Spain?" inquired my wife.

"Why, he is there more than half the time," I replied.

Prue looked quietly at me and smiled. "I see it has done

you good to breathe the country air," said she. "Jane, get some of the blackberry jam, and call Adoniram and the children."

So we went in to tea. We eat in the back parlor, for our little house and limited means do not allow us to have things upon the Spanish scale. It is better than a sermon to hear my wife Prue talk to the children; and when she speaks to me it seems sweeter than psalm singing; at least, such as we have in our church. I am very happy.

Yet I dream my dreams, and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there, that I could not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my youth, and the hopes of my manhood, are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults, and I know that I shall find everything convenient, elegant, and beautiful, when I come into possession.

As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes. If I see that age is subtly sifting his snow in the dark hair of my Prue, I smile, contented, for her hair, dark and heavy as when I first saw it, is all carefully treasured in my castles in Spain. If I feel her arm more heavily leaning upon mine, as we walk around the squares, I press it closely to my side, for I know that the easy grace of her youth's motion will be restored by the elixir of that Spanish air. If her voice sometimes falls less clearly from her lips, it is no less sweet to me, for the music of her voice's prime fills, freshly as ever, those Spanish halls. If the light I love fades a little from her eyes, I know that the glances she gave me, in our youth, are the eternal sunshine of my castles in Spain.

I defy time and change. Each year laid upon our heads is a hand of blessing. I have no doubt that I shall find the shortest route to my possessions as soon as need be. Perhaps, when Adoniram is married, we shall all go out to one of my castles to pass the honeymoon.

Ah! if the true history of Spain could be written, what a book were there! The most purely romantic ruin in the world is the Alhambra. But of the Spanish castles, more spacious and splendid than any possible Alhambra, and forever unruined, no towers are visible, no pictures have been painted, and only a few ecstatic songs have been sung. The pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan, which Coleridge saw in Xanadu (a province with which I am not familiar), and a fine Castle of Indolence belonging to Thomson, and the Palace of art which Tennyson built as a "lordly pleasure-house" for his soul, are among the best statistical ac-

counts of those Spanish estates. Turner, too, has done for them much the same service that Owen Jones has done for the Alhambra. In the vignette to Moore's Epicurean you will find represented one of the most extensive castles in Spain; and there are several exquisite studies from others, by the same artists, published in Rogers's Italy.

But I confess I do not recognize any of these as mine, and that fact makes me prouder of my own castles, for, if there be such boundless variety of magnificence in their aspect and exterior, imagine the life that is led there, a life not unworthy such a setting.

If Adoniram should be married within a reasonable time, and we should make up that little family party to go out, I have considered already what society I should ask to meet the bride. Jephthah's daughter and the Chevalier Bayard, I should say — and Fair Rosamond with Dean Swift — King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would come over, I think, from his famous castle — Shakespeare and his friend the Marquis of Southampton might come in a galley with Cleopatra; and, if any guest were offended by her presence, he should devote himself to the Fair One with Golden Locks. Mephistophiles is not personally disagreeable, and is exceedingly well-bred in society, I am told; and he should come *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Spenser should escort his Faerie Queen, who would preside at the tea-table.

Mr. Samuel Weller I should ask as Lord of Misrule, and Dr. Johnson as the Abbot of Unreason. I would suggest to Major Dobbin to accompany Mrs. Fry; Alcibiades would bring Homer and Plato in his purple-sailed galley; and I would have Aspasia, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Mrs. Battle, to make up a table of whist with Queen Elizabeth. I shall order a seat placed in the oratory for Lady Jane Grey and Joan of Arc. I shall invite General Washington to bring some of the choicest cigars from his plantation for Sir Walter Raleigh; and Chaucer, Browning, and Walter Savage Landor should talk with Goethe, who is to bring Tasso on one arm and Iphigenia on the other.

Dante and Mr. Carlyle would prefer, I suppose, to go down into the dark vaults under the castle. The Man in the Moon, the Old Harry, and William of the Wisp would be valuable additions, and the Laureate Tennyson might compose an official ode upon the occasion: or I would ask "They" to say all about it.

Of course there are many other guests whose names I do not at the moment recall. But I should invite, first of all, Miles

Coverdale, who knows everything about these places and this society, for he was at Blithedale, and he has described "a select party" which he attended at a castle in the air.

Prue has not yet looked over the list. In fact, I am not quite sure that she knows my intention. For I wish to surprise her, and I think it would be generous to ask Bourne to lead her out in the bridal quadrille. I think that I shall try the first waltz with the girl I sometimes seem to see in my fairest castle, but whom I very vaguely remember. Titbottom will come with old Burton and Jaques. But I have not prepared half my invitations. Do you not guess it, seeing that I did not name, first of all, Elia, who assisted at the "Rejoicings upon the new year's coming of age"?

And yet, if Adoniram should never marry? — or if we could not get to Spain? — or if the company would not come?

What then? Shall I betray a secret? I have already entertained this party in my humble little parlor at home; and Prue presided as serenely as Semiramis over her court. Have I not said that I defy time, and shall space hope to daunt me? I keep books by day, but by night books keep me. They leave me to dreams and reveries. Shall I confess that sometimes, when I have been sitting, reading to my Prue, Cymbeline, perhaps, or a Canterbury Tale, I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain; and as she looked up from her work, and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was already there.

ERNST CURTIUS.

Curtius, Ernst, a German archæologist and historian, born at Lübeck, September 2, 1814. He studied at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 went to Greece to prosecute archæological studies. In 1850 he became a professor in the University of Berlin, and in 1856 was called to Göttingen. This position he resigned in 1865 for a professorship at Berlin. In 1874 he was sent by the German Government to Greece to obtain permission for making the excavations begun at Olympia in the following year. The principal works of Curtius are: "The Acropolis of Athens" (1844); "Peloponnesus" (1851–52); "Die Ionier vor der Ionischen Wanderung" (1855); "History of Greece" (1857–67); "Attic Studies" (1863–64); and "History and Topography of Asia Minor" (1872).

Socrates as an Influence and as a Man.

(From the "History of Greece.")

If we contemplate Socrates in his whole way of living and being (and in truth no other personage of Greek antiquity is so distinctly brought before our eyes), it seems to us in the first place as if at Athens he were not in his natural place; so foreign to Athens are his ways, and so dissociated from it is his whole individuality. He cannot be fitted into any class of Athenian civil society, and is to be measured by no such standard as we apply to his fellow-citizens. He is one of the poorest of all the Athenians, and yet he passes with a proud step through the streets of the city and confronts the richest and best born as their equal; his ungainly and neglected exterior makes him an object of public derision, and yet he exercises an unexampled influence upon high and low, upon learned and unlearned alike. He is a master both of thought and of speech, yet at the same time an opponent on principle of those who were the instructors of the Athenians in both; he is a man of free thought, who allows nothing to remain untested, and yet he is more diligent in offering sacrifices than any of his neighbors,

he venerates the oracles, and reposes a simple faith in many things which the age laughs at as nursery tales; he blames without reticence the dominion of the multitude, and yet is an adversary of oligarchs. Entirely his own master, he thinks differently from all other Athenians; he goes his own path without troubling himself about public opinion; and so long as he remains in harmony with himself, no contradiction, no hostile attack, no derision vexes his soul. Such a man as this seemed in truth to have been transplanted into the midst of Athens as it were from some other world.

And yet, unique in his kind as this Socrates was, we are unable on closer examination to mistake him for aught but a genuine Athenian. Such he was in his whole intellectual tendency, in his love of talk and skill in talk, — growths impossible in any but Athenian air, — in the delicate wit with which he contrived to combine the serious and the sportive, and in his unflagging search after a deep connection between action and knowledge. He was a genuine Athenian of the ancient stamp, when with inflexible courage he stood forth as the champion of the laws of the State against all arbitrary interference, and in the field shrank from no danger or hardship. He knew and loved the national poets; but above all it is in his indefatigable impulse towards culture that we recognize the true son of his native city. Herein lay a spiritual affinity between him and the noblest among the Athenians, a Solon and a Pericles. Socrates, like Solon, thought that no man is too old to learn; that to learn and to know is not a schooling for life, but life itself, and that which alone gives to life its value. To become by knowledge better from day to day, and to make others better, appeared to both to be the real duty of man. Both found the one true happiness in the health of the soul, whose greatest unhappiness they held to lie in wrong and ignorance.

Thus with all his originality Socrates most decidedly stood on the basis of Attic culture; and if it is taken into consideration that the most celebrated representatives of Sophistry and the tendencies akin to it all came from abroad, — *e. g.*, Protagoras from Abdera, Prodicus from Ceos, Diagoras from Melos, — it may fairly be affirmed that as against these foreign teachers the best principles of Attic wisdom found their representative in Socrates. Far, however, from merely recurring to the ancient foundations of patriotic sentiment, — fallen into neglect to the great loss of the State, — and from opposing himself on an inflexible defensive

SOCRATES INSTRUCTING ALCIBIADES

From Painting by H. F. Schopin

to the movement of the age, he rather stood in the very midst of it; and merely sought to lead it to other and higher ends. What he desired was not a turning back, but a progress in knowledge beyond that which the most sagacious teachers of wisdom offered. For this reason he was able to unite in himself elements which seemed to others irreconcilably contradictory; and upon this conception was based what most distinguished him above all his fellow countrymen, the lofty freedom and independence of his mind. Thus, without becoming disloyal to his home, he was able to rise above the restrictions of customary ideas; which he most notably achieved by making himself perfectly independent of all external things, in the midst of a people which worshipped the beauty of outward appearance, and by attaching value exclusively to the possessions which are within, and to moral life. For this reason too his personal ugliness — the broad face with the snub nose, thick lips and prominent eyes — was a characteristic feature of his individuality; because it testified against the traditional assumption of a necessary union between physical and intellectual excellence; because it proved that even in a form like that of Silenus there might dwell a spirit like that of Apollo, and thus conduced to a loftier conception of the being of man. Thus he belonged to his people and to his age, but stood above both; and such a man the Athenians needed, in order to find the path whereon it was possible to penetrate through the conflict of opinions to a moral assurance, and to reach a happiness containing its own warrant.

Socrates appears before us as an individuality complete and perfect, of which the gradual development continues to remain a mystery. Its real germ, however, doubtless lies in the desire for knowledge, which was innate in him with peculiar strength. This desire would not allow him to remain under pupilage to his father: it drove him forth out of the narrow workshop into the streets and the open places of the city, where in those days every kind of culture, art, and science was offered in rich abundance; for at the time when Socrates was in his twentieth year, Pericles stood at the height of his splendid activity, which the son of a sculptor might be supposed to have had occasion fully to appreciate. The youthful Socrates however brought with him out of his father's house a certain one-sided and so to speak *bourgeois* tendency, — *i. e.*, a sober homely sense for the practically useful, which would not allow itself to be dazzled by splendor and magnificence. Accordingly he passed by with tol-

erable indifference the much-admired works of art with which the city was at that time filled; for the ideal efforts of the Periclean age he lacked comprehension; nor do the tragedies of a Sophocles appear to have exercised much attraction upon him. If there was one-sidedness in this, on the other hand it bore good fruit in so far as it confirmed the independence of his judgment, and enabled him to recognize and combat the defects and diseases from which Athens suffered even in the midst of her glories.

But although the son of Sophroniscus carried the idea of the practically useful into the domain of science, he gave to it in this so deep and grand a significance that for him it again became an impulse towards searching with unflagging zeal for all real means of culture offered by Athens; for he felt the impossibility of satisfactorily responding to the moral tasks which most immediately await man, without the possession of a connected knowledge. Thus he eagerly associated with men and women esteemed as highly cultured; he listened to the lectures of the Sophists; acquainted himself with the writings of the earlier philosophers, which he found to be still of vital effect upon his contemporaries; thoroughly studied with friends desirous of self-improvement the works of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras; and in this constant intercourse he gradually became himself another man, — *i. e.*, he grew conscious of the unsatisfactory standpoint of the wisdom of the teachers of the day, as well as conscious of his own aims and mission. For in putting questions of a kind which could meet with no reply, and in searching for deeper things than could be offered to him by his hearers, he gradually became himself the person from whom the impulse proceeded, and from whom in the end was expected an answer to the questions which had remained unsolved. He, the seeker after instruction, became the centre of a circle of younger men who were enthusiastically attached to him. In how high a degree that which he endeavored to supply corresponded to the deeply felt needs of the age, is evident from the fact that men of the most utterly different dispositions and stations in life gave themselves up to him: youths of the highest class of society, full of self-consciousness, buoyancy, and reckless high spirits, such as Alcibiades; and again, men of a melancholy and timid turn of mind, such as the well-known eccentric Apollodorus of Phalerus, who, perpetually discontented with himself and others, led a miserable existence until in Socrates he found the sole individu-

ality appeasing his wants, and in intercourse with him the satisfaction for which he had longed. To him Socrates was all in all, and every hour during which he was away from Socrates he accounted as lost. Thus Socrates was able to re-awaken among the Athenians — among whom personal intercourse between those of the same age, as well as between men and youths, was disturbed or desecrated either by party interests or by impure sensuality — the beneficent power of pure friendship and unselfish devotion. Sober and calm himself, he excited the noblest enthusiasm, and by the simplest means obtained a far-reaching influence such as before him no man had possessed at Athens; even before the Peace of Nicias, when Aristophanes made him the principal character in his "Clouds," he was one of the best known and most influential personages at Athens.

As Socrates gradually became a teacher of the people, so his mode and habits of life, too, formed themselves in indissoluble connection with his philosophical development. For this was the most pre-eminent among his qualities; that his life and his teachings were formed in the same mould, and that none of his disciples could say whether he had been more deeply affected by the words or by the example of his master. And this was connected with the fact that from the first his philosophy directed itself to that which might make man better and more pleasing to Heaven, freer and happier at once. To this tendency he could not devote himself without rising in his own consciousness to a continuously loftier clearness and purity, and without subjecting to reason the elements inborn in him, of sensual impulses, of inertia and passion. Thus he became a man in whom the world found much to smile and mock at, but whom even these who could not stomach his wisdom were obliged to acknowledge as a morally blameless and just citizen. He was devoted with absolute loyalty to his native city, and without desiring offices and dignities, he was from an inner impulse indefatigably active for her good.

. . . . . .

For the rest, Socrates, with all his dislike of the pursuit of profit and pleasure, was anything but a morose eccentric like Euripides; from this he was kept by his love of humankind. He was merry with the merry, and spoilt no festive banquet to which he had been bidden. In the friendly circle he sat as a man brave at his cups, and herein likewise offered an example to his friends how the truly free can at one time suffer depriva-

tion, and at another enjoy abundance, without at any time losing his full self-control. After a night of festivity his consciousness was as clear and serene as ever; he had after a rare fashion made his body an ever ready servant of his mind; even physically he could do things impossible to others, and as if protected by some magic charm, he passed unhurt through all the pestilences of Athens without ever timidly keeping out of the way of danger. Fully assured of the inner mission which animated him, he allowed nothing to derange or to confound him. Hostile attacks and derision touched him not; nay, he was known to laugh most heartily of all the spectators when that sinner Aristophanes exhibited him as a dreamer, abstracted from the world and hanging in a hammock between heaven and earth; and when the other comic poets made the public merry with his personal appearance. For the same reason, lastly, he was inaccessible to all the offers made to him by foreign princes, who would have given much to attract the most remarkable man of the age to their courts. The Thessalian grandees in particular, Scopas at Crannon and Eurylochus at Larissa, emulated one another in their endeavors to secure him. But he was no more tempted by their gold than by that of Archelaus, the splendor of whose throne, obtained by guile and murder, failed to dazzle Socrates. He replied with the pride of a genuine republican that it ill befitted any man to accept benefits which he had no power of returning.

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC, a French writer of literary extravaganzas (1619–1655), born at Paris. He was a famous duelist, and there is a fable that he fought more than a thousand single combats, most of them provoked by comments on his enormously overgrown nose. In style and composition he is without taste or judgment; but he is always sprightly and fanciful, often witty and ingenious. Boileau noted his "daring burlesque." He wrote: "Letters," amorous or satirical; a "Comic History of the States and Empire of the Moon," and another "Of the Sun," both full of metaphysical and satirical passages in the vein later made famous by Swift, to whom they are thought to have suggested "Gulliver." His one tragedy, "Agrippina," evinces great dramatic power; he wrote also a clever comedy, "The Pedant Laughing-Stock." Special interest in his life and work has been recently aroused by Rostand's popular play in which his semi-mythical deeds are portrayed.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

(Translated by Alice Duff.)

THE moon was at its full — the sky cloudless, when returning from Clanard, where M. de Cingy, our proprietor, had been entertaining myself and several friends, the various thoughts to which the sight of that golden orb gave rise, made the subject of conversation during our homeward walk. One said that to him it was like a skylight in the heavens. Another that it was the sun himself, who with his rays darkened, was looking out through a hole to see what was going on in the world when he himself was absent. But I declared, that for me, without wishing to criticise the amusing theories of others, the moon is a world like our own, to which our own serves as a moon. Some of the company received this idea with a great burst of laughter. "Even so, perhaps," I said, "they are laughing in the moon at some one who maintains that our globe is a world." Notwithstanding my efforts to show them that many wise men had been of this opinion, they only laughed the more.

This train of thought, strengthened by contradiction, so engrossed me that I was oblivious to all else. My mind was filled with a thousand wild fancies as to the moon, until by force of trying to support them by serious reasons, I had arrived at a pass little short of utter confusion. Then, a miracle or accident, Providence, chance, vision, chimera, or madness, what you will, furnished me the occasion leading to my story.

Arrived at my house I found upon the table in my study, an open book which I had not placed there. It was Cardan's, and although I had no intention of reading in it, my eyes fell, as if by force, upon a certain history of this philosopher, who tells, that while studying one evening by candle light, he saw enter through closed doors two tall old men. To his repeated interrogations, they at last replied, that they were inhabitants of the Moon, and at the same time disappeared. Surprised to find such a book open at such a page at such a time, what could I do but use the chain of circumstances as an inspiration to make known to men, that the Moon is a world!

"Wonderful," I said to myself, "after having talked all day on a certain subject, a book, perhaps the only one in the world which treats the matter so thoroughly, flies from my book-shelves to my table, becomes capable of reasoning, enough to open itself at the precise page where this marvelous adventure is recited: forces my eyes thereupon, furnishes my fancy with images, and my plans with the necessary designs. Doubtless the two old men who appeared to Cardan are the same who have disturbed my books and opened to this page to spare themselves the speech made to him. But how clear up the mystery without rising to the heights themselves! And why not? Did not Prometheus mount to the sky to steal the sacred fire? Am I less bold than he? have I less reason to hope for success?" This excitement was followed by a strong desire to realize something from my brilliant idea. I next shut myself up in a country house, and from there, having reduced my reveries to realities, this is how I mounted to the sky.

I had fastened about me a quantity of bottles filled with dew, upon which the sun darted its rays so powerfully that the heat which attracted them, as it does the clouds, raised me so high that I soon found myself above the middle region. But as this attraction made me mount too rapidly, and as instead of approaching the moon it seemed farther away than at my setting out, I broke several of my bottles until I felt my weight over-

coming the attraction, and I began to descend towards the earth. My idea was correct, as I found afterwards. Counting from the time I set out, it must now be midnight, but the sun was higher above the horizon than it was at noon. Imagine my astonishment! Not knowing to what else to attribute this miracle, I had the insolence to imagine that in recognition of my daring, God had once more made the sun to stand still in the heavens to heighten the effect of such a brilliant enterprise.

I was surprised not to recognize the country about me, since, having mounted in a direct line, I should have descended to the same place whence I started. Equipped, however, as I was, I moved towards a sort of hut, where I noticed smoke rising, and was only a pistol shot distant when I was surrounded by a number of naked men. They seemed greatly surprised at my appearance as it was doubtless the first time they had ever seen anyone dressed in bottles. To make the situation still more curious they saw that in walking, my feet scarcely touched the ground, but they could not know that at the least motion I gave my body, the heat of the southern rays lifted me with my dew, and that if I had not lost some of my bottles, I would be raised up out of sight before their very eyes. I would have spoken to them, but as if fright had changed them into birds, in a moment they were lost from sight in a neighboring wood. I caught one, however, whose legs were even worse than his spirit, and asked him how far I was from Paris, and since when in France, people stalked about without clothing; and why they fled from me in such terror. The old man threw himself at my feet and, joining his hands high behind his head, opened his mouth and shut his eyes; then mumbled a long time between his teeth, but as I could not discover that he articulated at all, I decided that his language was only the harsh effort of the mute.

. . . . . .

The two professors, whom we were awaiting, entered almost immediately, and we proceeded to put ourselves at table, where the young man was already seated. They greeted him most solemnly, with the profound deference of a slave to his master. On asking the reason of this, I was told it was on account of the man's youth, because in this world the old pay every respect to the young, the fathers obeying their children as soon as by the decree of the Senate of the Philosophers, these chil-

dren have attained the age of reason. "You are astonished," he continued "at a custom so contrary to any of your own country, but it is reasonable. Tell me, is not a man in the freshness and vigor of youth more capable of governing a family than an infirm sexagenarian, poor old dolt, whose imagination is chilled by the snows of sixty winters; who is led only by what you call experience; itself the simple effect of chance against all rules of the economy of human prudence. As to judgment, he has little enough also, although the vulgar of your world make it an attribute of age. For be it known, that what is called prudence in an old man is nothing but a panicky apprehension, a mad fear of undertaking anything which possesses him. So when he has not risked a danger where a young man is lost, it is not that he foresaw the catastrophe, but that he had not the necessary fire to kindle those noble enthusiasms which make us dare: while, on the contrary, the boldness of the young man was an earnest of his success, because the ardor which makes for promptness and ease of execution was also what pushed him to undertake."

State and Empire of the Sun.

(Translated by Alice Duff.)

We find that these spots on the Sun, which the ancients had not discovered, grow larger day by day; now what is it that takes place, if not that a crust is forming on its surface, its body dying as the light is taken away: and will it not become, when all the moving particles shall have abandoned it, an opaque globe, like the earth? There are far distant centuries, beyond which no vestige of man appears: perhaps the earth was formerly a sun, peopled with animals suited to the climate which had produced them, and perhaps these animals were the demons of which antiquity relates so many tales. Why not? May it not be that these animals, after the extinction of the earth, still lived there a certain time, and that the alteration of their globe did not entirely destroy the race? In fact, they were living up to the time of Augustus, as Plutarch has testified. It even seems that the sacred and prophetic Testament of our early patriarchs has wished to lead us to this truth; for we read of the revolt of the angels, before anything is said of men. Is not this period, observed by Scripture, a semi-proof that the

angels dwelt on earth before we came? And that these proud beings, who had inhabited our world when it was a sun, disdaining, perhaps, after its extinction, to remain longer on it, and knowing that God had set His throne on the Sun, dared undertake to occupy it? But God, who wished to punish their audacity, chased them even from the earth and created man, less perfect, but, in consequence, less vainglorious, to fill their empty places.

After a journey of about five months, as nearly as one can tell, when there is no night to distinguish from day, I came to one of those little worlds (called Mamlae by the ancients), that revolve about the Sun. There, on account of the clouds interposed, my mirrors, no longer reuniting so much heat, and the air, in consequence, no longer pushing my cabin with such force, what remained of the wind sufficed only to sustain me in my fall, and I descended towards the top of a high mountain, where I landed gently. . . . After some time I reached a quagmire, where I found a little man, quite naked, resting on a stone. I do not remember if I spoke to him first, or if it was he who questioned me, but I remember perfectly, as if listening to him now, that he conversed with me during three full hours in a language that I had never heard, that has no likeness to anything of this earth, and which, however, I understood more quickly and clearly than that of my nurse. He explained to me, when I inquired concerning this marvel, that in science there is one truth, outside of which are only intricacies; that the farther an idiom is removed from this truth, the farther it falls below the thought, and the less easy it becomes to understand. "In the same way," continued he, "in music, this truth is never encountered, that a soul sufficiently elevated does not rush blindly to meet it. We do not see it, but we feel that Nature sees it, and without our comprehending in what way we are absorbed, it does not fail to enchant us: even though we cannot tell what it is. It is the same with languages; whoever meets this truth in words, letters, and so forth, can never, in expression, fall below his conception; he will always speak according to his thought, and it is because you have not the knowledge of this perfect idiom, that you are at a loss, and know neither the order nor the words that might express what you have imagined."

I said to him, that the first man of our world had undoubtedly used this language, because every name that he had given

expressed the nature of its object. He interrupted me and continued, "This idiom is not only necessary to express all that the mind conceives, but without it, you cannot be understood everywhere. As it is the instinct or voice of nature, it ought to be understood by all who come under the influence of nature; that is why, if you had this knowledge, you could communicate all your thoughts to the beasts, and they could tell you theirs, because this is the language of nature herself, by which she makes herself understood by all animals." "Ah," cried I, "it was doubtless by the use of this idiom that our first father talked with the animals, and was understood by them, for as he had received dominion over all races, they obeyed him, because he spoke to them in a language they knew; and it is also for that (the mother-tongue being lost) that they do not come to us to-day, as formerly, when we call them, because they no longer understand us."

. . . . . .

Suspended thus in the empty heavens and already terrified at the death I expected from my fall, I turned my sad eyes toward the sun; my sight carried thither my thought, and my gaze, fixed on his globe, marked a way which my will could follow and so transport my body. . . . I will be silent as to the rest of my journey lest it should be as long in the telling as in the doing. Let it suffice that at the end of twenty-two months I landed very happily on the great plains of Light. This ground is like flakes of snow lit by a fire, so luminous is it. And here is something incredible enough; that after the fall of my box, I have never been able to understand whether I mounted or descended to the sun. I remember only that I arrived. I walked lightly, I touched the ground only with one spot, and I often rolled like a ball, finding it no more difficult to walk with my head than with my feet. Even when I sometimes had my feet in the air and my shoulders on the ground, I felt as much at my ease in this position as if I had had my feet on earth and my head in the air. On whatever part of the body I poised myself, on the back, on an elbow, or on an ear, I found myself standing there. I recognized from this fact that the sun is a world with no center of gravity and that as I was so far removed from the active sphere of our own and of all those that I had encountered, it was consequently impossible that I should still weigh anything, as weight is

only an attraction to the center of gravity in the sphere of its activity.

The respect with which I imprinted my steps on this luminous country, suspended for a moment the ardor with which I burned to continue my journey. I felt ashamed to walk on the light: my body, astonished, wished to help itself by my eyes, and this transparent earth which they penetrated, not being able to sustain them, my instinct became, in spite of myself, master of my thought, and carried it farther and farther into the depths of a light without bottom. My reason, however, little by little disabused my instinct, and I trod the plain with steps so firm and proud, that could men have seen me from their world, they would have taken me for that great God who walks on the clouds. . . .

After walking, I should think about fifteen days, I came to a part of the Sun less resplendent than that I have described. I was quite overcome with joy, and imagined that this feeling proceeded from a secret sympathy that my body had retained for its denseness. This knowledge did not, however, cause me to desist from my enterprise; for I resembled those old men, who, knowing that sleep is harmful to them, and having given orders to their servants to keep them from napping, are yet very angry at being aroused. Thus while my body, becoming opaque in proportion as I advanced farther into these darker provinces, recontracted the weaknesses occasioned by this infirmity of matter, I felt weary and overcome with sleep. Those delicate languors that caress us at the approach of sleep, ran through my veins so pleasurably, that my conquered senses forced upon my soul a feeling of gratitude to the tyrant who chained his servitors; for sleep, that ancient tyrant of half our days, who, on account of old age, can neither support the light, nor even look at it without fainting, had been obliged to leave me at the entrance of the brilliant climates of the Sun, and had lain in wait for me here, on the borders of these dark regions, where, having caught me, he held me prisoner, inclosed my eyes, his declared enemies, under the black vault of my eyelids, and for fear lest my other senses, betraying him as they had betrayed me, should disturb him in the peaceful possession of his conquest, he bound them firmly to their places. All this signifies in two words, that I lay down on the sand and went to sleep. It was a bare, flat country, so open that my sight, direct it where I would, met not even a bush, and, nevertheless, on awak-

ening, I found myself under a tree in comparison with which the highest cedar would seem like a blade of grass. Its trunk was of pure gold, its branches silver, and the leaves emeralds, the brilliant green of their sparkling surfaces reflecting like a mirror the fruits hanging above them. But judge if these fruits owed aught to the leaves. The flaming scarlet of a great carbuncle composed one-half of each; it was hard to tell if the other half were of chrysolite or a piece of golden amber; the wide-open flowers were roses of enormous diamonds and the buds, huge pear-shaped pearls.

A nightingale, most beautiful in his shining plumage, was perched high on a branch, and seemed, with his melodious lay, to wish to force the ears to confess to the eyes that he was not unworthy the throne on which he sat.

I remained a long time stupefied at such a marvelous spectacle, and could not look at it enough; but as all my thoughts were concentrated in admiration before one apple of a garnet hue, extraordinarily beautiful, made of several large rubies together, I noticed a movement in the little crown that made its head, which lengthened enough to form a neck. I then saw something, I could not tell what, of white, which, after having thickened itself, grown larger, came forward, pushed itself back in certain spots, appeared finally as the face of a little bust in flesh and blood. This little bust terminated in a ball at the waist, that is to say, below the waist it was still like an apple. It stretched itself, however, little by little, and the stem having formed two legs, each leg separated at the end into five toes. Being now humanized the apple detached itself from the stem, and with a light bound landed exactly at my feet. Certainly I admit that when I saw marching proudly before me this reasoning apple, this tiny dwarf no bigger than my thumb, and yet strong enough to create himself, I was seized with a feeling of veneration. "Human animal," said he, (in that mother-tongue of which I have told you elsewhere,) "having carefully considered you for a long time from the branch where I was hanging, I thought I read in your face that you were not a native of this world; therefore I came down that you might explain matters to me." When I had satisfied his curiosity on all the subjects about which he questioned me, "But you," I asked, "tell me who you are . . ." "You will not take it amiss," said he, "if I call about me my people, for I am king over all who compose this tree . . ."

"For the rest, now that I see this little bird resolved to return to his own country, we, my subjects and I, will resume our own form and continue our journey. But it is only reasonable that I should first explain to you who we are: animals native to the sun in its lighted parts, for there is a great difference between the people who live in the luminous regions and those of the opaque countries. It is we, whom you on the earth call spirits, and your stupid presumption has given us this name, because, being unable to imagine any animal more perfect than man, seeing that things quite beyond your human power are done by certain creatures, you thought these animals were spirits. You are wholly wrong. We are animals like you, for, although, when we so wish we can give to our substance, (as you have just seen,) the form and figure of the things into which we wish to change ourselves, that does not prove that we are spirits. But listen, and I will explain how all these metamorphoses which seem to you so many miracles are nothing more than purely natural effects. You must know that, being born in the light part of this great world, where the principle of all matter is to be in action, our imagination is much more active than that of the inhabitants of the opaque regions, and the substance of our bodies is also much more delicate. Now, that being granted, it is infallible that our imagination, meeting no obstacle in the matter of which we are composed, it arranges it as it wishes and becomes mistress of all our substance, makes it pass by moving all the particles in the order necessary to constitute in a large way what it had formed in a small one. Thus each one of us, having imagined the place and part of this precious tree to which he wished to change himself, and having by this effort of the imagination excited our substance to the necessary movements, we became transformed. Thus my eagle, with his eyes put out, had only to imagine that he saw, in order to have his sight return, for all our transformations are made by movement. That is why, when from leaves, fruit, flowers that we were, we turned into men, you saw us dance for sometime afterward; because we were not yet recovered from the shock it had been necessary to give our systems to make ourselves into men. . . . You men cannot do these things on account of the heaviness of your substance, and the coldness of your imaginations."

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Dana, Richard Henry, the elder, an American poet and prose-writer; born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787; died there February 2, 1879. He entered Harvard College in 1808, but did not complete the course. He was admitted to the Boston bar in 1811. Literature pleased him better than law, and when, in 1818, Edward Tyrrell Channing became the editor of the "North American Review," Dana was associated with him. His literary criticisms, dissenting in various instances from received opinion, excited attention. Later Dana withdrew from the "Review," and in 1821 began the publication of "The Idle Man," to which he contributed the tales entitled "Tom Thornton," "Edward and Mary," and "Paul Fenton." It was not a financial success, and in 1822 it was discontinued. Dana's poems, "The Dying Raven" and "The Husband and Wife's Grave," appeared in 1825, in "The New York Review," then edited by Mr. Bryant. "The Buccaneer and Other Poems" was published in 1827. In 1823 Mr. Dana published a larger volume containing additional poems and the papers from "The Idle Man," and in 1850 "Poems and Prose Writings" in two volumes, which contain, besides the poems and articles already published, contributions to several periodicals. In 1839–40 Mr. Dana delivered a course of "Lectures on Shakespeare."

The Island.

(From "The Buccaneer.")

The Island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home.
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck with her glossy breast
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men:
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear.
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done —
Come, listen how from crime this Isle was won.

The Doom of Lee.

(From "The Buccaneer.")

Who's sitting on that long black ledge
Which makes so far out in the sea,
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge?
Poor idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round this shore!

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth wet sands;
Then tries each cliff and cove and jut that bounds
The isles; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand?
"I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find — I've tried
All day and night!" — He seaward looked, and sighed.

It brought the tear to many an eye
That once his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop is nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail."
He shook. — "You know the Spirit Horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 't is a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air, then rush to mimic strife:
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life! —

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye — oh, how his worn thoughts crave —
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

. . . . . .

To-night the charmèd number 's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," it said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead!" —
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft calm light.

Again he sits within that room;
All day he leans at that still board;
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weakened with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor shattered wretch, there waits he that pale Horse.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful, while the west sun shone

And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory! — Sudden darkness fell;
And down they went, — peak, tower, citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Seals up the heavens. 'T is hush as death —
All but the ocean's dull low moan.
How hard Lee draws his breath!
He shudders as he feels the working Power.
Arouse thee, Lee! up! man thee for thine hour!

'T is close at hand; for there, once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she showed before; —
Twice thus she hither came; —
But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light; then, settling, down she goes.

And where she sank, up slowly came
The Spectre Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He 'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor:
He 's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They 're met. "I know thou com'st for me."
Lee's spirit to the Spectre said;
"I know that I must go with thee —
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!"
Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral Steed!

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye which holds him fast.
How still they stand! — the man and horse.
"Thine hour is almost past."
"Oh, spare me," cries the wretch, "thou fearful one!"
"My time is full — I must not go alone."

"I 'm weak and faint. Oh let me stay!"
"Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!"
The horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hark! how the Spectre breathes through this still night!
See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light!

He 's on the beach, but stops not there;
He 's on the sea! that dreadful horse!
Lee flings and writhes in wild despair!
In vain! The spirit-corse
Holds him by fearful spell; he cannot leap.
Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track —
The curling comb, and dark steel wave:
There yet sits Lee the Spectre's back —
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They 're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea. —
Oh, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

The Past.

It is not in connection with the eternal alone, that the past awakens reverence in us. So long as we suffer our minds to have their natural play, that which existed long before we came into being will call out something of filial respect; the Past will be reverenced as our great ancestor. Nor is this an unmeaning emotion. For whatever has been touches on whatever is; the Present would not be as it is, had the Past been different from what it was. As the peculiar gestures of the father are acted over again in the child, and as on the lip of the little one is still playing the mother's own smile, though she herself be gone, so the Past, by wonderful communication, infuses something of its own character into whatever follows it. He who has no reverence for the Past is an unnatural son, mocking at age, and forswearing his own father. And should this reverential feeling die out, and the children of this or the coming time make light of it, we may depend upon it, in its stead, passions will break into their social state, which shall rend them like the "two she-bears out of the wood. . . ."

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.

Dana, Richard Henry, Jr., an American lawyer and politician: born at Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815; died at Rome, Italy, January 6, 1882. Compelled by an affection of the eyes to suspend his collegiate course at Harvard, he shipped in 1837 as a sailor, on a voyage to California. Of this voyage he gave an account in "Two Years Before the Mast," published in 1840. In that year he completed his course at Harvard; began the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1840, and entered upon practice. In 1861 he was appointed United States Attorney for Massachusetts, and in conjunction with Mr. Evarts he argued the prize cases before the Supreme Court in regard to the belligerent powers of the Government in time of rebellion. He was one of the United States Counsel for the trial of Jefferson Davis for treason, and in 1867–68 was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Besides the popular "Two Years Before the Mast," he published in 1841 "The Seaman's Friend," and in 1859, "To Cuba and Back." He also contributed articles to the "North American Review," and to legal periodicals.

Doubling the Cape.

(From "Two Years Before the Mast.")

In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward, but, in running for the straits of Magellan we stood so far to the eastward, that we made our second at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice, thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed topsails and a reefed fore-sail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still, we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men! — tumble up! — don't stop for your clothes — before we 're upon it!" We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern; and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but, in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp look-out of the watch, we should have been fairly upon the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the Southern ocean. After standing to the northward a few hours, we wore ship, and, the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward. All night long, a bright look-out was kept from every part of the deck; and whenever ice was seen on the one bow or the other, the helm was shifted and the yards braced, and by quick working of the ship she was kept clear. The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead!" — "Ice on the lee bow!" — "Another island!" in the same tones, and with the same orders following them, seemed to bring us directly back to our old position of the week before. During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove-to under a close-reefed fore top-sail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm, with a drenching rain, until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course which we should have steered, had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here then our progress was stopped, and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward; not for the straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still farther to the eastward; for the

captain was determined to get round if perseverance could do it, and the third time, he said, never failed.

With a fair wind we soon ran clear of the field-ice, and by noon had only the stray island floating far and near upon the ocean. The sun was out bright, the sea of a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves which ran high before a strong southwester; our solitary ship tore on through the water as though glad to be out of her confinement: and the ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale. It was a contrast to much that we had lately seen, and a spectacle not only of life; for it required but little fancy to imagine these islands to be animate masses which had broken loose from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and were working their way by wind and current, some alone, and some in fleets, to milder climes. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture, they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea, while their chief beauty and grandeur, — their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts, — the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From a northeast course we gradually hauled to the eastward, and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the western coast of Terra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice altogether, — for the third time we put the ship's head to the southward, to try the passage of the Cape. The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon, a man who had gone into the foretop to shift the rolling tackles, sung out, at the top of his voice, and with evident glee, — "Sail ho!" Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and anyone who has traversed the length of a whole ocean alone can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced on board. "Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the slide of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companion way to the passenger

in the cabin. Beside the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the eastward, and to ascertain the longitude; for we had no chronometer, and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning, and opportunities for lunar observation are not frequent or sure in such a place as Cape Horn. For these various reasons, the excitement in our little community was running high, and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out — "Another sail large on the weather bow!" This was a little odd, but so much the better, and did not shake our faith in their being sails. At length the man in the top hailed, and said he believed it was land, after all. "Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are ice islands, if I can see a hole through a ladder;" and a few moments showed the mate to be right; and all our expectations fled; and instead of what we most wished to see, we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within about two miles of them; and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

Having a fine wind, we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape, and having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round and steering to the northward on the other side, in a very few days. But ill luck seemed to have lighted upon us. Not four hours had we been standing on in this course, before it fell dead calm; and in half an hour it clouded up; a few straggling blasts, with spits of snow and sleet, came from the eastward; and in an hour more, we lay hove-to under a close-reefed main top-sail, drifting bodily off to leeward before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead, from the eastward. It seemed as though the genius of the place had been roused at finding that we had nearly slipped through his fingers, and had come upon us with tenfold fury. The sailors said that every blast, as it shook the shrouds, and whistled through the rigging, said to the old ship, "No, you don't!" — "No, you don't!"

For eight days we lay drifting about in this manner. Sometimes, — generally towards noon, — it fell calm; once or twice a round copper ball showed itself for a few moments in the place where the sun ought to have been; and a puff or two came

from the westward, giving some hope that a fair wind had come at last. During the first two days, we made sail for these puffs, shaking the reefs out of the top-sails and boarding the tacks of the courses; but finding that it only made work for us when the gale set in again, it was soon given up, and we lay-to under our close-reefs. We had less snow and hail than when we were farther to the westward, but we had an abundance of what is worse to a sailor in cold weather — drenching rain. Snow is blinding, and very bad when coming upon a coast, but, for genuine discomfort, give me rain with freezing weather. A snow-storm is exciting, and it does not wet through the clothes (which is important to a sailor); but a constant rain there is no escaping from. It wets to the skin, and makes all protection vain. We had long ago run through all our dry clothes, and as sailors have no other way of drying them than by the sun, we had nothing to do but to put on those which were the least wet. At the end of each watch, when we came below, we took off our clothes and wrung them out; two taking hold of a pair of trowsers, — one at each end, — and jackets in the same way. Stockings, mittens, and all, were wrung out also, and then hung up to drain and chafe dry against the bulkheads. Then, feeling of all our clothes, we picked out those which were the least wet, and put them on so as to be ready for a call, and turned-in, covered ourselves up with blankets, and slept until three knocks on the scuttle and the dismal sound of "All starbowlines ahoy! Eight bells, there below! Do you hear the news?" drawled out from on deck, and the sulky answer of "Aye, aye!" from below, sent us up again.

On deck, all was as dark as a pocket, and either a dead calm, with the rain pouring steadily down, or, more generally, a violent gale dead ahead with rain pelting horizontally, and occasional variations of hail and sleet; — deck afloat with water swashing from side to side, and constantly wet feet; for boots could not be wrung out like drawers, and no composition could stand the constant soaking. In fact, wet and cold feet are inevitable in such weather, and are not the least of those little items which go to make up the grand total of the discomforts of a winter passage round the Cape. Few words were spoken between the watches as they shifted, the wheel was relieved, the mate took his place on the quarter-deck, the look-outs in the bows; and each man had his narrow space to walk fore and aft in, or, rather, to swing himself forward and back in, from one belaying

pin to another, — for the decks were too slippery with ice and water to allow of much walking. To make a walk, which is absolutely necessary to pass away the time, one of us hit upon the expedient of sanding the deck; and afterwards, whenever the rain was not so violent as to wash it off, the weatherside of the quarter-deck and a part of the waist and forecastle were sprinkled with the sand which we had on board for holystoning; and thus we made a good promenade, where we walked fore and aft, two and two, hour after hour, in our long, dull, and comfortless watches. The bells seemed to be an hour or two apart, instead of half an hour, and an age to elapse before the welcome sound of eight bells. The sole object was to make the time pass on. Any change was sought for, which would break the monotony of the time; and even the two hours' trick at the wheel, which came round to each of us, in turn, once in every other watch, was looked upon as a relief. Even the never-failing resource of long yarns, which eke out many a watch, seemed to have failed us now; for we had been so long together that we had heard each other's stories told over and over again, till we had them by heart; each one knew the whole history of each of the others, and we were fairly and literally talked out. Singing and joking we were in no humor for, and, in fact, any sound of mirth or laughter would have struck strangely upon our ears, and would not have been tolerated, any more than whistling, or a wind instrument. The last resort, that of speculating upon the future, seemed now to fail us, for our discouraging situation, and the danger we were really in (as we expected every day to find ourselves drifted back among the ice) "clapped a stopper" upon all that. From saying — "*when* we get home" — we began insensibly to alter it to — "*if* we get home" — and at last the subject was dropped by a tacit consent. In this state of things, a new light was struck out, and a new field opened, by a change in the watch. One of our watch was laid up for two or three days by a bad hand (for in cold weather the least cut or bruise ripens into a sore), and his place was supplied by the carpenter. This was a windfall, and there was quite a contest, who should have the carpenter to walk with him. As "Chips" was a man of some little education, and he and I had had a good deal of intercourse with each other, he fell in with me in my walk. He was a Fin, but spoke English very well, and gave me long accounts of his country; — the customs, the trade, the towns, what little he knew of the gov-

ernment (I found he was no friend to Russia), his voyages, his first arrival in America, his marriage and courtship; — he had married a country woman of his, a dressmaker, whom he met with in Boston. I had very little to tell him of my quiet, sedentary life at home; and in spite of our best efforts, which had protracted these yarns through five or six watches, we fairly talked one another out, and I turned him over to another man in the watch, and put myself upon my own resources.

I commenced a deliberate system of time-killing, which united some profit with a cheering up of the heavy hours. As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory, in regular order. First, the multiplication table and the tables of weights and measures; then the states of the Union, with their capitals; the counties of England with their shire towns; the kings of England in their order; and a large part of the peerage, which I committed from an almanac that we had on board; and then the Kanaka numerals. This carried me through my facts, and being repeated deliberately with long intervals, often eked out the two first bells. Then came the ten commandments; the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, and a few other passages from Scripture. The next in the order, that I never varied from, came Cowper's Castaway, which was a great favorite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as the incident that it was founded upon, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea. Then his lines to Mary, his address to the jackdaw, and a short extract from Table Talk (I abounded in Cowper, for I happened to have a volume of his poems in my chest); "Ille et nefasto" from Horace, and Gœthe's Erl King. After I had got through these, I allowed myself a more general range among everything that I could remember, both in prose and verse. In this way, with an occasional break by relieving the wheel, heaving the log, and going to the scuttle-butt for a drink of water, the longest watch was passed away; and I was so regular in my silent recitations, that if there was no interruption by ship's duty, I could tell very nearly the number of bells by my progress.

Our watches below were no more varied than the watch on deck. All washing, sewing, and reading was given up; and we did nothing but eat, sleep, and stand our watch, leading what might be called a Cape Horn life. The forecastle was too un-

comfortable to sit up in; and whenever we were below, we were in our berths. To prevent the rain, and the sea-water which broke over the bows, from washing down, we were obliged to keep the scuttle closed, so that the forecastle was nearly air-tight. In this little, wet, leaky hole, we were all quartered in an atmosphere so bad that our lamp, which swung in the middle from the beams, sometimes actually burned blue, with a large circle of foul air about it. Still, I was never in better health than after three weeks of this life. I gained a great deal of flesh, and we all ate like horses. At every watch, when we came below, before turning-in, the bread barge and beef kid were overhauled. Each man drank his quart of hot tea night and morning; and glad enough we were to get it, for no nectar and ambrosia were sweeter to the lazy immortals, than was a pot of hot tea, a hard biscuit, and a slice of cold salt beef, to us after a watch on deck. To be sure, we were mere animals, and had this life lasted a year instead of a month, we should have been little better than the ropes in the ship. Not a razor, nor a brush, nor a drop of water, except the rain and the spray, had come near us all the time; for we were on an allowance of fresh water; and who would strip and wash himself in salt water on deck, in the snow and ice, with the thermometer at zero?

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little and stand on, under all the sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the main-sail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of

work. Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three beside myself to go aloft; so that, at most, we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leach, made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clue away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizzen royal-yard. Beside this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leach of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of suction-hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheets of sheathing copper. It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped, he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gasket, and when they were passed, it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether and take to beating our hands upon the sail, to keep them from freezing. After some time, — which seemed forever, — we got the weather side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward, and as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last, but we had been nearly an hour and half upon the yard, and it seemed an age. It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work; but considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvas in it as the main-sail of the Independence, sixty-gun ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more, to go below. The oldest sailor in

the watch said, as he went down, — "I shall never forget that main yard; — it beat all my going a fishing. Fun is fun, but furling one yard-arm of a course, at a time, off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing."

During the greater part of the next two days, the wind was pretty steady from the southward. We had evidently made great progress, and had good hope of being soon up with the Cape, if we were not there already. We could put but little confidence in our reckoning, as there had been no opportunities for an observation, and we had drifted too much to allow of our dead reckoning being anywhere near the mark. If it would clear off enough to give a chance for an observation, or if we could make land, we should know where we were; and upon these, and the chances of falling in with a sail from the eastward, we depended almost entirely.

Friday, July 22d. This day we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather braces, the clouds lifting a little, and showing signs of breaking away. In the afternoon, I was below with Mr. H——, the third mate, and two others, filling the bread locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the hearts of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks, — an omen, a god-send. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence. Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain who was sitting in the cabin. What he said, we could not distinguish, but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump. We could not tell what it was; and, anxious as we were to know, the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places. Yet, as we were not called, we knew there was no danger. We hurried to get through with our job, when, seeing the steward's black face peering out of the pantry, Mr. H—— hailed him, to know what was the matter. "Lan' o, to be sure, sir! No you hear 'em sing out, 'Lan' o?' De cap'em say 'im Cape Horn!"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fair upon the larboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter. All hands were busy looking at it, — the captain and mates from the

quarter-deck, the cook from his galley, and the sailors from the forecastle; and even Mr. N., the passenger, who had kept in his shell for nearly a month, and hardly been seen by anybody, and who we had almost forgotten was on board, came out like a butterfly, and was hopping round as bright as a bird.

The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate-looking spot I never wish to set eyes upon, — bare, broken, and girt with rocks and ice, with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of the two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blasts and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us; not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us that we had passed the Cape, — were in the Atlantic, — and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, might bid defiance to the Southern ocean. It told us, too, our latitude and longitude better than any observation; and the captain now knew where we were, as well as if we were off the end of Long wharf.

In the general joy, Mr. N. said he should like to go ashore upon the island and examine a spot which probably no human being had ever set foot upon; but the captain intimated that he would see the island — specimens and all — in another place, before he would get out a boat or delay the ship one moment for him.

We left the land gradually astern; and at sundown had the Atlantic Ocean clear before us.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear southwester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment, the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed

sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the top-sail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck — "Another reef out of that fore top-sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows: the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taught; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship — "Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, — when the captain called out — "Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! What she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no man be before him in daring. He sprang forward, — "Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!" — We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it, — a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the top-sail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with

reefed top-sails was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole top-sail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of a short, tough, upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taught to take off the strain. Every rope-yard seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her, — slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship — "Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent! — you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking, "There she goes! — There she goes, — handsomely! — As long as she cracks she holds!" — while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the

Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves, in a perspiration; and we were glad enough to have it eight bells, and the wheel relieved. We turned-in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock, we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go — the weakest stick or rope first — and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week, — hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to; though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to, the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet

it was in vain to try to take it in — the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in, with a crash, against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the topmast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night, we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished force; two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along; — until the noon of the next day —

Sunday, July 24th, when we were in latitude 50° 27′ S., longitude 62° 13′ W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, northeast, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather. Many a time, when blocked up in the ice, with everything dismal and discouraging about us, had we said, — if we were only fairly round, and standing north on the other side, we should ask for no more: — and now we had it all, with a clear sea, and as much wind as a sailor could pray for. If the best part of a voyage is the last part, surely we had all now that we could wish. Every one was in the highest spirits, and the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement. At each change of the watch, those coming on deck asked those going below — "How does she go along?" and got for answer the rate, and the customary addition — "Aye! and the Boston girls have had hold of the tow-rope all the watch, and can't haul half the slack in!" Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning, there was a

sensible change in the temperature. The ice, too, began to melt from off the rigging and spars, and, except a little which remained in the tops and round the hounds of the lower masts, was soon gone. As we left the gale behind us, the reefs were shaken out of the top-sails, and sail made as fast as she could bear it; and every time all hands were sent to the halyards, a song was called for, and we hoisted away with a will.

Sail after sail was added, as we drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn, the long top-gallant masts were got up, top-gallant and royal yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

The Southern Cross we saw no more after the first night; the Magellan Clouds settled lower and lower in the horizon; and so great was our change of latitude each succeeding night, that we sank some constellation in the south, and raised another in the northern horizon.

Sunday, July 31st. At noon we were in latitude 36° 41′ S., longitude 38° 08′ W.; having traversed the distance of two thousand miles, allowing for changes of course, in nine days. A thousand miles in four days and a half! — This is equal to steam.

Soon after eight o'clock, the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet had in fine weather. As the sun came up clear, with the promise of a fair, warm day, and, as usual on Sunday, there was no work going on, all hands turned-to upon clearing out the forecastle. The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month, were brought up on deck; the chest moved; brooms, buckets of water, swabs, scrubbing-brushes, and scrapers carried down, and applied, until the forecastle floor was as white as chalk, and everything neat and in order. The bedding from the berths was then spread on deck, and dried, and aired; the deck-tub filled with water; and a grand washing began of all the clothes which were brought up. Shirts, frocks, drawers, trowsers, jackets, stockings, of every shape and color, wet and dirty — many of them mouldy from having been lying a long time wet in a foul corner — these were all washed and scrubbed out, and finally towed overboard for half an hour, and then made fast in the rigging to dry. Wet boots and shoes were spread out to dry in sunny places on deck; and the whole ship looked like a back yard on a washing day. After we had done with our clothes, we began upon our own persons. A little

fresh water, which we had saved from our allowance, was put in buckets, and, with soap and towels, we had what sailors call a fresh-water wash. The same bucket, to be sure, had to go through several hands, and was spoken for by one after another, but as we rinsed off in salt water, pure from the ocean, and the fresh was used only to start the accumulated grime and blackness of five weeks, it was held of little consequence. We soaped down and scrubbed one another with towels and pieces of canvas, stripping to it; and then, getting into the head, threw buckets of water upon each other. After this came shaving, and combing, and brushing; and when, having spent the first part of the day in this way, we sat down on the forecastle, in the afternoon, with clean duck trowsers and shirts on, washed, shaved, and combed, and looking a dozen shades lighter for it, reading, sewing, and talking at our ease, with a clear sky and warm sun over our heads, a steady breeze over the larboard quarter, studding-sails out alow and aloft, and all the flying kites abroad; — we felt that we had got back into the pleasantest part of a sailor's life. At sundown the clothes were all taken down from the rigging clean and dry — and stowed neatly away in our chests; and our southwesters, thick boots, guernsey frocks, and other accompaniments of bad weather, put out of the way, we hoped, for the rest of the voyage, as we expected to come upon the coast early in autumn.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from

the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel, — and, there, rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high; the two lower studding-sails stretching on each side, far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the top-sails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail — so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails — "How quietly they do their work!"

The fine weather brought work with it, as the ship was to be put in order for coming into port. This may give a landsman some notion of what is done on board ship. — All the first part of a passage is spent in getting a ship ready for sea, and the last part in getting her ready for port. She is, as sailors say, like a lady's watch, always out of repair. The new, strong sails, which we had up off Cape Horn, were to be sent down, and the old set, which were still serviceable in fine weather, to be bent in their place, all the rigging to be set up, fore and aft; the masts stayed; the standing rigging to be tarred down; lower and top-mast rigging rattled down, fore and aft; the ship scraped, inside and out, and painted; decks varnished; new and neat knots, seizings and coverings to be fitted; and every part put in order, to look well to the owner's eye, on coming into Boston. This, of course, was a long matter; and all hands were kept on deck at work for the whole of each day, during the rest of the voyage. Sailors call this hard usage; but the ship must be in

crack order, and "we're homeward bound" was the answer to everything.

We went on for several days, employed in this way, nothing remarkable occurring; and, at the latter part of the week, fell in with the southeast trades, blowing about east-southeast, which brought them nearly two points abaft our beam. These blew strong and steady, so that we hardly started a rope, until we were beyond their latitude. The first day of "all hands," one of those little incidents occurred, which are nothing in themselves, but are great matters in the eyes of a ship's company, as they serve to break the monotony of a voyage, and afford conversation to the crew for days afterwards. These small matters, too, are often interesting, as they show the customs and state of feeling on ship-board.

In merchant vessels, the captain gives his orders, as to the ship's work, to the mate, in a general way, and leaves the execution of them, with the particular ordering, to him. This has become so fixed a custom, that it is like a law, and is never infringed upon by a wise master, unless his mate is no seaman; in which case, the captain must often oversee things for himself. This, however, could not be said of our chief mate; and he was very jealous of any encroachment upon the borders of his authority.

On Monday morning, the captain told him to stay the fore top-mast plumb. He accordingly came forward, turned all hands to, with tackles on the stays and back-stays, coming up with the seizings, hauling here, belaying there, and full of business, standing between the knight-heads to sight the mast, — when the captain came forward, and also began to give orders. This made confusion, and the mate, finding that he was all aback, left his place and went aft, saying to the captain —

"If you come forward, sir, I'll go aft. One is enough on the forecastle."

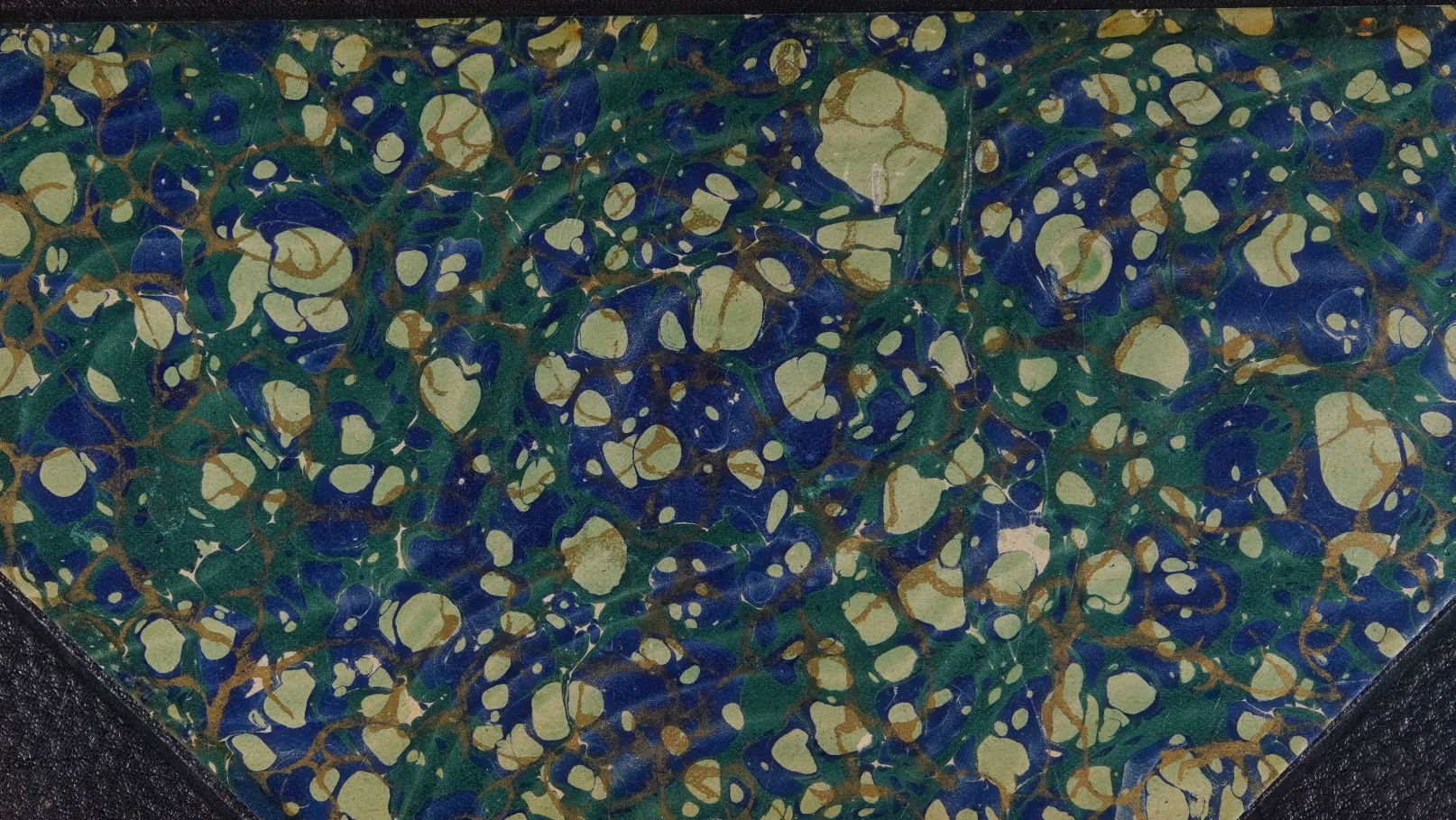
This produced a reply, and another fierce answer; and the words flew, fists were doubled up, and things looked threateningly.

"I'm master of this ship."

"Yes, sir, and I mate of her, and know my place! My place is forward, and yours is aft!"

"My place is where I choose! I command the *whole* ship, and you are mate only so long as I choose!"

"Say the word, Capt. T., and I'm done! I can do a man's work aboard! I did n't come through the cabin windows! If I'm not mate, I can be man," etc., etc.

This was all fun for us, who stood by, winking at each other, and enjoying the contest between the higher powers. The captain took the mate aft; and they had a long talk, which ended in the mate's returning to his duty. The captain had broken through a custom which is a part of the common-law of a ship, and without reason, for he knew that his mate was a sailor, and needed no help from him; and the mate was excusable for being angry. Yet he was wrong and the captain right. Whatever the captain does is right, ipso facto, and any opposition to it is wrong, on board ship; and every officer and man knows this when he signs the ship's articles. It is a part of the contract. Yet there has grown up in merchant vessels a series of customs, which have become a well understood system, and have almost the force of prescriptive law. To be sure, all power is in the captain, and the officers hold their authority only during his will; and the men are liable to be called upon for any service; yet, by breaking in upon these usages, many difficulties have occurred on board ship, and even come into courts of justice, which are perfectly unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the universal nature and force of these customs. Many a provocation has been offered, and a system of petty oppression pursued towards men, the force and meaning of which would appear as nothing to strangers, and doubtless do appear so to many "'longshore" juries and judges.

The next little diversion, was a battle on the forecastle, one afternoon, between the mate and the steward. They had been on bad terms the whole voyage; and had threatened a rupture several times. This afternoon, the mate asked him for a tumbler of water, and he refused to get it for him, saying that he waited upon nobody but the captain; and here he had the custom on his side. But in answering, he left off "the handle to the mate's name." This enraged the mate, who called him a "a black soger;" and at it they went, clenching, striking, and rolling over and over; while we stood by, looking on, and enjoying the fun. The darkey tried to butt him, but the mate got him down, and held him, the steward singing out, "Let me go, Mr. Brown, or there 'll be blood spilt!" In the midst of this, the captain came on deck, separated them, took the steward aft, and gave him half a dozen with a rope's end. The steward tried to justify himself; but he had been heard to talk of spilling blood, and that was enough to earn him his flogging; and the captain did not choose to inquire any further.